

The Loves of Cupid and Psyche in Verse
and Prose. To Which are Prefix'd, a
Version of the Same Story, From the
Latin of Apuleius. With a new Life of La
Fontaine, Extracted From a Great
Variety of Authors. By Mr. Lockman

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE

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~~La Fontaine~~ THE La Fontaine (Jean de)
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L O V E S

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CUPID and PSYCHE;

I N

VERSE and PROSE.

From the FRENCH of

La FONTAINE,

Author of the celebrated TALES and FABLES.

To which are prefix'd,

A VERSION of the same STORY,

From the LATIN of *APULÉIUS.*

With a NEW

LIFE of *la FONTAINE,*

Extracted from a great Variety of AUTHORS.

The whole illustrated with NOTES.

By Mr. *LOCKMAN.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for H. CHAPPELLE, in Grosvenor-Street.

MDCCXLIV.



T O

Monf. *de* FONTENELLE.

S I R,

THE following Sheets are an Offering of Gratitude, for the many unmerited Civilities with which you honour'd me when in *France* : Civilities which I prize the more, as they were the Effect of your Generosity, uninfluenced by Recommendation ; and indulg'd to an utter Stranger, introduc'd only by the Muse.

My Obligations to you cannot be cancell'd, by the Changes brought about in Politics since that time. All who know that Academies correspond, tho' the different Nations to which

DEDICATION.

they belong, are at War ; will not think me less an *Englishman*, for endeavouring to acquit myself of a Debt due to a Foreigner of so much Merit, as Those who are acquainted with my Principles must be sensible, that no Man wishes more ardently for the Peace, the Prosperity and Glory of his native Country, under the present happy Establishment.

I imagin'd there would be the greater Propriety, in thus inscribing the annex'd Version from *la Fontaine* ; as you long since gave a publick Testimony *, of your very high Esteem for the Original, and my Author. I therefore consider you, in some measure, as his Representative ; and thence presume, that an Endeavour to exhibit, to the best of my Abilities, his inimitable Work in an *English* Dress, cannot be disagreeable to you ; and that my Performance will not be less welcome, because accompanied with a Translation from *Apuleius*.

* Mr. de Fontenelle, in his Approbation of this Book, by Order of the Chancellor of *France*, dated 23^d January 1701, observes, “ That he finds, (in these *Loves of Cupid and Psyche*) the Beauty common to all the Works of “ this inimitable Author, and a most perfect Circumspection “ with regard to good Manners.” *J'y ay trouvé l'agrément commun à tous les Ouvrages de cet inimitable Auteur, & une parfaite retenue par rapport aux mœurs.*

DEDICATION.

In revolving *Psyche's* Adventures, the Circumstance of her Glory and unmerited Reverses, often brought to my Memory the City of *Paris*, (that sweetly-deceitful Vision, as it has since prov'd so unaccountably to me) where nothing gave me more real Satisfaction than the Happiness of conversing with you. The assembled *Greeks* could not listen with greater Transport and Reverence to their sage *Nestor*, than I did to Mr. *de Fontenelle*. How was I charm'd to hear you trace, with all the Powers of Eloquence, the History of the polite Arts; their various Benefits to Mankind, the Honours they reflect both on their Votaries, and on those who protect them! Whence you took Occasion to applaud the Lady, in whose long Patronage (of no little Advantage to my Studies) I relied so much, and whose Death I afterwards very sincerely, tho' silently, lamented. I admir'd no less your Humanity (since your own Situation in Life is, as it ought to be, exceedingly happy) in considering all who cultivate Letters, how divided soever by Rank, Fortune, Religion, Language, or Countries, as one Family; in which Harmony, and a mutual Intercourse of good Offices should ever prevail. But no Circumstance gave me more Satisfaction, than the Encomiums you bestow'd so liberally on our learned Men.

DEDICATION.

Could I possibly hear These, and a variety of other Particulars, without the most pleasing Emotion, from the Tongue of a Gentleman, whose Pen entertains and instructs every Region where Letters flourish? From a Gentleman, who, abstracted from his other admir'd Talents, has found the pleasing Secret of uniting two Branches of Erudition, till then judg'd incompatible, I mean the plainness and Severity of the Sciences, with the good Humour and Embellishments of polite Literature! 'Tis well known that the *Genius*, (if I may so term it) of the former, might be compar'd, in some measure, to a kind of Giant; a Guardian to whose Care, Treasures (those invaluable Discoveries of the most exalted Spirits) are committed; and to which none could get Access, without first encountering a long Series of Difficulties: But that you (for the Benefit of less patient Votaries) substituted, in his stead, a fourth GRACE; whose Air and elegant Behaviour are as inviting to Multitudes, as those of the first mention'd Guardian seem the contrary to Them.

In the celebrated Struggle of *Hercules*, between *Virtue* and *Pleasure*; the Hero was oblig'd to devote himself to one of Them, upon condition of his abandoning for ever the Other: But by your happy Art, two parts of Learning,

DEDICATION.

ing, between which there seem'd to be no less Opposition, are reconcil'd and made reciprocally assistant. Never surely was a more delightful Connexion between the *Utile* and the *Dulce*, than in your admirable *Plurality of Worlds*.

It must indeed be confess'd, that when You, like *Æneas's* Sybil, undertake to be our Guide; we are not led (nor was it your Intention that we shou'd be so) to the most retir'd Recesses of these philosophic Treasures; but then you oblige us, with a Survey of them; which great Numbers would, very probably, never have obtain'd otherwise: a Sight that gives the most refin'd Pleasure to an inquisitive Mind; and infinitely raises its Idea with regard to the Wisdom and Power of the Almighty.

After attempting this Sketch, tho' so very imperfect a One, of your Character; what I declar'd, in the opening of this Epistle, to be the Effect of Gratitude, may be construed very naturally, by Some, to arise from Vanity. Upon duly reflecting on such a Charge, I shall not scruple to plead guilty to it (in part at least;) and will confess, with the Frankness of a *Briton*, that Vanity (if the nobler Term Ambition will not be allow'd me) may perhaps have some share in this Address. But

DEDICATION.

surely, no Man whose Breast is inflam'd with a strong Passion for Knowledge, and a Veneration for Such as excell in it, but will here consider this Principle (tho' I were actuated by it only) in a favourable Light; and think the gratifying it more laudable than that Other, which, in visiting foreign Countries, proposes such low Gratifications only, as are of a sensual Kind.

But whatever construction Some may put upon the Motives of this Intrusion, I am firmly persuaded, from your Politeness and Humanity, that you yourself will interpret it kindly; especially, when I sincerely assure you, that no One can be with greater Respect,

S I R,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant,

London, Feb. 28.

1743-4.

JOHN LOCKMAN.



P R E F A C E.

THE two Versions of the *Loves of Cupid and Psyche*, which I now offer the Public, are attempted in order to show the Art with which great Geniuses can treat such Subjects as form the Delight of Persons, whose Souls are susceptible of the most tender Impressions; of Those to whom the Pleasures of Imagination prove the strongest Charm, and, without which, Life itself wou'd be dull and insipid.

The first is from the *Latin* of *Apuleius** This Writer compos'd the celebrated Romance entitled,

III

* He was born at *Madoura*, a *Roman* Colony in *Africa* Our Author was a *Platonist*, liv'd in the second Century under the *Antonines*, and was of a considerable Family *Apuleius* was graceful in his Person and witty, had a good Education and acquir'd a great Stock of Learning, but being suspected of Magic, this Opinion did him vast Prejudice He first studied in *Carthage*, next in *Athens*, and afterwards in *Rome*, where he acquir'd the *Latin* Tongue without the Assistance of a Preceptor An insatiable Thirst after Knowledge prompted him to undertake many Voyages; and to enter into the Fraternities of several Religions, merely to acquaint himself perfectly with their pretend-

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P R E F A C E.

in *English*, the *Golden Ass*, which Translation I never saw. Some imagine, and with great probability,

ed Mysteries, upon which account he desir'd to be initiated into them

In these Travels he consumed the greatest Part of his Substance; so that, at his return to *Rome*, being desirous of devoting himself to the Service of *Osiris*, he had not wherewithal to defray the Expences of his Admission. He then pawn'd even his Clothes, in order to raise the Monies necessary, after which he subsisted himself by pleading at the Bar. Being naturally eloquent and subtle, he got considerable Practice; but gain'd much more by marrying a rich Widow. This Lady, nam'd *Pudentilla*, who was neither young nor handsome, but in great want of a Husband, was very much smit with *Apuleius*. Our *African* was not shy on this occasion, he not thinking proper to reserve his personal Beauty, his Genius and Eloquence, for some blooming Virgin, but gladly marrying this rich Widow, in a Country-house near *Oeen*, a maritime City of *Africa*. However, these Nuptials involved him in a very troublesome Law-suit; the Relations of his Wife's two Sons, pretending that he had employed Witchcraft, in order to get Possession of her Affections and Estate. Accordingly they accus'd him, to *Claudius Maximus* Proconsul of *Africa*, of being a Magician. *Apuleius* defended himself very strenuously, as appears from his Apology, deliver'd by him before the Judges, and still extant. 'Tis a beautiful Piece; and furnishes Examples of the very shameful Artifices, which impudent, false Slanderers will not scruple to employ.

'Tis observ'd that *Apuleius*, notwithstanding his Magic, could never obtain any public Employment, tho' well born, finely educated, and greatly esteem'd for his Eloquence. 'Twas not a philosophic Contempt which kept him out of them; he gladly accepting the Office of Priest, as this gave him the Superintendence of the public Games; and he disputed, with great Warmth, against certain Persons who oppos'd the setting up of a Statue, with which the Inhabitants of *Oeen* intended to honour him.

The Heathens presumed to affirm, that he wrought a great Number of Miracles. 'Tis thought that many Persons credited, as Truths, the various romantic Stories told in his *Golden Ass*. 'Tis suppos'd that he did not invent this Work, of which some Heathen Writers (though with little Taste I presume) speak contemptuously. *Apuleius* was exceedingly laborious, he having compos'd many Books, in Verse as well as Prose, part of which only are come down to Posterity. He was fond of har-

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P R E F A C E.

bility, our Author to have copied *Lucian*; but however this be, 'tis thought that the delightful Episode of *Cupid* and *Psyche* is of *Apuleius*'s Invention. Being an *African*, and living in an Age when the *Latin* Tongue was decay'd, his Style is far from classical, and the Genius or Turn of it differs so widely from the *English*, that an endeavour to exhibit it, in our Language, with tolerable grace and propriety, gave me some Trouble. *Apuleius*'s *Golden Ass* (if we except the Style) when compar'd with the other *Roman* Writers, seems to Me, in some measure, what *Cervantes*'s *Don Quixot* is with regard to the Moderns.

My second Version is from *la Fontaine*; a Poet on whom All (and justly I believe) bestow the Epithet of *inimitable*; an Epithet which almost makes me tremble, when I reflect on the Boldness of my Attempt. As I have translated his own Preface to that admir'd Performance, and likewise the Opinions of many famous *French* Authors, with regard to his manner of Writing, I shall say very little more here concerning These. Let me only add, that 'twas on his Account I translated the Episode from *Apuleius*. *La Fontaine* gave so very engaging a Drefs to the simplest Subjects, and such as seem'd least susceptible of Ornament; (the plain *Greek* Fables of *Æsop* for instance) that I imagin'd every curious *English* Reader wou'd be pleas'd to compare *la Fontaine* with *Apuleius*, and to observe how the

ranging in Public, and thus he ever did with the Applause of all his Auditors. When he spoke publicly at *Osea*, his Hearers declar'd unanimously, that the Freedom of the City ought to be given him. The Citizens of *Carthage* were so well pleas'd with his Oratory, that they set up a Statue to him. A great Number of Critics have publish'd Notes on *Apuleius*'s Works. His *Golden Ass* is looked upon as one perpetual Satyr on the shocking Disorders which the Magicians, Priests, Fornicators, Thieves, &c. of his Time spread over the World. Most of these Particulars are from *Mr. Bayle*.

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P R E F A C E.

first-mention'd Writer, like an exquisite musical Performer, adds new Graces to a most beautiful Composition

The *French* are accus'd of being frequently as affected in their Writings, as the *Romans* are natural; but that Circumstance (if I mistake not very much) is quite revers'd on this Occasion, the charming *Apuleius* being sometimes turgid and forc'd; whereas Nature, in her most elegant Simplicity, seems to breathe in every Part of *la Fontaine's* Composition.

When I have survey'd, alternately, in the Palace at *Versailles* two grand Pictures by celebrated Artists of different Nations (*Paul Veronese* and *le Moyne* for instance,) the Comparison I then made, to the best of my little Judgment, between the Brillancy of the one, and the Majesty of the other, gave Me a Pleasure very much resembling that I felt, in opposing the Styles and Manners of my *Latin* and *French* Authors.

The principal Works of the Latter are his *Fables*, his *Tales*, and these *Loves of Cupid and Psyche*. His particular Affection for the last-mention'd Piece appears from the Beginning of his Preface to it; likewise from the close of the Advertisement to his Poem entitled *Adonis*; "As I am indebted (says our Poet) to *Cupid* for the sweetest Moments I have pass'd hitherto; I thought it but just to celebrate his Adventures in the most agreeable manner I cou'd" As also from his alluding to this Composition both in his *Fables* and *Tales*. With regard to the latter, see the Note, Page 334 of the present Work; and, as to the former, he seems to hint as though he were impell'd, by the God of Love, to lay aside the working up of *Fables*, and to proceed in his Story of *Cupid* and *Psyche*. This is in the Epilogue to the first Part of his *Fables*, where he speaks of them thus:

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P R E F A C E.

*'Tis Time, now, that this Task I end ;
Take Breath a-while , all Toil suspend ;
And, when refresh'd, new Subjects try.
Cupid, who revels with his Dart,
To softer Themes wou'd turn my Heart ,
And I must, with his Wish, comply.*

*Fair PSYCHE I'll resume, since, Damon, You
Wou'd have her Bliss and Sufferings rise to view.*

*My Vein, perhaps, may then flow fast ;
And I, still sweeter, sing the Fair.
Happy, shou'd these Pains be the last,
I, from her Consort's Wiles, may share * !*

Apuleius's Golden Ass is thought to be of that Species of Writing to which the Ancients gave the Name of *Allegory*. In this Work the Author is supposed to suggest, that Men, when they suffer themselves to be dragg'd away by their Passions, are transform'd into Asses ; but that, in case they listen to the Dictates of Wisdom, they recover their pristine Form. The Ointment which metamorphos'd *Apuleius* into the abovemention'd Animal, alludes to Ignorance and Error ; and the Roses he afterwards eat, to Truth and Virtue, which restor'd him to his Senses, and his former Being.

* *Il s'en va tems que je reprenne
Un peu de forces & d'haleine,
Pour fournir à d'autres Projets.
Amour, ce tyran de ma vie,
Veut que je change de Sujets ;
Il faut contenter son envie.
Retournons à Psyché Damon, vous m' exhortez
A peindre ses malheurs & ses felicités.
J'y consens peut-être ma veine
En sa faveur s'échauffera.
Heureux, si ce travail est la dernière peine
Que son époux me causera !*

P R E F A C E.

Fulgentius has gone farther into the Explication of the Allegory of *Cupid* and *Psyche*; he referring it to the Soul, which the Word *Psyche* signifies in *Greek*. The City (says this Author) is this World; the King and the Queen are God and Matter. Their three Daughters are the Flesh, Free-will, and the Soul *Venus*, who envies *Psyche*, is what the *Latins* call *Libido*, or Concupiscence; *Venus* is suppos'd to send *Cupid*, who is Desire, in order to completely ruin *Psyche* or the Soul. The Evils she suffered, because she indulg'd her criminal Curiosity, at the Instigation of her Sisters, represent the Soul's Purgation from Vice; and *Psyche's* Marriage afterwards with *Cupid*, the Bliss which the Virtuous hope to enjoy after this Life.—This seems ingenious. 'Tis well known that the Ancients wrote frequently in Allegories; but the Explication sometimes given of them seem no less whimsical, than those of the Vulgar, with regard to the strange Figures perceiv'd by them (as they imagine) in an *Aurora Borealis*.

To my two Versions, of the *Latin* and *French* Authors, I have prefix'd *la Fontaine's* Life, there being nothing, of this kind, extant in our Language. Some, no doubt, will think me much too prolix; but These will please to observe, that it is intermix'd with a great Number of Particulars, relating to other *French* Writers of Eminence, and to the *Belles Lettres*. I drew it up at the Desire of some honourable Persons to whom I have Obligations To These, and *la Fontaine's* other Admirers, who are very numerous, nothing of this Sort will appear tedious; and for their Sakes, and that of my Author, I thought no Researches (in collecting Materials for his Life) how laborious so ever, painful. Farther, the Reader may call to mind, that there are not above four or five *French* Poets, of

P R E F A C E.

equal Eminence with *la Fontaine*, and who consequently could claim such particular Notice. Besides, He is one of the few Writers of that Nation who speak very handsomely of *Englishmen* and *England*; whence I imagin'd, that it was incumbent upon Me to return his Compliment to the best of my Power. The Portrait wou'd indeed have appear'd to much greater Advantage, had all the Materials laid before Me, when I first drew it up; but I did not meet with some of them, till the whole was finish'd. The Verses, translated or imitated by Me from a great Number of *French* Poets, whose Originals I have quoted at the bottom of the respective Pages in this Life, cost me some Pains.

When I first attempted the two Versions in question, my Design was to print the Originals with them; and to make the whole a large Quarto. For this reason I added a great many Notes, which now may not appear so well plac'd, as the Originals are not here; I afterwards considering, that the publishing Them in the abovemention'd Form wou'd enhance too much the Price of my Book. I also intended to embellish it with Copper-Plates, from Designs of *Raphael*; but they not being executed to my Mind, I threw them aside. Part of the Book was printed off, before I came to this Resolution, whence I speak of these Drawings (which lay before me whilst I translated) as if they were inserted in it. As no one can have a greater Esteem than myself for ingenious Artists in general; the Gentlemen of the Pencil will, I hope, excuse me, for presuming to throw out some imperfect Hints, with regard to that fine Composition.

My Notes are of various kinds, geographical, historical, critical, &c. A great Number of these must be found superfluous by the Learned; who, no doubt, will often object to Me *Zeuxis's*, *Manum de Tabula*. Mr. *de Voltaire*, who, in the Preface

P R E F A C E.

face to his *Temple of Taste*, thinks all Books too long, would not pardon the Prolixity of my Remarks. They certainly could not be calculated for Persons of his Genius and Learning, but as this Work will very probably fall into the Hands of many of the Fair-sex, I drew up most of them chiefly for their Use. I very possibly may be thought to have deviated into Pedantry, in my Notes on *Apuleius*; a Circumstance (if it be Pedantry) I was led into by the *Dauphin* Commentator, and Others; and particularly by Mr. *Tallobet*, a learned Advocate of the Parliament of *Paris*, from all whom I have borrow'd very freely on that Occasion; Those upon *la Fontaine*, whom I consider as a Classic, being entirely my own.

But a farther View I had in adding Notes (many of which may appear mere Chit-chat) to the last-mention'd Author, is, to point out to the mere *English* Reader several *French* Authors of Eminence, who are little known among us; to give a Specimen of their various Beauties, and some general Touches with regard to the *French* Literature. One Circumstance which, I presume, ought to plead in my Favour is, that I have given all my Attention to this Work; whereas Many who undertake the Translation of *French* Writers, endeavour (as one wou'd almost be apt to suspect) to do their worst I cou'd, with very great Ease, have scribbled over in two Months, the same Quantity of Paper; the filling of which has taken me up two Years pleasing, tho' serious, Application.

Besides the general Rules laid down for translating, I have been especially careful of one; and that is, to imitate, as nearly as I could, the manner of my Authors. The Learned know that a Translation, when not compar'd with its Original, may be very beautiful, and yet fall far short of what is requisite. My meaning is; the Portrait of a Person
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P R E F A C E.

son shall be painted with great Beauty and Spirit, and nevertheless be very unlike.

The translating *la Fontaine* was much the hardest Task to me; and particularly his Lyric Verse. I have generally been so much a Slave on that occasion, as to imitate the play of his Rhymes; and even the Length and Shortness of his Verses, as I hint elsewhere. Some of the most delicate Observations I ever met with, concerning the Structure and Harmony of *English* and *French* Verse, were communicated to me by a learned and very valuable Friend of mine, the Reverend Mr *de Mussy*; whose useful and entertaining *French* Poems, the Product of his juvenile Years, will, I hope, be soon made public.

The only way, I presume, to judge of the Pains which a Translator may have taken, is to compare his Performance with the Original. Frequently what appears very easy to the Reader, was very difficult to the Translator; in like manner as many who survey the Structure of a wide-extended Bridge, only consider the pleasing Effect it has above Water, without once reflecting on the Labour that was bestowed under it.

We find that *la Fontaine* publish'd this Work, when near forty-eight Years of Age, (about which Time his Muse seems to have been in her full Vigour :) and, from several Passages therein, one might conjecture that it was printed soon after its being writ; whence we may conclude, that he enjoy'd his amorous, as well as poetic Fire, at a Season when they are leaving Multitudes.

Many Persons consider all such Pieces, because fictitious, as unworthy the Entertainment of a rational Mind; but, by the same reason, we might despise a Landkip of *Claude Lorraine*, the Nymphs and Graces of *Albano*; and all such beautiful Pictures, when merely the Product of Fancy. What

P R E F A C E.

we admire in those Artists, is the Superiority of their Genius in the happy Imitation of Nature and Art; and no Writer was ever more successful, in this particular, than *la Fontaine*. His Description of *Versailles*' Palace and its Gardens, gave me no less Delight than the Objects themselves; and no Pleasure was ever more exquisite to Me, than when I compar'd that Elysium with my Author's Picture of it.

One Reflexion, methinks, shou'd make Us not quite so averse to well-writ Pieces of this kind, tho' merely the Offspring of Imagination; which is, that our World itself seems only a sort of great Romance. Man is justly charm'd with the numberless Beauties which rise round him, wherever he turns his Eyes. He enjoys them (and is wise in doing this with Moderation) with such a Complacency and Satisfaction, as tho' he was to possess them for ever; and yet, past but a few Years, he is snatch'd from them all; after which they become as shadowy, with regard to his former Existence, as the most fictitious Compositions had been to him in his Life-time.

Mr. *Bayle* mentions my *French* Original with Applause, in his Dictionary, under the Article *Apuleius*. And Mr. *Perrault**, hinting at the delightful, visionary Descriptions in these *Loves of Cupid and Psyche*; and particularly the Sketches given by our Poet of the Gardens at *Versailles*, says: "We have the Visions
" of *Poliphilus*, [*la Fontaine*] a most ingenious
" Writer, whose Fancy has imag'd all that can give
" Beauty and Magnificence to Gardens." I cannot learn that these *Loves of Cupid and Psyche* were translated into any Language till the Version now offer'd.

* *Parallele des Anciens & des Modernes*, Tom I. P. 170.
Paris, 1693, 12mo.

Raphael

P R E F A C E.

Raphael, as was observ'd, made a Composition from this Episode. 'Tis no wonder his Genius shou'd be fir'd by *Apuleius's* Descriptions, and many are of opinion that he exercis'd his Fancy twice upon them. His first Attempt (which some Persons ascribe to *Giulio Romano* *) was thirty-two *Designs* engrav'd by *Mark Antonio*. These Prints are not so large as a half Sheet. Probably several Copies have been made from them. I saw a Sett (very small) at *Paris*; and another pretty one is before me, inserted in a little Book, printed in the abovemention'd City, Anno 1546, and entitled *L'Amour de Cupido & de Psiché, mere de Volupté, &c.* with Verses in *Italian* (the same with those under *Mark Antonio's*) and *French*.

What may make some think that these Plates were after *Giulio Romano*, is, *Vasari* † tells us that

* A very communicative Gentleman of Taste and Learning, whose Opinion I had ask'd on this Occasion, was pleas'd to return me the following Answer "With regard to the thirty-two Prints, I believe they are certainly from Designs of *Raphael* The Duke of *Devonshire*, if I remember well, has one or two of them in red Chalk, but the Connoisseurs in Prints are in some Doubt, whether they are engrav'd by *Mark Antonio*; tho' I have heard that the Earl of *Pembroke* has a Sett of the first Plates which seem to be of that Engraver; for all those we commonly see, had been in the Hands of *Salamanca*, who got them, after *M. Antonio's* Flight from *Rome*, when they were much worne, and retouch'd them. I have seen two or three of the Plates, before the Writing was put under, which were a quite different Thing.

"*Raphael* certainly never painted These, nor any of Them; however, without any other Proof, I think we cannot doubt their being his, from the Style of Invention and Design. But there is no other Authority that ever I could learn, tho' I had long before enquir'd."—The Lovers of Painting will not be displeas'd with these Particulars

† *Vite de gls Architettori, Pittori & Scultori, Parte III.* P. 887, *Firenze*, 1550, 8vo.

P R E F A C E.

the last-mention'd great Artist embellish'd an Apartment of one of the Marquis of *Mantua's* Palaces, with Paintings taken from the *Loves of Cupid and Psyche*; all which (says *Vasari*) were executed with very great Beauty. *Sandrart* || has described them likewise, after *Vasari* I believe. Particular notice is also taken of them by *Felibien* †.

The other Composition from this Story, which is universally allow'd to be *Raphael's*, and particulariz'd in the abovemention'd Volume of *Vasari*, (P. 666) is in the Palace at *Rome*, formerly call'd the *Chigi* Palace, and now the little *Farnese*. I am surpriz'd that Mr *Aghonby*, (P. 250) of his *Painting illustrated, London, 1685, 40.* in his Translation of *Raphael's* Life (from *Vasari*) shou'd omit the Particulars concerning this Set of Pictures, as related in *Vasari's* Original. *Raphael* (assisted by *Giulio Romano*) painted them, in Fresco, for his intimate Friend *Augustin Chigi*, a great Banker. *Vasari*, describing this Composition, gives it the following Elogium: *Pittura & Poese veramente bellissima.* We have valuable Engravings, from them, by *Perrier*. They were also beautifully copied by Sir *Nicholas Dorigny*, at *Rome*, with Notes by the learned *Bellori*. This Set consists of twelve large Plates. The first contains the Title, and the last the very beautiful *Galatea*; so that only ten of these Plates relate to the *Loves of Cupid and Psyche*. Probably *Raphael* might be engag'd in this Sett of Paintings, at his good Friend *Chigi's*, when he us'd to be running perpetually to visit a Mistress of his; and cou'd not be prevail'd upon to apply himself close to Business, till *Chigi*,

|| *Academia nobilissima Artis Pictoræ*, P. 138, Col. I *Norbergæ*, 1683, Folio

§ Tom II P. 176, of *Entretiens sur les Vies, & sur les Ouvrages des Peintres*. *Trevoux*, 1725, 12mo

after

P R E F A C E.

after much Entreaty, prevail'd with Her to come and reside in his House

Felbien, (Vol I. P 325,) speaking of the great variety of exquisite Tapestry, in the *French King's* Wardrobe, which are set forth on high Festivals; mentions a Suit, consisting of twenty-six Pieces, after *Raphael's* Designs, of the *Loves of Cupid and Psyche*. Some Incidents of this Story, finely wrought in Tapestry, were seen at *Buckingham-house*. *Luca Jordano* has represented it in twelve Pictures, now one of the Ornaments of *Sir Gregory Page's* noble House on *Blackheath*. I will observe, that fine Designs might be made from some of *la Fontaine's* Episodes.

Besides introducing, in my Book, Copies from the thirty-two Plates first-mention'd, I also intend-ed to embellish it, by way of Head and Tail-Pieces, &c with Engravings from several Beauties in *Versailles* Gardens, which *la Fontaine* has work'd up in Verse. This was upon the Supposition that my Work wou'd appear in Quarto, as was observ'd above.

Happy were it for Me, would the Public (which I can never expect) judge as favourably of my Attempt, as the Partiality of some ingenious Friends, both *English* and *French*, has prompted them to do. Some of these lately indulg'd Me their Opinions of my Work, with an Intention that I should prefix Them to it. Among them is the learned Abbé *Desfontaines* of *Paris*, who has just publish'd an elegant Translation of all *Virgil's* Works, with curious Notes, and beautiful Copper-Plates. The like Obligations are due from Me to a young Gentleman of Genius, Abbé *Dromgald*, Professor of Eloquence in the royal College of *Navarre*, in the abovemention'd City.

P R E F A C E.

I revised all the Sheets with the utmost Care, during the Course of the Impression ; but have not had Time to read over the whole, since it was finish'd at Press. The only Omission, I remember, is in the Note, Page 155 ; to the four last Verses of which Mr. *Creech*'s Name should have been added ; they being translated by that Gentleman. The Reader may also, if he thinks proper, *dele* the Reflexion, (*This seems ingenious*) made a few Pages above, where *Fulgentius* is instanc'd.

As the Public have indulg'd so very favourable a Reception to the *Travels of the Jesuits* publish'd by Me ; I intend to proceed with the remaining Volumes, immediately after I shall have dispatched another Task, in which I am indispensably engag'd.



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THE
L I F E
O F
M. de la FONTAINE:
WITH
Characters of his Genius and
Manner of Writing;
AND
An ACCOUNT of his WORKS.





T H E
L I F E
O F

M. de la FONTAINE, &c.

FAMOUS Writers, in what manner soever they may have liv'd, whether in Affluence or in Poverty, whether as Actors or mere Spectators of the Bustle made here; raise a Curiosity in most Readers to enquire into their Lives, the minutest Particulars of, which are not thought, by them, unworthy of Notice. The Passion entertained for their Compositions extends very naturally to their Persons, and even to all Things possess'd by them, how inconsiderable soever their intrinsic Value may be; and tho' no Care had been taken of the Fortune of such Authors, or they even had been utterly neglected in their Life-time.

The LIFE of

*Envious, we present Worth despise;
But weep her Loss, snatch'd from our Eyes^a.*

This Passion. (I say) ennobles all Trifles of that kind, and like the Monarch's Image, gives a Dignity to the basest Metal. Famous Professors, in all the liberal Arts, justly attract the like Veneration for whatever belong'd to them: Many wou'd be as proud to handle the Pencil of *Titian*, as the Scepter of the Emperor he painted.

From this Consideration, I shall not scruple to collect all such well-attested Particulars, relating to our Poet, as I could meet with, tho' no Writer, of equal Eminence, ever concern'd himself less with Business, (he being as indifferent with regard to interested Pursuits, as the celebrated Cynic of old) or perform'd fewer of those Actions which usually excite the Attention of Mankind, and make a Noise. A greater Pleasure may sometimes arise from surveying the singularity of such a Character, than from the glaring, but common Incidents, which constitute its Opposite.

JOHN DE LA FONTAINE was born at *Château-Thierry*, in *la Brie Champenoise*, in France, July 8, 1621; that is, a Year after the celebrated *Moliere*. His Parents were, *Jehan de la Fontaine*, one of the Justices in Eyre; and *Frances Pidou*, Daughter to a Magistrate (*Bailli*) of *Coulommiers*^b. 'Tis suppos'd that he went to School in *Rheims*, a City for which he retain'd a great Fondness^c, as is evident from the following Preamble to his Tale entitled *Les Remois*

*Rheims I prefer to ought beside
'Tis Gallia's Ornament and Pride.*

^a *Virtutem inebriemur edimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quaerimus invidi*

Horat. Od. xxiv. Lib. 3.

^b *Histoire de l'Académie Française. Par M. l'Abbé d'Olivet*, p. 216 *Amsterdam*, 1730, 12mo. This History of the French Academy contains a Variety of curious Particulars, the Author (whom I knew in Paris) being a Gentleman of great Learning.

^c *Vie de La Fontaine*, inserted in the *Journal Universel*, for April, 1743, p. 455; *Hague*, 1743, 16^o. This Life, containing many Particulars not mentioned in any other, is by *Abbe Freron*, an ingenious, young French Gentleman, to whom I was acquainted in Paris.

There

*There the blest'd Oil; rich Wines are found;
And there incchanting Nymphs abound^d.*

At nineteen Years of Age he entered into the *Oratory*, but left it eighteen Months after. When the Reader has been inform'd of our Poet's turn of Mind, he won't wonder so much that he should leave this House, as be curious to enquire, how he could ever think to enter it, since all who live there must conform to certain Rules^e. His Father resign'd his Employment to him, the Instant he was capable of filling it, but it suited so little with our *La Fontaine's* Inclination, that altho' he exercised it above twenty Years, 'twas merely in Complaisance to the old Gentleman. Fortune (says an ingenious Author, speaking of the invincible Impulse of the Genius) had destin'd *La Fontaine* to superintend the planting and cutting of Trees, not to endue them with Speech^f. And yet Nature, as commonly happens on these Occasions, prevailed over Fortune. Very luckily for our Author, his Fondness for the Muses greatly delighted his Father, who exhorted him earnestly to cultivate them, an Advice our great Mr. *Locke*^g would have condemned, and which, considering the trifling Encouragement the Sons of *Parassus* usually meet with, and the contemptible Light in which they are consider'd by the Multitude, may, in general, be thought salutary. *La Fontaine's* Success in Poetry was far beyond the Expectations of his Father, who is represented as a passionate Admirer of Verse, tho' he had little or no Skill in it, and was rais'd almost to Extasy the first Time he read some of his Son's Poetry^h. —How many People are charm'd with what they don't understandⁱ. Tho' I would by no means extend this Reflexion to our Poet's Father.

*d Il n'est Ciel que je préfère à Rheims,
C'est l'ornement & l'honneur de la France
Car sans compter l'Ampoule & les bons vins,
Charmans objets, j'en ai en abondance*

^e *D'Olive*, p. 216

^f *Reflexions critiques sur la Poésie & sur la Penure* Par M. l'Abbé des
Bois, Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie Française, &c. Tom. II. p. 16 Utrecht,
1732, 12mo

^g See his *Thoughts concerning Education*

^h *Hommes Illustres*. Par M. Perrault Tom. I. p. 176, 177 Paris, 1701,
8vo.

And now to take a View of *La Fontaine's* Character or turn of Mind. No Man (says *Abbé d'Olivet*) had a greater Share of that ingenuous Simplicity which is seen in Children, or rather he was a Child his whole Life-time. A Child is unaffected, credulous, easy, unambitious, and without Gall: He is totally disregardless of Riches; is incapable of fixing long upon one Object. His only Search is after Pleasure, or rather Amusement; and with regard to his Morals, he follows a glimmering Light, which just discovers to him part of the Law of Nature. This is the exact Picture of *La Fontaine*.

Tho' he had no Inclination for Wedlock, he yet resolved, in Compliance with the Desires of his Relations, to enter into that State. Accordingly he married *Mary Héricart*, Daughter to a Lieutenant in the Royal Balwick of *Ferté Milon*. This Gentlewoman was both handsome and witty; but then, as to her Humour, it is said to resemble very much that of *Madam Honesta*, described by our Author in his *Belphégor*¹. However, her Wit and Genius won her Husband's Affection in the Beginning, he never composing any Piece without first consulting her². a Circumstance which one would conclude must endear a Husband and Wife to each other. But all are not *Daciers*³.

His Wife growing afterwards very turbulent, he could find no other Secret, in order to enjoy Peace, than that of *Belphégor*; I mean, he would leave her, on those Occasions, often, and for so long a Time together as he could, but this always without Noise, or coming to a Rupture. But whenever she happened to put him out of all Patience, he then would steal away to *Paris*, and spend whole Years (tho' this is contradicted by another Author) in that City, he never returning Home, except to sell Part of his Estate. In this way *la Fontaine* supported himself at first, neither he, nor his Wife, having the least Notion of improving their little Estate: the Income of which, had they been Economists, would have maintain'd them handsomely⁴. Our Author seems to confirm, in his Epitaph, the Truth of his subsisting himself after this random manner.

¹ *D'Olivet*, p. 216, 217.

² *Abbé Freron*, p. 488.

³ The celebrated *Madam Dacier* and her Husband liv'd very happily together.

⁴ *D'Olivet*, p. 217.

Abbé *Freron* tells us, that our Poet consumed his Fortune equally by Negligence and Prodigality; he never letting the Lease of one House, nor renewing that of a Farm; so that Part of his Lands were seiz'd by Persons who had no Right to them ⁿ.

As the Fair-sex had been often pleasantly satirized by *La Fontaine*, and their Infidelity to Husbands set in the strongest Light, two Verses in *Boileau's* Xth Satire against Women, seem to suit our Author exactly:

*Jokers themselves, catch'd in the common Snare,
Are oft the easiest Nikes to the Fair °.*

But Mr. *de Maucroix*, our Author's intimate Friend, was far from shewing so much Complaisance to the Desires of Others; he, when importun'd to marry, declaring his Resolution (which he kept all his Life-time) in the following pretty Epigram.

*The Match by you propos'd, dear Friend,
May suit me, and be brought to bear :
Yet soft, a Man should mark the End :
This marrying is an odd Affair.
So firm a Tie shou'd well be weigh'd.
Sages, on whose Hints I rely,
Enjoin me ; (and must be obey'd)
To muse upon't , e'en till I die p.*

Another Writer ^q ascribes our Author's leaving his Wife to his strong Affection for the Capital, and his Aversion

ⁿ *Freron*, p. 490.

o *Qu'à ce commun filet les Railleurs mêmes pris,
Ont été très-souvent de commodes Maris.*

Despréaux.

p *Ami, je vois beaucoup de bien
Dans le parti qu' on me propose
Mais toutefois ne pressons rien,
Prendre femme est étrange chose
Il faut y penser mûrement.
Gens sages, en qui je me fie,
M'ont dit que c'est fait prudemment
Que d'y songer toute sa vie*

Dans les Oeuvres de N. Boileau Despréaux. Tom. IV. p. 283.
Amsterdam, 1727, 12mo.

^q *Abbé Freron*, p. 438

to Restraint of every kind. He adds, that tho' his strict Friendship with the most shining Wits of *France*, greatly endeared *Paris* to him, he nevertheless always us'd to go once a Year (in *September*) to visit his Wife; on which Occasion he took *Racine*, *Boileau*, *Chapelle*, &c. along with him^r. The Company of these Wits serv'd, we may suppose, to sweeten the bitter Potion which waited for him at his Journey's End.

The famous Dutches of *Bouillon* (whose Beauties have been the frequent Theme of the best Poets in *France*) Niece to Cardinal *Mazarin*, and Sister to the Dutches of that Name^s, who came into *England* in King *Charles* the Second's Time, being banish'd to *Château-Thierry*, desir'd the Acquaintance of *La Fontaine*. Accordingly he was presented to her, and very much approv'd of. *Madam de Bouillon*, being of a gay, sprightly Temper, engag'd him to write such Pieces as were most suitable to it; which Circumstance, we are told, gave rise to his Tales^t. *La Fontaine* dedicated his *Loves of Cupid and Psyche* to this Dutches, a Lady, "in whose Palace (says *Abbé de Chau-*
" *lieu*) the Graces inhabited, where they had assumed
" her Form, and in which the most illustrious Perso-
" nages in *France* us'd to assemble daily^u." This Dutches of *Bouillon* came afterwards into *England*, and was well acquainted with our celebrated *Waller*, as appears from a Letter of *La Fontaine*^x. The Compliments he pays that Lady are too delicate not to be inserted here. "Don't
" you admire (Sir) *Madam de Bouillon*, who diffuses Joy
" wherever she comes? And are you not of Opinion that
" *England* is obliged to the evil Genius, who every now
" and then intermeddles in the Affairs of that Princess?
" Had it not been for the Dæmon I am speaking of, that

^r *Idem*, p. 490

^s This Lady was brought into *France* at six Years of Age, and marrying Duke de *Mazarin*, inherited the prodigious Possessions of her Uncle the Cardinal. She was not happy in Wedlock, the capricious and severe Temper of her Husband obliging her, after various Separations, to retire at last into *England*, whither, tho' universally esteemed, and possessed of every Accomplishment both of Body and Mind, ill Fortune pursu'd her. She died at *Chelsea* in 1699, aged about fifty-three.

^t *Idem*, p. 483, 489

^u *Advertisement to Œuvres diversës de Monsieur l'Abbé de Chaulieu*. Londres [Paris] 1740, 8vo.

^x Inserted in *Œuvres mss. de M. de St. Evremont*. Tom V p. 27. Amsterdam, 1706, 12mo.

“ Country would never have possess’d her. Nothing can
 “ be more delightful than to hear her disputing, murmur-
 “ ring, frolicking; and discoursing on every Subject with
 “ inexpressible Wit and Genius. Had she liv’d in the
 “ Heathen Times, a fourth Grace would have been dei-
 “ fied in her Favour I’ll write to her, and invoke Mr.
 “ *Waller* for that purpose.” To this I will add a Pas-
 sage, in a second Letter of *La Fontaine*, to that Dutches
 when in *England*; as he there gives a very advantageous
 Character of our Countrymen. “ I have been informed,
 “ (says he) that your Highness is admired by all the *Eng-*
 “ *lish*, for your Wit, your Carriage, and a thousand Qua-
 “ lities which suit their Disposition. This is the more
 “ glorious, as that Nation are not very apt to admire: I
 “ have only observed, that they discover true Merit, and
 “ are struck with it.”

To return. Dutches *de Bouillon* being recalled to *Paris*, brought thither *La Fontaine*, who meeting with a Relation of his, (Mr. *Jannart*) Deputy and Favourite to the famous Mr. *Fouquet*, Superintendant of the Finances, his Kinsman introduc’d our Author to that Minister, who settled a Pension upon him. After this, *La Fontaine* used to give his Patron a poetical Receipt every Quarter, all which Receipts are inserted in the too ample Edition of our Author’s posthumous Works. *Jannart* being involved in Mr. *Fouquet*’s Disgrace, was banish’d to *Limoges*, whither *La Fontaine* followed him. Our Poet has given us an Account of this Journey, in twelve Letters to his Wife. Being returned from *Limoges*, whence *Jannart* was soon recalled, *La Fontaine* was admitted into the Palace of the famous *Henrietta of England**, Consort to the Duke of *Orleans*, as one of her Gentlemen. But the sudden Demise of that Princess, dissipated all the Hopes which Others might naturally have entertain’d, of making their Fortune^b. Happily for the Lovers of Poetry, this Disappointment did not break the force of *La Fontaine*’s Genius, but indeed it does not appear that his Affliction for that Princess’s Death, was heighten’d by any mean, unge-

y *Ibid.*

z *Ibid.*, p 31

a Daughter of King *Charles I.* and who (as the Marchioness *de Lambert* observes, in her *New Reflexions on the Fair-sex*) might have set for the Pattern of the Graces “ Qui avoit servi de modèle aux Graces,”

b *Feron*, p 489

nerous Treatment from her Successor. Besides, his Muse had before acquired him several generous Protectors. Mr. *Fouquet* (as was observed) had settled a Pension upon him, and ever gave a very favourable Reception both to himself and his Poems, in several of which (those Bank-bills of *Parnassus*) he has bestowed the most ingenious Applauses upon his *Mæcenæ*, and described the Beauties of his House of *Vaux-le Vicomte* with wonderful Grace^c. Our Poet also received considerable Donations from the Prince of *Conti*, from M. de *Vendôme*, and the Duke of *Burgundy*; not to mention Dutchesse^s de *Bouillon* and *Mazarin*^d. But then these Sums did not come regularly, and *la Fontaine* would have wanted a more certain, as well as ampler Stipend, had he continued to be his own Steward much longer^e.

No Sett of Men, generally speaking, value Money less than those who devote themselves to the Muses.

*Not Love of Beauty less the Heart inflames
Of Guardian Eunuchs to the Sultan Dames,
Their Passions not more impotent and cold,
Than those of Poets to the Lust of Gold.
With Pæan's purest Fire his Favourites glow;
The Drags will serve to ripen Ore below;
His meanest Work For, had he thought it fit,
That Wealth should be the Apenage of Wit,
The God of Light could ne'er have been so blind,
To deal it to the worst of human Kind^f.*

But now *Madam de la Sabliere* freed *La Fontaine* from the Perplexity of domestic Cares, by taking him into her House. 'Tis universally allowed that she was a Lady of uncommon Merit, one Instance of which, (we are told) is, that tho' her Actions deserv'd the highest Praise, 'twas with great Difficulty she would admit of any directed to herself. This is observ'd in the following Lines of *La Fontaine*, who, at the same Time, hints agreeably at the manner in which that Lady used to employ her Time; and makes a very pretty Reflexion upon it.

^c *Histoires illustres de Perrault*. Tom I P. 1-8, Paris 1701, 12mo

^d *D'Olivet*, P. 217, 218 and *Ferguson*, P. 490

^e *D'Olivet*, P. 218

^f *Dean Swift's Works*, Vol. II P. 418, 419, Dublin 1735, 8vo.

IRIS, I'd praise you, 'tis the easiest Theme,
But you averse to Panegyric seem;
Unlike the Many, who, whate'er it cost,
Think ev'ry Day, uncheer'd by Praises, lost.

You, in Encomiums, Iris, ne'er could pride;
But this Defect is happily supplied.

In your Hotel sweet Converse reigns,
And such Variety contains,
That, in the Subjects you allot,
Ev'n Trifles share.—Tho' some say not.

Let these prate on, as they think fit
To my mind, Trifles, Learning, Wit,
Chimera's, Nothings, must combine.—
No Converse else can duly shine.

'Tis a Parterre, on whose fair Beds,
Flora a rich Profusion sheds.
Pleas'd flies the Bee, from Bow'r to Bow'r,
And Honey sucks from ev'ry Flow'r &c.

This Lady was fond of Poetry, and more so of Philosophy, but without Parade or Ostentation. 'Twas for her Use that Bernier drew up an Epitome of Gassendi. La Fontaine liv'd near twenty Years with this excellent Patroness, who generously supplied him with Necessaries,

IRIS, je vous louerois, il n'est que trop aisé,
Mais vous avez cent fois nôtre encens refuse.
En cela peu semblable au reste des Mortelles
Qui veulent tous les jours des louanges nouvelles.

C'est la louange, Iris Vous ne l. goûtez point,
D'autres propos chez vous récompensent ce point,

Propos, agréables commerces,
Où le hazard fournit cent matieres diverses
Jusques-là qu'en votre entretien
La Bagatelle a part le monde n'en croit rien
Laissons le monde & sa croyance.

La Bagatelle, la Science,
Les Chimeres, le rien, tout est bon Je soutiens
Qu'il faut de tout aux entretiens

C'est un parterre, ou Fleure épand ses biens
Sur différentes fleurs l'Abeille s'y repose,
Et fait du miel de toute chose

Fables de la Fontaine

from a Persuasion that he could not provide for himself^h. The Studious, and particularly the Sons of *Apollo*, are generally so wrapt up in their Speculations, so engross'd by their Muse, as to become insensible to all Things else: whence 'tis no Wonder, that Persons whose sole Talent is, the looking out sharp, should outstrip them infinitely in the Road that leads to Fortune. " 'Tis certain, says the ingenious Sir *Samuel Garth*, in the Preface to the Translation of *Ovid's* *Metamorphoses*, That *Parnassus* is at best but a barren Mountain.—Every Day may convince them [the Poets] how much a rich Fool is respected above a poor Wit. The only Talents in Esteem at present are those of *Exchange-Alley*; one Tally is worth a Grove of Bays; and 'tis of much more Consequence to be well read in the Tables of Interest, and the Rise and Fall of Stocks, than in the Revolution of Empires."

To return to our Poet. One Day *Madam de la Sablière*, after discharging all her Domesticcs, us'd the pleasant Expression following. *I have kept only my three Animals, my Dog, my Cat, and la Fontaine*! A Comparison the Reader won't so much wonder at, when he has heard our Author's whole Character. I must observe, that the Word *Animaux* is us'd here in a kind Sense, and all who are acquainted with *France* know, that as *England* is call'd the Paradise of Women, that Country may be term'd the Paradise of Cats and Lap-dogs

To this humorous Stroke (says *Abbé d'Olivet*) I will add that of *Dutchels de Bouillon*. As the Tree which bears Apples is term'd the Apple-tree, this Lady us'd to call our Author the *Fable-Tree*, thereby intimating, that Fables rose spontaneously in his Mind, and grew there, without his once thinking about them, in like manner as Apples on the Apple-tree; so utterly unfit did he seem for any Thing; and so far from being inspir'd with the divine Fire which constitutes the great Poet 'Tis certain, no One would have guess'd, from our Author's Countenance, that he was Master of the Talents he possess'd; he discovering a foolish Smile, a lumpy Air, and a heavy, dead Eye The Portraits of him, by *Rigault* and *de Troyes* are in this Character, and very like; but the Print intro-

^h *D'Olivet*, P 218.

ⁱ *Ibid*, 6d

duced in *Perrault's Lives of illustrious Men*, flatters him a little*. One Part of the Description of *Cymon*, so finely drawn by Mr. Dryden, seems to suit *la Fontaine*, in some measure :

His Soul bely'd the Features of his Face :

*A clownish Mien, a Voice with rustic Sound,
And stupid Eyes, that ever lov'd the Ground.
He look'd like Nature's Error, as the Mind
And Body ere not of a Piece design'd,
But made for two, and by Mistake in one were join'd.* }

However, the Conclusion would no ways serve for our Poet

*He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of Thought.*

DRYDEN'S Tales and Fables.

So far from this, *la Fontaine's* over-thinking might very possibly add to the natural Simplicity of his Countenance.

The above Picture (by Abbé d'Olivet) of *la Fontaine*, agrees with that drawn for him by the celebrated French Author of the *Characteristics*¹. “ There is (says *la Bruyere*, after speaking of certain Paradoxes in Gaming) a Thing in the World still, if possible, more incomprehensible. A certain Person appears, to the Eye, clownish, heavy, stupid. He is not able to speak, nor to describe what he had seen a Moment before * Yet, if he takes up the Pen, this very Man is the Model for well-wrought Tales He give Speech to Brutes, to Trees, to Stones, in short, to all Things naturally mute His whole Compositions shew Sprightliness, Elegance, natural Beauty and Delicacy.” *La Bruyere* observes afterwards (as we are inform'd by the Key) of the excellent Latin Poet *Santeuil*, that “ He speaks like an Idiot, and thinks like a wise Man^m.”

k *Idem*, *ibid*

l *La Bruyere* ; *Les Caracteres ou les moeurs de ce Siecle* Tom. II. P. 144. A Cologne, 1713, 12mo.

* *La Bruyere* is strongly censur'd for this disadvantageous Character of *la Fontaine's* Person, as will be seen hereafter. Abbé d'Olivet's Picture will consequently be liable to the same Reproof, which I did not meet with till after this Sheet was gone to Press,

m *Idem*, P. 145.

La Fontaine, methinks, may be compar'd to a large, ancient Statue, I have read of somewhere. To look at it, nothing could be rougher or more undelicate, but open it, and it exhibited a Sett of little Images, representing all the Deities, the Workmanship of which was exquisite.

Our Poet's disregard to all Things, except his Muse, is censur'd by Mr *Brossette*, Author of the excellent Notes to *Boileau's* Works, on occasion of the following Line in his Art of Poetry :

Let not mere Sing-songⁿ all your Thoughts engross^c.

“ *La Fontaine's* only Merit (says Mr *Brossette*) was his
 “ poetical Talent; which Talent (so rarely found) does
 “ not furnish such Qualities as are most useful to Society.
 “ *Boileau* strongly censur'd *la Fontaine's* Weakness, in
 “ voting for the Exclusion (from the *French Academy*) of
 “ Abbé *Furetiere* his Fellow-Academician, and old Friend.
 “ However, *La Fontaine's* Partizans endeavour'd to apolo-
 “ gize for him; by declaring, that he came with a fix'd
 “ Resolution to serve *Furetiere*; but that (being quite ab-
 “ sent) he had put a Black-ball into the Box, whereby
 “ that Abbé was expelled.”

Tho' a high Regard should be shewn to *la Fontaine's* poetical Talent; yet such an Absence of Mind would be unpardonable; nor does it agree with the Character given almost universally of him. With regard to *Furetiere*, he seems not to have deserved (tho' otherwise a fine Scholar, and a Man of Genius) the least Favour from his Brethren the Academicians; he having unmercifully plundered their voluminous Dictionary, the composing of which tooke them up a great many Years, and had sent Part of it to Press, under his own Name. Abbé *d'Olivet* has fully display'd this Action, so unworthy a Man of Letters, in his

ⁿ The Expression *Sing-song* may be thought out of Character with *Boileau's* Verse quoted here, the Cast of which is grave and serious; but I presum'd, that the giving it a humorous Turn would have a better Effect in *English*. I could easily have rendered it otherwise, as thus, for Instance—

Be not eternally employ'd on Rhimes.

o *Que la Vers ne soit pas votre éternel emploi.*

Despréaux.

ⁿ *Ouvrages de Boileau* Tom. II p 83. Amsterdam, 1717, 12mo.

History

History of the *French Academy* &c. 'Tis however incumbent upon me to take Notice, that Abbé *Furetiere* wrote several Pieces, against the Academy, in his own Justification. He was expell'd it the 22d of *January*, 1685.

To resume *La Fontaine's* Story. When in Company, he very seldom open'd the Conversation, but was commonly so wrapt up in Reflexion, that he did not know what others were discoursing about. Our Poet would be musing on something else, and without knowing distinctly upon what. Nevertheless, when he was got with intimate Friends, and the Conversation happen'd to be enliven'd by some agreeable Dispute, especially over a Bottle, he then grew really warm, and his Eyes would sparkle. On these Occasions 'twas *la Fontaine* himself, and not a Phantom who had assumed his Form^r. Something like this is told of Mr. *Addison*. Our Author, in this Metamorphosis, again resembled *Cymon*; but with this difference, that good Company wrought in him, what Love had produced in the other

His brutal Manne, s from his Breast exil'd,
His Mien he fashion'd, and his Tongue he fil'd;
In ev'ry Exercise by all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd:

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the Fire which choak'd in Ashes lay;
A Load too heavy for his Soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by Love?

It has long been observed, says an ingenious *French* Writer, that learned Men, and eminent Authors, do not always make the most shining Figure in Company; as, on the other hand, a Sprightliness in Conversation, intermixed with Starts of Wit, are not an infallible Indication of Genius, nor even of true Wit. The celebrated *Rousseau* resembled *la Fontaine* in this particular; he not making any Figure in Conversation, unless the Subject turn'd on the *Belles Lettres*; or his Imagination was warm'd by some

q *Abbé d'Olivet*, p. 27, and Seq.

r *Idem*, P. 219.

s *Dryden's* Tales and Fables.

agreeable Dispute^t. The Writer here quoted, might have instanc'd very near the same in the famous *Cornelle*^u, and in an eminent *English* Poet of our Country, who died not many Years since. This Absence of Mind, and sometimes a Want of Polish in Behaviour, may be easily accounted for. Persons of a contemplative Disposition; who are wholly wrapt up in Speculation; who confine themselves very much to their Study, and see little Company, contract an Air, a Turn, very different from that catch'd in the *Beau Monde*; not to observe that they often despise it. Practice is (generally speaking) every Thing. Add that lowness of Spirit (with which Many who think intensely are but too much afflicted) shall quite alter a Person, who, the Instant the Fit is off, will be as sprightly as he before was dull.

*Strange Creature Man ! by Spirits lifted high,
He quaffs with Monarchs, and he treads the Sky :
Dreadful Reverse ! Spleen lets her Furies loose ;
He groans in Sackcloth, and he limps—a Goose.*

The following Instance is given of *la Fontaine's* great Taciturnity. Being invited to Dinner for the Sake of his Company, and that he might entertain the Guests; he eat, but did not speak a Word. He then rose from Table very early, saying he was obliged to go to the Academy, of which he was then a Member. Upon the Company's pressing him to stay; and observing that it was too soon to go thither, he left the Room with only this Answer: *I'll be as long at the Academy as I can.* 'Twas at a Farmer-General's that our Author, after having been regaled, made such poor returns, in Wit, for the splendid Entertainment^x. If the Table of a Farmer-General was not capable of calling forth our Poet's Fire, nothing of that kind cou'd; their Banquets being often as luxurious as those of a *Hehogabalus*.

Another singular Example of *La Fontaine's* Taciturnity, is given by the Author of the *Memours of Vigneul-Marville* (as they are call'd) who tells us that he himself was

^t *Freder*, P. 491.

^u See *La Bruyere*, P. 144 145.

^x *Freder*, P. 491, 492.

present on that Occasion. Three of us (says he) by means of a fourth Person, who had some Acquaintance with that excellent Genius [*La Fontaine*] invited him to a Nook in *Paris*, to a House sacred to the Muses, there to give him a Treat, in order to enjoy his entertaining (as we imagin'd) Company. *La Fontaine* accepted of the Invitation with Pleasure; and came exactly at twelve, that being the Hour appointed. Here he met with sociable Companions, a Table well spread, and a glittering Buffet^y. All the Time he continued with us, not the least Ceremonies were us'd, all Affectation was banish'd, and none of us were under the least Constraint. Nevertheless *La Fontaine* continu'd quite silent, which yet did not surprize us very much, he having something else to do than to talk. He eat as much as all of us, and drank in Proportion. Dinner being over, we endeavour'd to make him speak; but he fell asleep, and did not wake till three Quarters of an Hour after. He then begg'd us to excuse him, saying he was very much fatigued. We reply'd, that he needed not to make any Apology, every Thing done by him being well. Some of us afterwards drawing near to the Poet, endeavour'd to rouse his Faculties, and force him to display them; but to no purpose. His Mind was rambling God knows whither, and, possibly, might then be animating a Frog in the Fens, a Grasshopper in the Meads, or a Fox in his Hole, for, during the whole Time he staid with us, he look'd like a mere spiritless Machine. We then threw our Bard into a Coach, and bid him farewell for ever. Greatly surpriz'd at what had happen'd, we cou'd not forbear saying One to another.

“ Is it possible that a Person who can inspire with Wit
 “ and Sense the dullest Animals in the Brute Creation,
 “ and make them utter the prettiest Things that Man
 “ ever heard, should yet be lifeless in Conversation, and
 “ unable, even for a quarter of an Hour, to bring his
 “ Genius upon his Lips, and let us know that he is pre-
 “ sent^z?” Perhaps he might really be tir'd. However
 this be, 'tis no Wonder the *French* Writers should ex-
 patiate so much on his Silence in Company. A Man of
 this Cast must necessarily be consider'd in a very whim-
 sical Light by his lithe Countrymen.

y This is truly pitoresque, with regard to a *French* Entertainment.

z *Vignacul-Muraille*, Tom II. P. 354.

To this Character of Taciturnity, another *French* Author adds that of extreme Indifference, and exemplifies it in Manner following. *La Fontaine* came one Day to a House where his Son, whom he had not seen a long Time, was expected. After the Youth had been a little while in the Room, his Father, who did not know him, told the Company, that he thought him a Lad of Genius and good Sense. Being then informed that he was his Son, he said, without the least Emotion, only this; *I'm glad of it*. This Apathy, so much sought after by the Philosophers of old, influenc'd *La Fontaine's* whole Conduct; and sometimes made him insensible, even to the Inclemency of the Weather^a. The Stoicism here spoken of, cannot be reconcil'd with the great Tenderneſs and Humanity ascribed to him by several Authors, Instances of which we shall give presently. Perhaps this may be one of the many Fallacies, spread concerning most Men who have made a Figure in the World, and, indeed, the ingenious Author from whom this Incident is borrow'd, gives it, in some measure, as Hear-say

'Twas scarce possible to get a Word from him in Conversation (as has been observ'd) except it turn'd upon some serious Subject which nearly concern'd the Speaker; for whenever Persons labouring under Affliction, or perplex'd with Doubts, came to ask his Advice; he not only listen'd with the greatest Attention (as I myself, says Abbé *d'Olivet*, know from Persons who applied to him) but wou'd likewise be mov'd to the most tender Compassion; would cast about for Expedients, and never fail'd to hit upon several so that this Simpleton, in outward Appearance; he who, during his whole Life, never took a single Step for his own Advantage, gave admirable Counsel to others^b. Hence the following Observation of our Poet, in his Tale, call'd *Le Calendrier des Vieillards*, might have been justly apply'd to himself

*In tut'ring others, some are kind,
Yet, to themselves, as Beetles blind^c.*

^a *Freron*, P. 493

^b *D'Olivet*, P. 219

^c *Tel fait méner de conseiller autrui,
Qu'il se voit gouer en ses propres affaires.*

One Particular (tho' strictly true) which Few wou'd imagine of *La Fontaine*, is, that he never let drop in Discourse one loose Expression or *double Entendre*. Many Persons wou'd endeavour to make him relate, in Conversation, Tales like to those he wrote, but our Poet was deaf on these Occasions; he always discovering the greatest Respect and Veneration for the Fan-sex, bestowing the highest Applauses on such as behav'd with Honour, and never expressing a Contempt for those of an opposite Character. What another Writer adds is much to the same purpose. A singular Circumstance (says he) is, notwithstanding the Idea which Persons might form to themselves of *La Fontaine*, from the Perusal of his Tales, yet his Morals and Conduct were pure, so that the following Verse of an ancient Poet might justly be applied to him.

Lasciva est nobis pagina, vita proba est.

My Verse is wanton, but my Life is chaste^d.

I know not whether I may be mistaken in my Conjecture; but I can scarce imagine that Persons, a great part of whose Writings are unchaste, are the reverse in their Disposition. Thoughts often excite to Actions, and, methinks, those who express perpetually in their Compositions a Complacency, a Fondness for a Passion, cannot be sincerely an Enemy to it in their own Minds. I am sensible, however, that some make a distinction between such Authors as write, with the greatest Warmth and Spirit, merely from Genius; and others from Sensation, or what they feel. There perhaps may be such a Character as the former, but I confess that I have not a just Idea of it. However, let no one conclude, from what is said above, that I suppose our Poet to have led a dissolute Life. all I mean by it is, that as he was not a Rake, neither was he a Saint.

Another Thing remarkable, continues Abbé *Freron*, is, Mothers us'd to consult *La Fontaine* concerning the Education of their Daughters, and young Persons wou'd request his Hints, in order for regulating their Conduct. On these Occasions our Author wou'd give excellent Ad-

c *D'Olivet*, Page 219.

d *Freron*, P. 492

vice, such as neither resembled, for Harshness and Severity, the Maxims inculcated by unenlighten'd spiritual Directors; nor yet the Wantonness of the Counsels offer'd by the Profligate and Dissolute^e

As our Poet was very sincere in his Words, he was exceedingly credulous with regard to every Thing told him; of which an Adventure with *Poignan*, once a Captain of Dragoons, but then retir'd to *Château-Thierry*, is an Instance. All the Hours which this Officer did not spend at the Tavern, he us'd to pass in Mrs. *de la Fontaine's* Company, who, as has been observ'd, was a *Madame Honesta*, was

*Extremely haughty
The more so, as this ill-becoming Pride,
Wore Virtue's Dress, which oft is meer Outside^f.*

As to *Poignan*, he had not one spark of Gallantry about him, and yet *La Fontaine* was told a great many indecent Particulars concerning this Gentleman and his Wife, and farther, that an eternal Blemish would be cast upon his Honour, in case he did not fight him. *La Fontaine* believed all this; so, at four one Summer-Morning, he goes to the Captain; insists upon his dressing himself; and bids him take his Sword and follow him. *Poignan* complied, but without knowing upon what Account, or whither he was going. Being got into the Fields, says *La Fontaine* I'll fight you. I have been advis'd to it. So after telling him the abovemention'd particulars, he drew his Sword. The Captain immediately unsheath'd his, when forcing with a single Thrust, that of his Antagonist ten Paces off, he conducted him back Home, where, breakfasting together. they were reconcil'd^g

It may be observ'd, that our Historian, at the same Time that he presents us with this Instance of our Poet's Credulity and Bravery, hints, by the Character given of the Officer, as if nothing criminal had pass'd between him and *la Fontaine's* Wife. None of the Writers accuse her

^e *Fréron*, P. 492, 493

^f *Dun O'geu n'est rétro,
Et d'autant plus que d'un quelque Virtu
Un tel Orgueil par-essent revêtu*

Contes de la Fontaine

^g *D'O'geu*, P. 219, 220

of infringing her conjugal Vow ; (I mention this Circumstance in Justice to her Memory) but that she was a *Xanthippe*, may be suppos'd, than which scarce a greater Plague could befall a profess'd Poet, especially one of *la Fontaine's* turn of Mind

What our Author adds afterwards seems very pretty. Let us figure to ourselves (says he) a Commonwealth consisting wholly of Persons of the same Disposition with *la Fontaine* Among these People neither Fraud, Falshood, Quarrels, Law-Suits, Luxury, Ambition, in a word, none of those Pests which daily make the wildest Havock in Society, wou'd prevail I confess, indeed, that the Lands wou'd not be over-well cultivated or improved However, this Defect would be fully compensated, by the Absence of Luxury and Ambition. Perhaps none wou'd be qualify'd to act as Magistrates or Soldiers ; but in a Commonwealth like this, neither of these Orders would be wanted. The Inhabitants would follow implicitly the Impulses of Nature, which whisper to us, that we should rest contented with a little, and taste none but innocent Pleasures. We then should really see that Age of Gold, described by the Poets ; which exists no where but in their Imagination ^b.

This Picture agrees with that drawn of him, by a Fellow-Academician and his Cotemporary. The great Simplicity, and genuine Nature (says this Author) seen in *la Fontaine's* Compositions, were found in his Life and Behaviour His Tongue never bely'd his Heart, and he ever follow'd the Suggestions of his Humour To these Qualities such an innate Humility was added, as can scarce be parallel'd, he being very humble, tho' neither devout, nor even regular in his Conduct, if we except the latter part of his Life, which was truly Christian He entertain'd a mean Opinion of himself, bore, with the greatest Sweetness of Temper, the ill Humour of his Friends ; he always addressing them in the most obliging Terms, and never falling into a Passion, even when they said such Things as might have provok'd the mildest Tempers. This last Character is in the high Strain of Panegyric. To give one Picture more, from a Writer who has lately taken great Pains to collect, from *la Fontaine's* Family, all such Particulars as he could meet with concerning him.

^b *Idem*, P 220, 221

^c *Les Hommes Illust-res de Perrault*, Tom I P. 178 Paris, 1701, 12mo

The same Spirit (says he) of Simplicity, of Candour, and beautiful Nature [*naïveté*] we admire in *la Fontaine's* Compositions, was discover'd in himself, and no Author ever drew his own Picture, in his Works, more to the Life. He was a Man of the utmost Probity and Rectitude of Soul, mild, ingenious, natural, sincere, credulous, easy; free from Ambition and Malice, and taking every Thing well.

The Author of the Picture or Character of *la Fontaine*, prefix'd to his posthumous Works, printed in 1696, represents him as follows.

“ When our Poet was with Persons he did not know,
 “ or who were disagreeable to him, he would appear
 “ melancholy and contemplative; and he even seem'd
 “ sometimes flat, at the opening of a Conversation, tho'
 “ with People he lik'd. But the instant the Subject be-
 “ gan to please him, and he joined in it, he was no longer
 “ the same absent Man, he then wou'd speak with great
 “ Fluency, and well, wou'd quote the Ancients, and
 “ set them off with new Graces. He then had the Air
 “ of a Philosopher and a Gentleman at the same Time:
 “ In a word, 'twas *la Fontaine* himself, and such as we
 “ find him in his Compositions. He likewise was very
 “ engaging at Entertainments, He usually heightning
 “ them by his Pleasantry, and his lively Stories and Re-
 “ partees; whence he was ever justly thought a most de-
 “ lightful Companion over a Bottle.

“ Had he who attempted his Portrait, seen him on
 “ these Occasions, he had certainly retracted whatever he
 “ has advanced with regard to this pretended Stupidity,
 “ and not have asserted, that *M de la Fontaine* was un-
 “ able to describe what he had seen a Moment before. So
 “ far from it, he must have confess'd that our charming
 “ Poet was as entertaining in Company, as in his Writ-
 “ ings. For this reason, all who lov'd the latter (and
 “ who does not love them?) were equally fond of his
 “ Conversation. He was admitted to all the greatest
 “ Tables in *France*, and sought for universally. Was I
 “ to mention the Persons of Genius and Distinction who
 “ desir'd it earnestly, such a List would take in the
 “ whole Court.

“ I yet won’t deny, but that he sometimes was strange-
 “ ly absent. However, if this be the Foible of a great
 “ Genius and a great Poet, in whom ought we to pardon it
 “ sooner than in *la Fontaine* ?” The above Character
 may serve as a Counterpart to some others.

Methinks part of Mr Gay’s Epitaph, as drawn by Mr.
Pope, would suit our Poet exactly, especially the two first
 Lines of it

*Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild,
 In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child.*

The happy Contrast in the last Verse suits *la Fontaine*
 perfectly, insomuch that a *Frenchman* might think it wrote
 for him.

As Nature (observes the last quoted Abbé) had indulg’d our Poet a very easy Genius, which brought forth without Pain, He had no Library or Study, but us’d to give a loose to his Imagination, wherever he found himself inspir’d¹. Very probably *la Fontaine* had no Study, but he had adorn’d his Bed-chamber with Casts, in Plaster, of all the greatest Philosophers among the Ancients, and this he call’d the *Chamber of the Philosophers*^m.

He, indeed, did not want any particular Room for composing, every Place serving him for that purpose, a Circumstance which will not be wonder’d at, when ’tis consider’d that a true Poet (as indeed all deep Thinkers) are ever accompanied by what may be call’d their Muse, who, whenever she pleases, can make a Study of any Place

The Dutchess of *Bouillon* (says Abbé *Fieron*) coming one Morning to *Versailles*, observ’d our Author meditating under a Tree in the Walks. That Lady returning in the Evening, perceiv’d him exactly in the same Place and Posture, tho’ it had rain’d all Day, and the Weather was pretty cold. Our Poet was the only Person insensible to the Inclemencies of the Season, in which he resembled, in some measure, the famous *Archimedes*, who continu’d his Speculations calm and undisturb’d, notwithstanding that the City he was in sustain’d, at that Time, a furious Siege, and the Enemy had surrounded his very

¹ *Idem*, Page 493

^m *Oeuvres mêlées de S. Evremond*, Tom. V P. 24, Editio ut supra.

Houfe. To poetical Meditations like the abovemention'd, we muſt aſcribe the many Stories, true or falſe, told concerning *la Fontaine's* ſtrange Abſence of Mind^a.

Poets are well known to love Solitude, and eſpecially that of the Groves, during the beautiful Season of the Year, and ſome of them, by repeating their Verſes aloud when alone, have been deem'd crazy As Perſons who devote themſelves entirely to Study, and ſeldom ſtir abroad, are often conſider'd, by the Vulgar, as Conjurers, no wonder they ſhou'd conclude Bards, like to thoſe hinted at above, to be ſtark mad. But, whatever the Populace may think, Poets are ſupremely happy on theſe Occaſions. With what Warmth does *Horace* deſcribe his Enthuſiaſm, when wandering in the Sylvan Shade^b

*Auditis? An me ludit amabilis
Irfaria? Audite, et videor pios
Errare per lucos^c*

Horat Ode IV. Lib. III.

The like Raptures muſt have been felt by *Racine*, when compoſing his Tragedy entitl'd *Mitridates*. That Poet us'd to go every Morning to the *Thuilleries*, at a Time whiſt Workmen of every kind were employ'd there. *Racine*, whoſe Talent for Declamation was admirable, us'd to repeat his Verſes aloud, whenever he imagin'd no Body was walking in the Garden. But one Day he ſaw himſelf on a ſudden ſurrounded by all the Artificers, who had left their Work merely to follow him, they fancying that he was out of his Senſes, and going to throw himſelf into the Baſon^d. Give me leave to add an Incident which happen'd to *Boileau*, this being the more remarkable, as it gave occaſion to that great Poet's addreſſing an Epistle to his Gardiner. Whiſt *Boileau* (ſays Mr *Broſſette*) was compoſing his Ode on the taking of *Namur* by *Lewis XIV.* he us'd to walk in the Allie of his Garden at *Auteuil*^e. There he would give a looſe to his Tranſports, and en-

^a *Errat*, P 293, 294

^b *D'ye bear? or airy Frenzy cheat
My Mind, well pleas'd with tee Deut?
I ſeem to bear, I ſeem to move
And wander thro' tee happy Groves.*

Creech.

^c *D Oſſet*, P 245

^d A pleaſant Village, two Miles from *Paris*, upon the Banks of the *Seine*
deavour

deavour to raise his poetic Fire. One Day he observ'd that his Gardiner listen'd to, and gaz'd upon him through the Trees. The Gardiner, greatly surpriz'd, did not know what to make of his Master's wild Starts, whence he almost concluded that he must be distracted. The Postures which the Gardiner made (all expressive of his Astonishment) were very whimsical to his Master; so that each made sport for the other, without knowing it*.

But let not Poetry only be charg'd with such Follies; Instances of the like kind being found in the gravest Professions. 'Tis said *Archimedes* was so transported with Joy, upon his discovering a Fraud committed by a Goldsmith, who, in the Gold Crown made by him for a King of *Sicily*, had mix'd a baser Metal with it, that he started, quite naked, out of the Bath, and ran about the Streets crying, *I have found it! I have found it!*

Abbé d'Olivet † makes an Apology for his enlarging so much on *la Fontaine's* Simplicity. This seems, indeed, to have been so very remarkable, that most Authors who write concerning him, discant more or less upon it. However, some may think such a Circumstance injurious to the Character of Poets, a Character already but too much debas'd among us, and which alone will eclipse a thousand valuable Qualities. The Regard which the *Greeks* and *Romans* paid to it, need not be hinted to all Persons conversant in History, and surely we will not pretend to surpass these immortal Nations, in Knowledge of the World and Politeness. But Arts have their Revolutions as well as Empires; and whilst some Professions make a great Figure in one Age or Country, they often shall not be consider'd in another, as might be instanc'd in several

The very ingenious Signor *Algarotti*, speaking (in his Explanation of the *Newtonian* Philosophy, for the Use of the Ladies) of the infinite Variety and Disparity found in the Customs and Ideas of different Nations, observes, that *Some think black Teeth the greatest Beauty. Others paint both their Eyes, the one white, and the other red or yellow. In other Countries, again, an Inamurato slashes his Face, and makes little Holes in it, to appear the more agreeable to his Mistress. In China, a Lump of Olive-colour Flesh, over which a sharp-pointed Head is fix'd, with two*

* *Oeuvres de Boileau*, Tom. I P. 350.

† P. 221.

little black Eyes, whimsically sunk in their Sockets ; with a misshapen Nose, and Feet like those of a little Doll ; will fire a Lover with a violent Passion ; when immediately perpetual Adorations, soft Verses and Billet-doux, are employ'd, to set off the Charms of this Idol of his Affections Our Galateas and Amaryllis's (continues he) would not obtain, in that Empire, even a single Distich in praise of their Beauty ; but would be consider'd, by a voluptuous Mandarin, as so many odd Creatures.

To resume our Author's Story. The Reader may have seen, Note *, Page 13, of this Life, that *la Bruyere* (as I observ'd) was sharply reprov'd for the disadvantageous Picture drawn by him of our Poet. This Censure, contain'd in a Piece entitled *Portrait de M. de la Fontaine, par Mr. * * * **, was first prefix'd to our Author's posthumous Works, publish'd at *Paris* in 1696, 12mo. the Year after *la Fontaine's* Death, and consequently by One who might have known him personally. " I must first (says " this Gentleman to the Lady he was writing to) erase " from your Mind the bad Impression which may have " been made on it, by your Perusal of a certain Description of *la Fontaine's* Person, intermix'd with many " others [in *la Bruyere's* Characteristics,] and inform " you, that tho' this Writer does Justice to the Works " of our excellent Author, he is not so equitable with " respect to his Person

" It may be affirmed, that he who drew it seem'd desirous of forming a strong Contrast, by opposing the Disparity which (as he pretended) appear'd between the Works and Person of the same Man, rather than of presenting us with a Portrait, in which a Resemblance might be found. 'Tis plain he had not studied his Subject sufficiently. One would even conclude, that he had copied his own Person, stroke by stroke ; and that he found, in himself, all the Rusticity and Stupidity which he bestows so very liberally on *M. de la Fontaine*. It must yet be confess'd, that the Exterior of our famous Author, did not prejudice a Spectator very much in his Favour. He was like those plain and unadorn'd Vases, in which great Treasures are contain'd. *La Fontaine* was negligent of his Outside ; wore always the plainest Dress ; and the Air of his Countenance was heavy and rustic [*grossier*,] Nevertheless, those who " survey'd

“ survey’d him with a little Attention, discover’d Wit
 “ and good Sense in his Eyes. And a certain Vivacity,
 “ which Age itself could not extinguish, plainly shew’d
 “ that he was the reverse of what he appear’d ” I in-
 sert this Character with the greater Pleasure, as being
 drawn by One who seems extremely zealous for the Ho-
 nour of *la Fontaine’s* Memory; tho’ too severe (I pre-
 sume) upon the excellent *la Bruyere*.

But granting that there were certain Peculiarities, in
 some Parts of our Poet’s Behaviour, ’tis certain that his
 Heart was honest, and his Genius admirable, and his Me-
 mory (says *Abbé d’Olivet*) ought for ever to be rever’d
 and protected by the worthy Part of Mankind. One Cir-
 cumstance, methinks, ought to reconcile Us at once to
 his Absence of Mind, which is, that we perhaps owe, to
 this, the great Number of his excellent Compositions.

Had that *Abbé* observ’d two Poems, printed Tom I.
 Page 50, & *Seq* of *Oeuvres diverses de M. de la Fontaine*,
 Paris 1729, 8vo. it must have given him a still infinitely
 more advantageous Idea of his moral Character. The
 Pieces I mean are an Elegy and an Ode, attempted by M.
de la Fontaine, in favour of his Patron Mr. *Fouquet* (whom
 he thus styles *Orontes*) after that Minister’s Disgrace.
 They are written in the kindest and most generous
 manner. The Editor of *Choix de Poësies morales & chretiennes*,
depuis A. l’alberbe jusqu’aux Poetes de nos Jours, Paris, 1733,
 12mo. observes, “ that among the Multitudes of People
 “ who had Obligations to Mr. *Fouquet*, *la Fontaine* was
 “ almost the only one who dar’d to express his Sorrow,
 “ publicly, after his Disgrace.” He adds. “ Our Poet
 “ address’d likewise an Ode to *Lewis XIV.* on the same
 “ Occasion; and this Monarch, tho’ he commanded him
 “ to write no more on that Subject, he yet could not for-
 “ bear doing Justice to his Zeal, and his Gratitude to his
 “ Benefactor ” What Mr. *Pope* says so nobly, of the Muse’s
 Generosity, may therefore be justly applied to our Poet

*When Int’rest calls off all her sneaking Train,
 And all th’ Oblig’d desert, and all the Vain,
 She waits, or to the Scaffold, or the Cell,
 When the last ling’ring Friend has bid farewell*

Epistle to the Earl of Oxford

To now consider (with *Abbé d’Olivet*) *la Fontaine* im-
 mediately as a Poet. His first Studies were under Country

Schoolmasters, who taught him *Latin*. Being near two and twenty, and undetermin'd what Course of Life to pursue; it happen'd that an Officer, then in Winter Quarters at *Château-Thierry*, read before him accidentally, and with great Emphasis, an Ode of *Malherbe*, in which are the following Lines.

*What will our late Descendants say,
Shou'd some bright Pen, in Prose or Rhimes,
Full, in its genuine Light, display
The Series of our shocking Crimes?*

La Fontaine listen'd to this Ode with Transports (such as were merely mechanical) of Joy, Admiration, and Astonishment. The Impression which wou'd be made on a Man born with a strong Disposition for Music, and who, after being brought up in a Forest, shou'd suddenly hear an Instrument^s touch'd by a fine Finger, just such a One was wrought upon *la Fontaine's* Ear by poetic Harmony^r. His Genius (says another Writer) instantly display'd, and his Taste and Inclination reveal'd themselves. He perceiv'd his own Spirit, as it were, in the Lyric Enthusiasm with which the Verses abovemention'd were animated; and the Poetic Fire, till then conceal'd in his Bosom, seem'd lighted up, in a Moment, by that of *Malherbe*ⁿ. He soon (says *Abbé d'Olivet*) fell to reading this Poet, and applied himself so closely to his Compositions, that after spending whole Nights in getting them by Heart, he would go into the Woods, in the Day-time, and there repeat his Lines aloud. He attempted, presently after, to imitate that Writer; and his first Essays, in Verse, (as *la Fontaine* himself informs us, in an Epistle to M. *Huet* x,

*r Que diriez-vous, races futures,
Si quelquefois un vrai d'écort,
Vous récite les aventures
De nos abominables jours?*

^s The Original says *clovisin* (a Harpsichord) The ingenious Mr. *Spence*, in his Account of *Stephen Duck*, prefix'd to the Poems of the latter, observes that, "He, (*Stephen Duck*) speaks of strange Emotions that he has felt on the
"top Performances of the little Choir of Songsters in a Country Chancel, and
"mentions his first hearing of an Organ, as a remarkable Epocha of his Life."

^t *D'Olivet*, P 221, 222

^u *Feron*, P 236

^x The learned Bishop of *Alarabes*.

on sending him a *Quintilian*) were after the manner of that Poet.

*I chose long since (for Time I would not waste)
A well-known Poet to direct my Taste.
He quite misled me ; when, to my Surprise,
Horace remov'd the Mist, and clear'd my Eyes.
Oft is our Poet elegant and terse ;
All prais'd the Turn and Cadence of his Verse.
Praise they deserv'd ; Me they entic'd away.
But those who follow him are led astray^y.*

But now Mr. *Pintrel*, a Person of good Sense and some Learning, observ'd to him, that if he were desirous of being perfected in the Art of Poetry, he must not confine himself merely to the Perusal of the *French Poets* ; but read incessantly *Horace*, *Virgil*, and *Terence*. Our Author, complying with these prudent Hints, found the *Roman* manner of writing to have more Nature and Simplicity, and to be less charg'd with tinsel Ornaments, and consequently that *Malherbe's Muse* (this is *la Fontaine's* own Observation) was too beautiful, or rather too gaudy. Our Author was delighted with Simplicity in Writing ; but such a One only as is of a noble and ingenious kind.

Rabelais, whom *Boileau* us'd to call *Reason in Masquerade*, was also one of his favourite Authors. He admir'd him even to Extravagance. Every One must have been told a strange Flight of *la Fontaine's* on this Occasion, utter'd in Presence of Mr. *de Valincour*, of *Boileau's* Brother, (the Doctor) *Racine*, and some other Gentlemen at *Boileau* the Poet's House. They were disputing warmly on *St Austin* ; during which *la Fontaine* listen'd with that Air of Stupidity usually seen in his Countenance. At last, waking as from a deep Sleep, he ask'd the Doctor, with the gravest Tone, whether he really thought *St. Austin*

^y *Je pris certain auteur autrefois pour mon Maître,
Il pensa me gâter à la fin, grace aux Dieux,
Horace par bonheur me défilâ les yeux
L'auteur avoit du bon, du meilleur ; & la France
Estimoit dans ses vers le tour & la cadence
Qui ne les eût prisés ? J'en demeurai ravi,
Mais ces traits ont perdu quiconque l'a suivi,*

had

had more Wit^z than *Rabelais*? The Doctor, after surveying our Poet from top to toe, made no other Reply than this: *Harkce, Mr. de la Fontaine; you have put on one of your Stockings wrong-side outwards*, which was true. How many Stories (relating to Absence of Mind) are told of Sir *Isaac Newton* and Dr *Barrow*

Among the several Models which our Poet propos'd to imitate, with regard to Style, he has chiefly followed *Marot*. By Style, I here mean a Choice of certain Expressions, and still more of certain Turns. Now, as *Marot* was the first who discover'd the true Turn or Cast of the pleasingly-natural Species of Writing^a; 'tis thought he has settled the Point of Perfection, to which the *French* can be carried in that respect. This is so true, that, in our Age, spite of the Changes which have happen'd in our Tongue, the Marotic Style forms a kind of Language apart; wherein the Ear discovers (by Habit) certain Delicacies and Beauties, which cannot be express'd in any other Style. Thus in *Latin*, for instance, we perceive, in the Measure and Turn of *Catullus's* Verses, a certain graceful Pouncancy, [*un sel*] not met with in any other *Roman* Poet^b. The famous *Boileau* makes much the same Observation. As the true Turn (says he) of the Epigram, of the Rondeau, and of Epistles (in Verse) writ with Nature, were found (even before *Ronsard*) by *Marot*, *Saint Gelais*, &c. their Works, of this kind, so far from being contemn'd, are still generally esteem'd, inasmuch

^z The Word here, in the Original, is *Esprit*, which may also be translated *Genius*, or *good Sense*. Some will perhaps consider the Query made by our Poet, not as silly, but waggish.—St. *Austin* and *Rabelais*, what a Contrast!

^a The *French* of the pleasingly-natural Species of Writing (as I translate it) is *le genre naïf*. We want a Term, in *English*, for this Adjective, which, certainly, is not duly express'd, in our Tongue, by the Word *Natural*. A Proof of this is the following Maxim: *Toute pensée naïve est naturelle, mais toute pensée naturelle n'est pas naïve*. "Every naïf Thought is natural, but every natural Thought is not naïf." To give one Instance in Things, all low, comic Characters, writ with pleasing Nature, such as have nothing of the buffoon or dull in them, are *naïfs*.

*Enfin la cour désabusée,
D'ingens le naïf du plat et du bruffon.*

Boileau.

THE Adjective is, I believe, much more difficult to translate into other Languages than our Substantive *Humour*.

^b *D'Olivet*, P. 222, 223, 224.

that, in order to hit upon the natural Air, in *French*, we sometimes even imitate their Style; a Circumstance in which the celebrated Mr. *de la Fontaine* has succeeded so happily^c. I quote this Paragraph the rather, because I have heard many Persons reproach *Boileau*, as tho' he had never mention'd, in any Part of his Works, so great a Poet as *la Fontaine*, his Fellow-Academician and intimate Friend; the contrary of which is evident from this Passage, and from the following in *Boileau's* Xth. Satire against Women.

All Moliere's Works, and la Fontaine's, I've read^d.

Not to instance his Dissertation on our Author's *Féconde*. Who, after this, would not be a little surpriz'd, to hear that fine Genius, Mr. *de Voltaire*, assert, in his *Letters concerning the English Nation*, p. 205, London 1743, 8vo. That *Boileau is silent upon la Fontaine*?—Unless He wou'd thereby insinuate, that *Boileau* had not given our Poet due Encomiums; especially as he makes no mention of him in his *Art poetique*.

After *Marot* and *Rabelais*, (continues Abbé *d'Olivet*) he valu'd most the *Astrée* of Monsieur *Durfee*. Hence he borrow'd the rural Images so familiar to him, and which have always a beautiful Effect in Poetry. *La Fontaine* dipt very little into our other *French* Authors; he being better pleas'd (as he himself tells us) with the *Italians*; particularly *Boccace* and *Ariosto*, whom he has imitated but too successfully^e.

Abbé *d'Olivet* should have added *Voiture*, since our Poet himself observes, in a Letter to St. *Evremond*, Tom. V. P. 48, of this Author's Works, that *Rabelais*, *Marot*, and *Voiture*, had been his Masters in the Art of Writing.

But a Circumstance (says Abbé *d'Olivet*) one would scarcely imagine is, he was charm'd with the Works of *Plato* and *Plutarch*. I myself had in my Possession the very Copies of those ancient Authors made use of by him, with Notes, in his own Hand-writing, in every Page. I observ'd particularly, that most of these Notes were Maxims (moral or political) introduc'd by him in his Fables*.

^c *Oeuvres de Boileau*, Tom. III^e P. 242, 243.

^d *J'en vois tout ce qu'ont fait la Fontaine et Moliere.*

^e *D'Olivet*, P. 224.

* *Idem*, *ibid.*

Methinks there is nothing extraordinary in the above Circumstance; Persons who devote themselves to the gravest Studies, often delighting in those of the lightest and most gay kind. The same Man shall be pleas'd, alternately, with the Works of Sir *Isaac Newton* and *Cervantes*

As to the physical Reflexions, with which, not only *la Fontaine's* Fables, but also his Poem on the Jesuit's Bark (*le Quinquana*) are interspers'd; he ow'd them less to Books, than to his Conversation with Mr. *Bernier*, who likewise liv'd with *Madam de la Sabliere*.

All his Compositions are not equally valuable; the Reason of which is, his attempting too many Sorts of Writing. This appears from the following Lines spoken of himself^r:

*Parnassian Butterfly; and like the Bees,
In whom sage Plato all our Wonders sees,
Wav'ring I am; to ev'ry Subject fly;
To various Flow'rs, to various Objects hie.
Not courting Glory, Pleasure I adore,
Higher my rising Name, perhaps, wou'd soar;
Had I, for various Palms, less eager strove,
Fickle, alike, in Glory and in Love^s.*

The witty and judicious *Madam de Sevigné*, was very much offended at this Fickleness in *la Fontaine*. "I wou'd gladly (says she in one of her Letters) draw up a Fable, to shew him how wretchedly trifling it is in a Writer, to force his Genius to Compositions which no ways suit it; and how grating any Music must be found, when the Performer is so ridiculous as to sing in every Key." This Censure may, very possibly, be levell'd at our Author's dramatic Pieces, these not being successful. Mr. *de la Fontaine* (says a learned and ingenious Writer) was certainly born with a great Genius for Poetry; but then his Talent lay in working up a Tale, and still more a Fable,

f D'Olivet, P. 224.

g Papillon du Parnasse, et semblable aux Abeilles,
A qui le bon Plaisir compare nos merveilles.
Je suis chose légère, et vole à tout sujet,
Je vais de fleur en fleur, et d'objet en objet.
A beaucoup de plaisir, je mêle un peu de gloire.
J'irois plus haut peut être au Temple de Mémoire,
Si dans un genre seul j'avois usé mes jours
Mais qu'en ferois-je si, le village en ver, comme en amours.

which he enlivens, in a most delightful manner, with Erudition; an Ornament of which that Species of writing was not thought susceptible. On the contrary, *la Fontaine's* Comedies, including those he wrote for the Opera, were his'd.

Every Species of Poetry (continues this Author) requires a particular Talent, and Nature seldom bestows a distinguishing Talent on one Man, but she denies him every other. Hence, so far from being surpriz'd that *la Fontaine* shou'd write indifferent Plays, 'twou'd have been much more wonderful had he given us good Ones^h. However, Exceptions are now and then (tho' very seldom) found to this Rule. With regard to Madam *de Sevigné*, her Judgment has been confirm'd by the Public, so that nothing can be objected to it. But I shall observe, that sometimes the Decisions of Persons of the greatest Reputation may be doubted. *Racine* assur'd a Man of Honour, his Friendⁱ, that desiring the famous *Corneille's* Opinion of *Alexander*, the second Tragedy written by the former, *Corneille* applauded it highly, but advis'd him, at the same time, to leave writing for the Stage; he declaring that *Racine* had no Talent this Way. *Corneille* (continues my Author) had a Greatness of Soul that was superior to mean Jealousy. As he gave *Racine* this Advice, 'twas the result of his Thoughts, but 'tis well known that *Corneille* preferr'd *Lucan* to *Vingil*^k. Still some may doubt *Corneille's* Sincerity, as *Racine* discover'd so fine a Genius, and that for the same Species of Writing in which *Corneille* so eminently excell'd. However this be, a no less surprizing Circumstance is, the Advice which the celebrated Mr. *Patru* gave *la Fontaine*, viz not to attempt the writing of Fables. I own (says *la Fontaine*, in his Preface to them) one of our ablest Masters in French Eloquence, disapproved my Design of working up these Fables into Verse. Mr. *Patru* was no less mistaken, when he counsell'd *Boileau* not to attempt his Art of Poetry; the former declaring, that this Subject, in the extensive manner in which Mons *Boileau* intended to treat it, would not admit

^h *Reflexions critiques sur la Poésie & sur la Peinture, par Mr. l'Abbé du Bois* Tom II. P 39 Utrecht, 1732, 2mo.

ⁱ Mr de Valincour.

^k *D'Olivet*, P 246

of Ornament¹. And yet Mr. *Patru* was an excellent Orator ; and consider'd as an infallible Oracle, in matters of Criticism and Taste. One would conclude from hence that Mr. *Patru*, tho' an excellent Judge of a Poem, when laid before him, had not a due Idea of the Extent of the poetical Art.

The turn of Mind (says Abbé *d'Olivet*) which directed *la Fontaine's* Conduct, influenc'd also his Compositions. A turn of Mind unaffected, ingenuous, rational and gay ; but, at the same time, inconstant, absent and indolent. All his Compositions are not finish'd ; but then his most careless Pieces, his smallest Sketches, display the great Master, the Artist who, in many respects, is truly Original. Accordingly he is consider'd, by all Persons of Taste, as one of the five or six great Poets whom Time will revere ; and in whose Works, the Remains of our Language will be sought, in case it should ever be a dead One².

The second of *May*, 1684, *la Fontaine* was chosen into the *French Academy*³. As his Election made some Noise in *Paris*, by its being attended with peculiar Circumstances, I shall give the Substance of it here, but must first observe, with Abbé *d'Olivet*, that the Members of the *French Academy* are oblig'd, by an ancient Statute, not to receive any Person, unless first approv'd of by their Protector, which *Lewis XIV.* was then°. Whenever, therefore, a Seat becomes vacant ; the Members proceed to a double Ballotting ; first, in order to fix, by the Plurality of Voices, upon a Person fit to be propos'd to the Protector. And secondly, to compleat his Election, in case he shou'd be found agreeable to Him.

Now it happen'd, that *la Fontaine* having been chosen at the first Ballotting ; and the Director (Mr *Doujat*) waiting next Day upon *Lewis XIV.* to enquire whether they might proceed to the second ; the King, who had been inform'd of this Affair by other Persons, suspended the Election for near six Months. *I am sure* (says his Majesty to Mr. *Doujat*) *that there have been Squabbles and Ca-*

¹ *Idem*, P. 120

² *Idem*, P. 225.

³ *Hommes illustres, du Pere Niceron*, Tom XVIII. P. 321, Paris, 1732, 12mo

° Their present Monarch, *Lewis XV.* is now their Protector.

bals in the Academy. Mr. Doujat (in order that his Majesty might be sensible that the Election had been regular) was going to explain the Forms of it, when the King, interrupting him. *I understand them perfectly* (says the Monarch) *but am not yet determin'd. I shall let the Academy know my Pleasure*

The Truth of the Matter is this, for wherefore conceal it (continues Abbé d'Olivet) now that Mr de la Fontaine's Memory is consecrated, as it were, upon *Painassus*? On the one hand, most of the Academicians wish'd to see him among them, as he possess'd so rare a Genius, and had acquir'd a very great Reputation. But then, some were of Opinion that, as *la Fontaine* had writ and publish'd poetical Pieces of a loose kind, it would not be proper to admit him among a Body of Men, who pay a much greater regard to Virtue than to the most exalted Talents; not to mention that many of its Members are Prelates. In short, as there were no less than sixteen Voices in his Favour against seven, the opposite Party hasten'd to the King, in order to influence his Majesty's Will, and interest Religion in the Affair.

During this Suspension, which was by his Majesty's Command, *la Fontaine*, who had the Success of this Business vastly at Heart, presented him a little Ode^p; in the Close^q whereof, which he intreated *Madame de Thiangé*^r to read and explain to the King, were the following Words.

*This sweet Reflexion, for a Month or so,
Has cheer'd the Muse, till then o'erwhelm'd with Woe.
Some, I am told, have certain Strokes arraign'd,
Pert, trifling Tales, for Pastime ially feign'd.
If with their sage Instructions I comply,
What would they more?—Turn graciously thine Eye
Be thou less harsh, than those who proudly scorn,
O Thou to comfort the Desponding born!
Be still, great Prince, what thou'st been always found --
Th'Event must surely with Success be crown'd^s.*

But

p The French is *Bolude*, a Species of Poetry, resembling that mention'd in my Text

q *Dans l'Envoi* (by way of Direction or Address) as 'tis term'd in French.

r Sister to *Madam de Montespan*, Mistress to *Louis XIV.*

s *Ce doux penser, depuis un mois oy d'aux,
Console un peu nos Muses inquiettes.*

But 'twas not this Ode which determin'd his Majesty; at least he did not explain his Sentiments till *Boileau* was nominated to fill another Seat which happened to be vacant. The King being told this, by a Person deputed from the Academy for that purpose, replied : *That the Choice they had made of Boileau was highly satisfactory to him, and would be universally approved. You may* (continued the Prince) *elect la Fontaine when you will. He has promised to be good*^t. Another Author observes, that at the Time *la Fontaine* desired to be admitt'd into this Body, he wrote to one of its Members (a Prelate^u) expressing his Sorrow on account of his licentious Compositions, and his Resolution never to write any Thing more in that Strain*. It does not, however, appear that our Poet kept his Word.

The Fact is, the King was not pleas'd to find that *la Fontaine* had been preferred to *Boileau*. These two great Poets were Competitors; and the seven Voices which pronounc'd in Opposition to *la Fontaine*, were for *Boileau*, who was much better known at Court. However, during the six Months Suspension, his Majesty scarce discover'd his Inclination in this Particular; he having prescribed it to himself as a Law, not to interfere with the Academy in their balloting^y.

This Incident is told with some Variation by another ingenious Writer, who, perhaps, was prejudic'd in *Boileau's* Favour. Mr. *Colbert's* Death (says Mr. *Brossette*) which happened the 6th of September 1683, leaving a Vacancy in the French Academy; some of its Members, among whom were Abbé *Regnier* and Mr. *Rose*, went to Mr. *Boileau*, and ask'd if he would accept of that Seat, in case the Academy should offer it him. *Boileau* receiv'd their Proposal very kindly; but knowing that one of the Laws of the Academy was, never to offer these Places; he declar'd, in a particular Manner, that he would not sue for One. This

*Quelques Efforts ont blâmé certains jeux,
Certains recits qui ne font que sornettes.
Si je déjûe aux leçons qu'ils m'ont faites,
Que veut-on plus ? Soyez moins rigoureux,
Plus indulgent, plus favorable qu'eux
Prince, et un mot soyez ce que vous êtes
L'Écolier ne peut m'être qu'un bonheur.*

t D'Olivet, P. 17, 18, 19

u Probably Mr. Huet, Bishop of Auranche

x Perrault, *Hommes Illustres*, Tom. I. P. 180.

y D'Olivet, P. 19

the Gentlemen consented to, so that they themselves proposed him to succeed Mr. *Colbert*.

La Fontaine, who was afraid of losing the Seat, in case *Boileau* should become his Rival, desir'd him to desist on this Occasion. *Boileau* replied, that, should the Academy do him the Honour to nominate him, he could not refuse Them, but promis'd, at the same time, not to make the least Advances in order to obtain it.

The Academicians were divided between these two great Men. But some of the former, still vex'd to see their Names in *Boileau's* Satyrs, were afraid of having him for their Fellow-Academician, and to this was owing *la Fontaine's* having a plurality of Voices.

His Majesty was not pleas'd to hear of *la Fontaine's* being prefer'd to *Boileau*,—so that he suspended the Election for a considerable Time; and even perform'd the Campaign of *Luxemburg* in that Interval. During this *M. de Bezons*, a Counsellor of State and one of the Members, happening to die, the Academy immediately nominated *Boileau* to succeed him, when the King, approving their Choice, confirm'd that of *la Fontaine*. It reflected, methinks, no little Glory on our Author to succeed Mr. *Colbert*. I shall add, that Mr. *Bayle* was misinformed, as he himself afterwards tells us, with regard to the entire Motive of *la Fontaine's* being refus'd Admission into the Academy; the former observing, in his *Nouvelles de la republique des Lettres*, for April 1684, p. 206, that the only reason of the suspending *la Fontaine's* Election was, “because some One had represented, that it wou'd not become a Society, in which are so many grave Persons and even Prelates, to admit into it a Poet, who had publish'd so many loose Tales.” But it was afterwards found (as we have seen) that *Louis XIV.* took part in this Affair.

What Pity it is that a Monarch, who discovered the strongest Affection for the polite Arts in general, and for learned Men in particular, who seated the Academicians in his Palace (the *Louvre*;) sent them Books from his own Library, settled Pensions upon them, gave them the most honourable Marks of Distinction, and interest'd himself

in their minutest Concerns^a; shou'd afterwards have been persuaded to Acts of Tyranny!

The Advantages which arise from the Establishment of the *French Academy*, are evident to all *Europe* (at least to the most polite Parts of it) which have been entertain'd and instructed, from time to time, with their Compositions, read either in the Original, or in Translation.

It must, indeed, be confess'd, that such of its Members as throw a Glory round the Reign of *Lewis XIV.* were not succeeded by Writers of equal Eminence. Nevertheless, the Compositions of many of the latter have done, and still continue to do, Honour to their Country, spite of the Assertions of their Enemies to the contrary. I believe, what we say in *England*, viz. *that Those who are out, rail at Such as are in*, may often be apply'd to these Academicians, and many of their Satyrists, the latter envying them merely on account of their Stipends, and the Honours they receive. At the same time it must be confess'd, that some Writers who have not been offer'd Seats in this Academy, deserv'd them much more than others who were made choice of. But this is an Abuse common to all Countries. I presume, that the only way for these Satyrists to be impartial, wou'd be, to criticize the particular Performances of such Academicians as really merit Censure, without striking at the whole Body; as, among others, *Mr. Roy*, a *French Poet*, does in a witty Allegory, wherein he compares the *French Academy* to a Stage-Coach, and the present Members to so many Passengers. After feigning that this Coach had formerly been fill'd with Persons of great Abilities, and drove by *Apollo*, the Poet tells us, that the present Passengers are a Parcel of *Ignoramus's*, and had *Memus* for their Driver

*Strange Laws are by this Coachman made,
Who, right or wrong, will force a Trade,
Lets Places, Earrest takes of all;
Lets Places cheap, to Great and Small;
To rustic Louts, to Office-Scribes;
To witless Monks, who aim at Gibes,*

^a See all these Particulars at large, in the Beginning of *Abbé d'Olivet's History of the French Academy*.

To Limbs o'th' Law, of all Degrees,
 And eke to the Friends Friends of these.
 In this Coach, Strolers Seats may get,
 For all are Fish that come to Net^b.

Momus, after they set out from *Parnassus*, overturning the Vehicle, causes such a Havock among the Travellers, that they make as whimsical a Figure as the Passengers at *Charing-Cross*, in Mr *Hogarth's* Picture of *Night*. This Piece of Mr. *Roy* is inserted in *Memoires pour servir à l'histoire de la Calotte*, (a kind of *Grubstreet Journal*) Part III. p. 65, &c. *Amoropolis*, 1732, 12mo. However, the Poet paid dear for his Wit, he being banish'd to *Tours* for a Year. This was in 1717.

Mr. *de Voltaire*, whose Fame can receive no additional Lustre from a Place in this or any other Academy, reproaches, in his *Letters concerning the English Nation* (a Version of which I gave some Years since) the French Academy with publishing such Pieces only as are of no Use “ All (says “ a Gentleman whom Mr. *de Voltaire* introduces as speak- “ ing) I see in these elegant Discourses is, that the Mem- “ ber Elect having assur'd the Audience, that his Prede- “ cessor was a great Man; that Cardinal *Richelieu* was a “ very great Man, that Chancellor *Seguer* was a pretty “ great Man; and that *Lewis XIV.* was a more than “ great Man; the Director of the Academy answers in “ the very same Strain, and adds, that the Member elect “ may also be a sort of great Man, and that himself, as “ Director, must have some Share of this Greatness.”

This is good Humour, and wou'd be the strongest and most just Satire on the French Academy, had they really never writ any Thing, except these Panegyrics. But to have reason'd fairly, methinks Mr. *de Voltaire* shou'd have distinguish'd between such Performances as the Academy compos'd in conjunction, and those they wrote separately, the all belonging, in a great measure, to that Body. In this case the Accusation must have fallen to the Ground,

^b Ce nouveau maître établit loix bizarres,
 Fait bon marché des places, prend des arbres
 De tout venant, Palots & Tonsurez,
 Et gros Commis, & Robins desœuvrez,
 Et les amis de leurs amis encore,
 Même Histrions, tout est bon, tout l'honore

^c *Letters concerning the English Nation*, P 238, London, 1738, 8vo.

it being well known, that the Academicians in question have printed a great Number of Books, which are still the Delight of the World, and will probably be long so.

However, had they publish'd only their Dictionary, this Work alone wou'd have entitl'd them to Applause, as it has greatly contributed to the true understanding, refining, and ascertaining their Language To give only one Instance, among ten thousand, of its vast Usefulness: It appears, from this Dictionary, that the common, short Adjective *Bon* (good) has seventy-four different Significations.

The celebrated Mr. *Pelisson* thus apologizes for his Fellow-Academicians, on account of their bestowing so long a course of Years, in composing their Dictionary. “ Many
“ (says he) have wonder'd, how such a Number of Persons, illustrious for their Merit, and capable of the
“ greatest Things, as their particular Compositions show;
“ could amuse themselves, during so many Years, about
“ a Work, which seems to have nothing noble in it.
“ However, if true Glory consists in serving the Public,
“ in what manner soever; a *Dictionary*, like that we are
“ speaking of, whether consider'd abstractedly in itself,
“ or as a means of attaining to the highest Pitch of Eloquence; must necessarily reflect the brightest Honour
“ on its Authors.”

Abbé *d'Olivet* observes, that “ the great Perfection
“ to which Poetry and Eloquence were carried, under
“ *Lewis XIV.* are chiefly owing to this Academy; and
“ Monsieur *de Harlay*, Archbishop of *Paris*, and a Member
“ of the *French Academy*, in his Speech to *Lewis XIV.* asserted: that “ this Society had, within the compass only
“ of forty Years, produc'd a greater Number of eminent
“ Authors, in every Species of Writing, than *France* had,
“ till then, been able to boast, from the Beginning of its
“ Monarchy. This Circumstance is very remarkable,
“ and shews the Necessity of a royal Influence, or something equivalent to it, for duly promoting the Arts and Sciences.

The great Benefits which have accrued, and still accrue to the *French Nation*, from this Establishment, and the high Regard shewn to such of its Members as culti-

d *D'Olivet*, P. 2.

c *Idem*, P. 11.

vate Letters with Success, are set forth, in the strongest Light, in the Book last quoted; the Perusal of which must therefore give Pleasure to all who wish well to Learning, none of whom, at the same time, can be displeas'd with me, for expatiating so much on this illustrious Body, tho' the Politics of their Country are so destructive to its Neighbours; Politics, which every *Briton*, who wishes well to our Island, must consequently hope to see defeated. But 'tis well known, that Letters are of no Party, Religion, or Country, or rather of all. Of this the late Earl of *Oxford* was so sensible, that he had a Design to establish an *English Academy*; the Members whereof were to be chosen solely on account of their Merit, without any manner of regard to Quality or Party. This was the more remarkable, as Party-Animosities were then carried to the most unnatural Heights. The Dean (as he may be call'd by way of Eminence) *Vol. I.* of his Works, has given us a Dissertation on this Subject, with his usual Elegance, Genius and Spirit, in a Letter to the late Earl of *Oxford*. This excellent Writer observes, among other particulars, that the Pensions (many of which are not considerable) settled by *Lewis XIV.* on the Academicians in *Paris*, "have more contributed to the Glory of that Prince, than any Million he hath otherwise employ'd. For Learning, (*adds the Dean*) like all true Merit, is easily satisfy'd; whilst the false and counterfeit is perpetually craving, and never thinks it hath enough. The smallest Favour given by a great Prince, as a Mark of Esteem, to reward the Endowments of the Mind, never fails to be return'd with Praise and Gratitude, and loudly celebrated to the World^f."

From the Preamble to the Letter in question, it appears that this *English Academy* was actually going to be settled, under the Influence of Queen *Anne*, and her chief Minister. But that the sudden Death of her Majesty, (tho' Mr. *de Voltaire* ascribes it to another Cause) quite defeated a Project, the Execution whereof must have highly redounded to the Advancement of Learning in *Great Britain*. May its Genius inspire some Minister with a Resolution of founding such a Society among us,

^f The Works of J. S. D. D. D.S.P.D. Vol. I P. 206, 207, Dublin, 1735, 8vo.

an Establishment which wou'd give Immortality to himself; and be no little Ornament to his Majesty's Reign!

In the famous Dispute, concerning the Merit of the Ancients and Moderns, occasion'd by a Poem of Mr. Per-rault's, entitled *the Age of Lewis the Great (Siecle de Louis le Grand)* in which *Homer, Virgil*, and most of the famous Writers of Antiquity, are attack'd with great Severity, and read in the *French Academy* the 27th of *January*, 1687, the Members of it were divided into two Factions, as it were. There also was a third Party among the Academicians, who asserted, that the Ancients excell'd the Moderns in some Things, and that the Moderns surpass'd the Ancients in others. Agreeably to this Idea, Mr. de *Callieres* wrote a witty and judicious Piece, entitled, *The poetical History of the War lately declar'd against the Ancients and Moderns*. It appears that *la Fontaine*, with Messieurs *Huet, Racine, Regnier* and *Boileau*, at that Time the brightest Ornaments of the Academy, declar'd for the Ancients. That our Poet join'd with these, is manifest from several Passages in his Works, written when the Dispute was at its greatest Height, and from the following Lines in particular:

*No more we prize the Greek and Roman Lay,
But, following other Guides, are led astray.*

*Griev'd, I perceive that None these Paths will tread,
Conductors, Arts, all to Elysium fled
Fruitless I call them; hail their Works divine;
Praising their Beauties; none my Voice will join.
Terence I read, o'er courtly Horace pore;
But Homer's Muse, and Virgil's, I adore.
I preach to Winds; Men other Themes admire
They Panegyrics on themselves require.
Justly we praise the Works by them compos'd;
But faint's Our Glory when to Theirs oppos'd.*

g *Que faut d'admirer les Grecs et les Romains,
On s'égare en voulant tenir d'autres Chemins*

*Je vous avec douleur ces routes méprisées
Arts et guides, tout est dans les champs Elysées.
J'ai beau les évoquer, j'ai beau vanter leurs traits,
On me laisse tout seul admirer leurs attraits,*

'Tis well known, that this Controversy spread soon to *England*, where Sir *William Temple*, taking up the Pen in Defence of the Ancients, was answer'd by Dr *Wootton*, with an Appendix by Dr. *Bentley*. The late learned Earl of *Orrey* engag'd likewise in it, his Lordship declaring for the Ancients. This Controversy, tho' so serious in its nature, soon became a Farce; it being first fomented (in *France*) by a Variety of Epigrams, some of the smartest of which were by *Boileau*, but the Dispute did not end so comically in *France* as in *England*; the very facetious *Tale of a Tub* serving here as the Epilogue to it.

I before observ'd, that *Madame de la Sabliere* had taken *la Fontaine* into her Hotel. After the Death of this worthy Lady, with whom he liv'd twenty Years; Mr. *de St. Evremond*, then settled in *England*, invited him thither, some *English* Noblemen having engag'd themselves to provide for him. But the Humanity and Generosity of certain Persons of Distinction in *France* (*Abbé d'Olivet* says 'twas the Duke of *Burgundy*) prevented the *French* from having the Mortification to lose so great a Man; and at the same time the Dishonour which must have reflected on their Country, had Necessity forced him to quit it^k.

'Tis hard to say, what Mysteries of Fate,
What Turns of Fortune on good Writers wait. HARTLE

Had *la Fontaine* come over hither, and after being handsomely supported, had died among us, a Monument to his Memory in *Westminster Abbey*, among his Brother-Poets, would have been no inconsiderable Addition to their Groop.

That some of *la Fontaine*'s Friends had represented *England* to him in the most agreeable Colours, appears from a very humorous Answer of his to a Letter written by Mr *de*

*Térence est dans mes mains, je m'instruis dans Horace,
Homère et son rival sont mes Dieux du Parnasse
Je le dis aux rochers; on veut d'autres discours,
Ne pas louer son siècle est parler à des sourds
Je le loue, & je sais qu'il n'est pas sans mérite,
Mais près de ces grands noms notre gloire est petite
Epître à Mr Huet, en lui Envoyant un Quintilien.*

ⁱ Histoire de l'Académie, P. 227.

^k Niceron, Hommes illustres, Tom. XVIII P. 321, 322.

Bonrepaux. "The Description you give me of this River¹,
 "on whose Banks People, after having long sacrific'd to
 "Sleep, wander; that Life, intermix'd with Philosophy,
 "Love and Wine, speak also the Poet; tho' you, per-
 "haps, did not then know that a Muse inspir'd you^m."
La Fontaine had before observ'd (speaking of the Induce-
 ments which would invite him to *Windsor*) "I should
 "there see your two *Anacreons*, Mr. *St. Evremond* and
 "Mr. *Waller*, whose Imagination and Love are endless."
 That our Author had some Thoughts of coming into our
 Island, is evident from a Letter of his to the Dutchess *de*
Bouillon, when here. "Messieurs *Waller* and *St. Evre-*
mond, the old *Greek*ⁿ and myself, will meet in *England*.
 "D'ye think (Madam) it were possible to pitch upon four
 "Poets who tally more exactly, or are better qualified to
 "pay due Honours to *Bacchus*, and a certain other Deity?"

"Charming¹ mid Youths, to hear us sing;
 "Lull Grief to rest, sweet Pleasure wake:
 "And crown'd with Flowrets, like the Spring,
 "Betwixt us Four, three Centuries make^o."

"After an Interview like that I am speaking of, and I
 "shall have dismiss'd *Anacreon* and the Other back to the
 "Elysian Fields, I then will desire my Audience of Leave
 "However, I must first visit five or six *English* Gentle-
 "men, and as many Ladies, for I am told the latter are
 "handsome.—This will be my chief Business when in
 "England—What I should particularly desire is, the
 "Honour of being introduced to the Monarch, but I
 "dare not raise my Hopes so high This Prince possesses
 "so many of those Qualities which become a Sovereign,

¹ The *Thames*, and about *Windsor*; it appearing, from the former part of
 this Letter, that Mr. *de Bonrepaux* had sent our Poet an elegant Description of this
 Town; which yet could not prevail with him to come and visit it Had Mr. *de*
Bonrepaux's Picture been as beautiful as that given of our *Windsor-Forest*, the
 Charm must have prov'd irresistible, and that delightful Solitude wou'd then,
 no doubt, have echo'd with *la Fontaine*'s Lyre also

^m *Lettres de la Fontaine, dans les Oeuvres mêlées de St. Evremond, Tom. V*
 P 27

ⁿ *Anacreon*

^o Il nous ferait beau voir parmi de jeunes gens
 Inspirer le plaisir, la tristesse combattre,
 Et de fleurs couronnés ainsi que le printemps,
 Faire trois cens ans à nous quatre,

Oeuvres mêlées de St. Evremond, Tom. V. P. 35

“ and is fir’d with so true a Passion for Glory, that he
 “ well deserves a Man should cross the Sea to visit him p.”
 Madam *de la Sabliere* us’d to say of our Poet, that he never
 told a Lie in Prose ; and yet some Persons will, probably,
 be as much offended at the above Panegyric on our witty
 King *Charles II.* as pleas’d with the Reflexion which im-
 mediately follows it “ Not many Monarchs make Glory
 “ their Pursuit, tho’ all should do this q.”

I shall observe (by the way) that the Author of Mr.
Waller’s Life, prefixed to the Octavo Edition of his Poems,
 printed in London 1711, Page xviii. has these Words *If*
our Conjecture is right, we shall find him (Mr. Waller) in
an Intimacy with the greatest Wits of France too, Voiture,
la Fontaine, St. Evremond, &c. But this needed not to
 have been mere Conjecture, (at least with regard to Mr.
de St. Evremond) had this Life-Writer perus’d carefully
la Fontaine’s Letters inserted in *St. Evremond’s* Works, and
 the Answers to them, &c. not to mention that this Au-
 thor himself observes, Page lxii. of Mr. *Waller’s* Life,
That Monsieur de St. Evremond had a particular Esteem
for Mr. Waller.

That Mr. *de St. Evremond* had importun’d *la Fontaine*
 to come over, appears from the following Letter to our
 Poet, in answer to the former. “ Were you as much
 “ touched, (says Mr. *de St. Evremond*) with the Perfecti-
 “ ons of Dutcheß *de Bouillon*, as we in *England* are, you
 “ would have accompanied her Highness hither. You
 “ then had met with Ladies, who know you as well by
 “ your Works, as Madam *de la Sabliere* is acquainted
 “ with you by Conversation. Tho’ these Ladies have not
 “ yet the Pleasure of seeing you (which they earnestly de-
 “ sire) they have had that of reading a Letter of yours,
 “ every Part of which is so sprightly, so ingenious, and
 “ elegant, that were *Voiture* himself living, it might justly
 “ excite his Jealousy r.”

That *la Fontaine* was invited into our Island, is mani-
 fest likewise from a Letter of the celebrated Actress Ma-
 demoiselle *de L’Enclos* (the Oldfield of *France*) to Mr. *de St.*
Evremond. “ I know (says she) you desir’d to have *la*
 “ *Fontaine* among you in *England*. We enjoy him very

p *Idem*, P 35, 36

q *Idem*, P 36.

r *Idem*, P 38, 39

“ little in *Paris*. His Head is very much weaken’d. This
 “ is the Fate of Poets ; and among others, of *Tasso* and
 “ *Lucretius*. I question whether *la Fontaine* ever drank
 “ of an amorous Philter. Very few of those Women,
 “ with whom he had a Commerce, were in Circumstances
 “ to defray the Expence of such a Potion :”

A *French* Winter, who seems a great Enemy to our Language, sets this Circumstance in the following Light. After *Madam de la Sablière’s* Death (says the *Abbé*) *la Fontaine* was invited into *England* by the Dutchess of *Mazarin* and Mr *St. Evremont*, with a Promise that he should there be provided with all the Conveniencies and even Delights of Life. Several *English* Lords, jealous that *France* should possess so great a Man, offered him a noble Competency, in Hopes of thereby engaging him to come and settle in their Island. *La Fontaine* was not deaf to their Solicitations, and accordingly began to learn *English*, but his indolent Disposition, abhorrent of all Fatigue, made him soon dislike the Study of that dry, crabbed Language. He thereupon laid aside all Thoughts of retiring into *England*. He was confirmed in this Resolution by the Duke of *Burgundy’s* Munificence ; that young *Mecænas*, who already inherited the Love which his Grandfather had shown to Letters, preventing his Country from having the Mortification to lose one of its greatest Genius’s, and the Dishonour of not supporting him in it †.

Notwithstanding the various Elogiums which *la Fontaine* has bestowed occasionally, or otherwise, on *Lewis XIV.* yet some think he satyriz’d that Monarch very severely, in his *Loves of Cupid and Psyche* ‡, for the many Mistresses he kept. “ *Lewis XIV.* (says an Author*) never us’d to
 “ read ; not even Books writ in *French*. This appears
 “ from what happened to the celebrated *la Fontaine*, after
 “ the publishing his *Loves of Cupid and Psyche*. His
 “ Friends pointed out a smart Passage in that Piece, which
 “ seem’d levell’d at the King, and consequently might of-

‡ *Oeuvres de St. Evremont*, Tom. V. P. 229. Amorous Philters are said to have been given by Women, in order to inspire a Love for them. From the Reflexion of *Mademoiselle de l’Enclou*, one wou’d conclude that our Poet was not very delicate in his Amours. This is the most natural Interpretation I can give to her Words.

† *Freron*, P. 494

‡ See the first Paragraph, beginning with *My Condition*, &c. P. 172, of the following Work.

* *Lumiers, bis* de *Louis XIV.* Tom. 2. Part. 2. Liv. 4. p. m. 58, &c.

“ fend

“ send him. *La Fontaine* applied to Duke de *St. Aignan*,
 “ then in great Favour with *Lewis XIV.* “ ’Tis certain,
 “ said the Duke, that this Passage is very severe. “ How-
 “ ever, I’ll put you into a Method to prevent its ever being
 “ taken Notice of. Get a Copy of the Book neatly bound,
 “ and present it to his Majesty. I myself will introduce
 “ you The Courtiers will be Eye-witnesses of this, and
 “ rest assured, that then no Man will dare to speak ill of
 “ your Work.” We may suppose that this Advice was suc-
 cessful in its Effects, since our Poet was afterwards agree-
 able to his Sovereign.

Some Authors charge *Lewis XIV.* with extreme Igno-
 rance; and many People have not scrupled to affirm, that
 he could neither read nor write. But methinks, such an
 Assertion has not even the Shadow of Probability, when
 we consider the great Politeness of his Court, and the un-
 common Regard which he himself shewed to the Arts in
 general. Strange to imagine, that a Monarch should not
 have learn’d the lowest Step, the first Elements of Things
 in which he prided so much; and thus be inferior, with
 respect to a vastly essential Qualification, to the meanest
 of his Subjects! However, others, who declare that
Lewis XIV. reap’d very little Benefit from Education, con-
 fess him to have possess’d fine natural Parts, and ’tis cer-
 tain that these may be very much improv’d, merely by the
 Conversation of learned and ingenious Men, and without
 any Aid from Books. I can even suppose, that a Person
 may acquire a tolerable Notion of various Parts of
 Literature, tho’ he be unskill’d even in the Alphabet.
 The Difference, in that Case, lies only in the Medium by
 which this Knowledge is convey’d; the one (if I may be
 allowed the Figure) being by the dead Book, the other
 by the living One. But let it not be thought that I con-
 clude the latter preferable to the former, so far from it,
 I am sensible that they ought to go hand in hand: And
 then to suppose an *European* King unskill’d in the first
 Principles of Literature, is something monstrous, and
 might be of the most fatal Consequence, both to himself
 and his People, as it would prevent his having an Opportu-
 nity of being made acquainted early with their Grievances,
 of which the readiest Way to inform him of them is by
 the Press. ’Tis well known that Truth cannot easily
 force its Way, even to Persons of Quality, on account of
 the Multitudes crouding round them, whose Interest it is
 to

to drive it at the greatest Distance; and much less to Kings. But whatever may be of the Knowledge and Understanding of the great Monarch in question, 'tis certain that he made Choice of an excellent Minister, I mean Mr. *Colbert*, to whose Genius and Application, the Arts have eternal Obligations. All these Matters will be fully set forth, in case Mr. *de Voltaire* proceeds in a Work, of which he has published an excellent Introduction, entitled, *An Essay on the Age of Lewis XIV.* wherein he observes, (among other Particulars :) That with regard to the four Ages, from the Beginning of the World, in which the polite Arts were carried to their greatest Height, viz. those of *Alexander the Great*, of *Augustus Cæsar*, of the *Medicean Family* (under *Leo X.*), and of *Lewis XIV.* “ the
 “ latter is, perhaps, that which comes the nearest to Per-
 “ fection. Enrich'd with the Discoveries of the other
 “ three, it made a more considerable Progress, in one
 “ Article, than the Others put together. All the Arts in-
 “ deed were not carried to a greater height than under the
 “ *Medicean Family*, under *Augustus*, or under *Alexander*,
 “ but the rational Faculties in general, of Man, have been
 “ vastly cultivated and improv'd. True Philosophy was
 “ not known til this Period; and it may justly be affirm'd,
 “ that the universal Revolution brought about, in our
 “ Arts, our Genius, our Manners, and our Government,
 “ (to compute from the latter Part of Cardinal *Richelieu's*
 “ Administration, to those Years which followed the Death
 “ of *Lewis XIV.*) diffus'd so bright a Glory over our
 “ Country, as will distinguish it to latest Posterity. This
 “ happy Influence was not confined barely to *France*, but
 “ spread into *England*, and there rais'd the Emulation
 “ which that v.itty and sagacious People then stood in
 “ need of. It has carried Taste into *Germany*; the Sciences
 “ into *Moscow*, and even given new Life to *Italy*, which
 “ was in a drooping Condition, and *Europe* owes its
 “ Politeness to *Lewis XIV.*”

Some will perhaps consider this last Assertion as an Hyperbole. However, we may naturally suppose, that the uncommon Encouragement which Cardinal *Richelieu* gave to the polite Arts in *France*, rous'd the Nations round it, and inspir'd them with a more ardent Affection for Literature.

* *Voltaire's Essay on the Age of Lewis XIV.* P 3, 4 London, printed for Messrs. Knapton, 1739, 2vo

The Indulgence of this Cardinal to the Arts, was not confin'd merely to his Life-time, the Muses being oblig'd (very probably) for their *Colbert* to *Richelieu*,

*Who, when like vulgar Man, He dies,
Tho' crown'd with Glory's brightest Wreathes,
To Fields of Light his Spirit flies,
And, o'er the Muse, benignant breathes.*

*By his august Example fir'd,
Fam'd Lewis deigns to greet each Bard,
The kindred Arts are re-inspir'd,
His Smiles their Glory and Reward.*

*High, in the Muse's Laureat Shade,
Propitious Colbert graceful stands.
His Praise the vocal Nymphs repeat,
Which echoes loud to distant Lands.*

I cannot forbear mentioning *Monf. Colbert* once more, as the Fame he obtain'd, by patronizing Letters, seems to have fir'd Lord *Halifax*, and one or two more of our Noblemen; whose amiable Courtesy, Humanity, and essential Favour to Learning and learned Men, are immortaliz'd by *Mr. Addison*, *Mr. Congreve*, and other great Geniuses of our Country.

I am humbly of Opinion, that the *French* have been of some Service to us, with respect to the *Belles Lettres*; but, as to *Mathematicks* and *Physicks*, that is another Question. An undoubted Circumstance is, the World owes very much to these two Nations, (not to mention another or two) for their Discoveries in both those Branches. The *Italians* justly pride themselves in their *Gahleo*, the *French* in their *Des Cartes*, and we in our immortal *Newton*.

Give me leave to add the Reflexion of a Foreigner of Merit, who lately visited *Great Britain*. *Happy the Society*, (says Signore *Algarotti*, in the Preface to his Explanation of the *Newtonian Philosophy*) *form'd upon Italian Fancy, French Politeness, and British Good Sense*. The *English Lady*, who favour'd the Public with a Version of that useful and very entertaining Work, might herself have been instanc'd here, as a bright Ornament to our Island. *La Fontaine*, who takes every Opportunity of

praising it, pays the following Compliment to our Countrymen, in the Beginning of one of his Fables, address'd to a *British* Lady :

*Deeply the English think, as deep dispute ,
In this their Genius and their Temper suit.
Vers'd in Experiments, by Reason led,
Thro' ev'ry Clime They Learning's Banner spread.—
The English (here a genuine Truth I tell)
All Nations in Sagacity excell^y*

To wave this Subject A quite different Scene is Opening. The Loves, the Graces, the Joys, which had so long warm'd our Poet's Bosom, must now be suppos'd to take their Flight ; and to be succeeded by Dæmons of the blackest kind ; I mean Sickness, Sorrow, and Despair.

*When Youth and Health inspire our Frame,
They brighten all Things with their Flame.
Then, whencesoe'er we Pleasures spy,
Thoughtless and bold we thither fly
In Follies each fond Moment spend,
As tho' the Charm would never end.
But if Age, Danger, Sickness, seize,
Earth's darling Blessings only teize
The Soul, o'erspread with dizzying Fears,
Sad, obscure, dark, the Scene appears*

In December, 1692, (says Abbé d'Olivet) *la Fontaine* falling dangerously ill, Mr *Pouget*, a Clergyman eminent for his Piety and Learning, and Rector of the Parish of *St. Roch*, near which our Author liv'd, went to visit him. Mr *Pouget*, after being some time in the Room, turn'd the Conversation to Religion. *La Fontaine*, who had never been professedly impious, but always excessively indolent with regard to sacred Matters, as indeed to every thing else ; spoke, with his usual Simplicity and Sincerity,

*y — Les Anglois pensent profondément ;
Leur esprit en cela suit leur temperament
Creusant dans les sujets, & forts d'expériences,
Ils tiennent par tout l'Empire des Sciences
Je ne dis point ceci pour vous faire ma cour,
Vos gens n'ont pénétré l'emprunt sur les autres &c.*

in manner following, to the Divine *I have late'y begun to read the New Testament I assure you 'tis a very good Book, a very good Book, I protest But there is one Article to which I cannot yet reconcile myself; I mean, the Eternity of Hell Torments I do not see how this Eternity can be consistent with God's Goodness* I shall not (adds the Abbé) specify the Divine's Answers, nor the great Pains he took, during more than six Weeks, to move his Penitent's Heart. However Grace, at last, operated so powerfully on *la Fontaine*, that he made a general Confession, with the deepest Remorse, of the Errors of his past Life; so that, upon his going to receive the *Victicum* (the Sacrament) he express'd his Abhorrence of his Tales (those *Sources of his Glory and Immortality*, as Abbé Fieon calls them) with Tears, and did Penance, on that account, in presence of the Deputies of the Academy, who were sent for this purpose, protesting, that shou'd Heaven be so gracious as to restore him to Health, he wou'd employ his poetical Talent on pious Subjects only, he being firmly determin'd to spend the remainder of his Days, so far as his Strength wou'd permit, in Exercises of Penitence^z. Father *Niceron* observes, " that *la Fontaine*, a little before he consented to this Penance, threw into the Fire, " in presence of the Deputies of the Academy, a dramatic Piece he was going to send to the Players, and " promis'd to make public Satisfaction for the Evil which " his Tales had occasion'd, both which Mr. *Pouget* insisted upon his performing, tho' *la Fontaine* express'd, " at first, some Reluctance to do this^a." The Speech he made to the Deputies and the Divine, wherein *la Fontaine* endeavours to apologize for himself, by declaring that he did not imagine, when he wrote his Tales, that they wou'd be of such pernicious Tendency, as he was since convinc'd they were, is found in Father *Niceron*.

La Fontaine, in a Letter writ by him five Years before, humorously reflects on the Gaiety and Wantonness of his Muse, and the Life he led " How! (says he) a Lover, " and a good Poet at fourscore and two^b! I cannot expect so many Favours from Heaven, I mean the Hea-

^z D'Olivet, *Histoire de l'Académie*, P 226, 227

^a *Niceron*, *Hommes illustres*, P 324. See also *Ouvrages d'verses de la Fontaine*, Tom 1

^b This is spoke of Mr. *Waller*.

“ ven of the Poets, for that now preach’d in *France* re-
 “ quires me to bid adieu to *Cloris*, *Bacchus*, and *Apollo*;
 “ three Deities whom you recommend to me in your
 “ Letter. I’ll reconcile all these as well, and as long, as
 “ I can possibly; and you, perhaps, may point out to me
 “ some good Expedient for doing it, you who endeavour,
 “ and that so happily, to reconcile opposite Interests. I
 “ have heard so great a Character of Mr *Waller*, that
 “ I am overjoy’d at his Approbation. If these Verses
 “ have the good Fortune to please you (they consequent-
 “ ly must please him) I shall be not a little proud; and
 “ will then continue to devote myself, some Years lon-
 “ ger, to *Cloris*, *Bacchus*, *Apollo*, &c. but with Mode-
 “ ration^c” The Consequence shew’d, that *la Fontaine*
 follow’d the Advice of his jovial Friends, and not the
 Doctrine inculcated by Divines; till Sickness (that great
 Reformer) made a Convert of him.

A Circumstance (says Abbé d’*Olivet*) which may shew
 the Idea People generally entertain’d of our Author is, that
 his Nurse, observing how very zealously he was exhorted
 to Repentance, said one Day to Mr. *Pouget*: *For God’s*
Sake don’t torment him so; He’s more silly than wicked.
 And, at another time, *Heaven will never have the Cou-*
rage to pronounce his Damnation^d.

The Afternoon of the Day in which he made his Re-
 cantation, before the Deputies of the Academy, he was
 visited by a Gentleman, whom the Duke of *Burgundy*
 (then not twelve Years old) had order’d to enquire after
 his Health, and to carry him a Purse wherein were fifty
Louis D’ors. The Gentleman told him, in the young
 Prince’s Name, that ’twas with great Joy his Royal High-
 ness heard of the Action perform’d by him in the Morn-
 ing; an Action which was to his Honour, in the Sight
 both of God and Men; but, at the same time, was of
 no Advantage to his temporal Concerns. That the Duke
 did not think it just, he shou’d be the poorer for having
 done his Duty; for which reason he had sent him all the
 Money he was then Master of^e.

In all probability, the Action hinted at above, may
 mean (abstracted from our Poet’s Recantation) his having

^c *Oeuvres de St Evremont*, Tom. V. P. 26, 27.

^d *D’Olivet*, *Histoire de l’Académie*, P. 227.

^e See Tom I. of *Oeuvres diverses de Mr. de la Fontaine*, also *Niceron*, *Hom-*
mes illustres, Tom. XVIII, P. 325.

thrown a Play written by him into the Fire, as was observ'd; and particularly, his renouncing all Claim to the Profits that wou'd have accrued to him from a new Edition of his Tales, which he had retouch'd, at the Request of the *Dutch* Bookfellers. See *Father Nicéron*, Tom XVIII. P. 324.

La Fontaine's Recantation was soon spread, (as it was natural it shou'd) through *Paris*. 'Twas generally suppos'd that he wou'd not recover, and some even publish'd that he was dead, which gave occasion to the following Epigram, written by *Linier* the Poet; and handed about, at this Time, in the abovemention'd City

*How weak He, who, on Fame relies;
And living Characters will paint!
Lo! Pelisson an Atheist dies,
And la Fontaine a very Saint^a.*

But both these Assertions are false; *Pelisson* did not die an Atheist^b, and *la Fontaine* surviv'd this Sickness, and liv'd two Years after it. I am to observe, (says *Nicéron*) that he kept his Promise^c. The first Time he was able to re-visit the Academy, he repeated the Protestation made by him, when he receiv'd the *Viaticum*; and read, to the Assembly, a Paraphrase of his, in *French Verse*, of *Dies iræ*, the Hymn^d for Souls departed; written to entertain his Mind with the Thoughts of Death and Judgment^e.

^a *Je ne jugerai de ma vie
D'un homme avant qu'il soit étein
Pelisson est mort en Impie,
Et la Fontaine comme un Saint.*

^b Mr. D*** [Mr *Deslandes*] Author of a strange Book, entitled, *Reflexions sur les grands hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant*, tells us, (P. 116) that Mr *Pelisson* declar'd, just before he died, that he had, till then, writ and acted merely from political Views. Little Credit (very probably) shou'd be given to the Assertion of this anonymous Writer, since several reputable Authors declare the contrary.

^c This, however, does not agree exactly with what we are told afterwards, Page 57, in the Passage quoted from *Boileau's* Notes, in case *Father Nicéron* hints here at *la Fontaine's* promising never to attempt any more poetical Pieces in a wanton Strain.

^d The French is, *la Prose des morts*, *Prose*, on this occasion, signifies a kind of Hymn, of which there are various Sorts in the *Ramish* Mats-books.

^e *Nicéron*, *Hommes illustres*, Tom. XVIII. P. 326, 327

He spent the Remainder of his Life at Madam d' *Hervart's*^e, to whose Hotel he was invited after his Recovery. Here he found the like gracious Hospitality with which Madam *de la Sabliere* had honour'd him^f. Very happily for *la Fontaine*, neither of these Ladies had any of those finical Animals buzzing about them, who being ignorant and tasteless, bear a mortal Aversion to all who cultivate Letters and Probity, and accordingly shoot their Arrows in the dark, in hopes thereby of ruining them in the Minds of their Patronesses. But if any such Attempts were made against *la Fontaine's* Interest, they all must have prov'd abortive. Our Author paid his Benefactresses after the manner of Poets, that is with Praise, which, when finely drawn, and justly merited, cannot but be acceptable to elegant Spirits, and will long subsist to their Glory; whilst the coarse Flattery, with which those Hypocrites had daub'd them in their Life-time, is equally forgot with the contemptible Offerers of it^g. *La Fontaine* celebrates Madam d' *Hervart*, under the Name of *Sylvia*, in a pretty Copy of Verses, which begin thus.

*How sweet to gaze on Sylvia's Eyes !
But her Perfections to display ,
And paint them aptly in my Lay ;
Not a whole Century would suffice
For her, best Present from the Skies,
Should mighty Jove feel fond Alarms ,
To live, as may deserve such Charms,
Scarce would his endless Years suffice^h.*

^e *La Fontaine*, in his Letters, inserted in *St Evremond's Works*, calls her *Hervart*

^f *D'Olivet, Histoire de l'Académie*, P. 227, 228

^g The Characters of some of These may be as entertaining and useful, as that of the infamous *Tigellinus* (under *Nero*) which *Tacitus* has transmitted to Posterity in its proper Colours.

^h *C'est un plaïr de voir Sylvie
Mais n'esperez pas que mes vers
Peuvent tant de Charms divers ,
J'en aurois pour toute ma vie.
S'il prenait à quelqu'un envie
D'aimer ce chef-d'Oeuvre des Cieux,
Ce quelqu'un, fût-il Roi des Cieux,
N'en auroit pour toute sa vie*

Oeuvres mêlées de *St Evremond*, Tom. V, p 22.

And,

And, in the same Letter, where these Verses are introduced ; “ I wish you (says he) could now see Madam
 “ *d’Hervart*. We hear no more (at her House) of Va-
 “ pours or Coughs, than if these Enemies of Mankind
 “ were fled to the other World, and yet their Reign is
 “ still of the present Madam *d’Hervart* is the only Person
 “ who has banished them for ever. That Lady has re-
 “ tain’d, in lieu of those disagreeable Guests, the *Smiles*
 “ and *Graces* ; and a thousand other pretty Things which
 “ you may figure to yourself¹.

La Fontaine, after his Conversion, liv’d, or rather languish’d, two Years at Madam *d’Hervart*’s. He had begun a Version of the Church Hymns, but did not proceed far in it, the Medicines which he had taken during his Illness having heated him so violently, that drinking a kind of Barley Water to cool himself, this quite put out his poetical Flame, and very probably hasten’d his End¹. Another Author observes, that tho’ *la Fontaine* had liv’d longer, it is probable the Hymns he intended to write would not have pleas’d, for, to pass over, (adds he) the Difficulty of excelling in Compositions of this kind, ’tis certain that old Age, with the Regimen which *la Fontaine* follow’d, and, still more, his voluntary penitent and austere Life, extinguish’d his poetical Fire. Had he, indeed, attempted sacred Pieces in the Vigour of his Years, and when his Genius was strong, he very possibly might have excell’d in them ; as did the illustrious *Rousseau*, who sung the Praises of the Almighty in his Prime¹. Mr. *Bayle* observes in his Dictionary, Note (I) of the Article *ARETINO PIETRO* “ That Authors who write, in their declining Years,
 “ Books of Devotion, seldom give the Publick an advantageous Idea, on those Occasions, of their Talents.”

In Proportion (says another Writer) as *la Fontaine*’s Strength decay’d, his Fervour and Austerities increas’d. His Friend Mr *de Maucroix* kept the Hair-Shirt that was found upon him, when he was undress’d after he was dead. Equally sincere in his Repentance as in the rest of his Actions, he never intended to impose, in any manner, either upon God or Men^m.

¹ *Lettre de la Fontaine, dans les Oeuvres de S. Ev. emont, Tom. V. P. 19*

^k *D’Olivet, histoire de l’Académie, P. 227, 228.*

^l *Freron, P. 495, 496*

^m *D’Olivet, Hist. de l’Acad. P. 228.*

The Son of the celebrated *Racine*, in his excellent Poem entitled *Grace*, alludes, in manner following, to our Poet's Sorrow for his past Life.

*He groan'd, and yet, deaf to Remorse, agen,
Spite of himself resumes his guilty Pen :
True in his Writings, true in all he spoke ;
Truly repentant, e'er Death's sev'ring Stroke ;
Anticipates the Justice of his God ,
For see ! a Hair Shirt's the loose Writer's Rodⁿ.*

The Circumstance of our Author's Conversion, is confirm'd likewise by a Letter from *Boileau* to *de Maucroix*. The improbable Particulars (says that excellent Poet) told me concerning *la Fontaine*, amount very near to what you guess'd ; I mean, that he us'd frequently to punish his Body with Hair-shirts and Scourges ; a Circumstance which seem'd the more incredible of our deceas'd Friend, as nothing, methinks, cou'd be more repugnant to his turn of Mind, than such Austerities. However, celestial Grace does not always confine itself to ordinary Changes, and sometimes produces real Transformations. But this Grace seems not to have extended, in the same manner, to ill-fated Mr. *Cassandre*^o, he dying as he had liv'd, that is, detesting his Fellow-Creatures, and not only detesting them, but being scarce able to reconcile himself to God, to whom (if I may credit what was told me) *Cassandre* declar'd he had no Obligations. Who cou'd have imagin'd that, of these two Men, *la Fontaine* should be the Vessel of Election^p ? The Note on the above Passage, by Mr. *Brossette*, is too curious to be omitted in this Place. Mr. *de la Fontaine's* Conversion (says that ingenious Writer) is a certain Fact, and, indeed, can any one doubt the Truth of it, after the Testimony given here ?

*n La Fontaine en gemit ; à ses regards rebelle,
Sa main sert, malgré lui, sa plume criminelle.
Vrai dans tous ses Ecrits, vrai dans tous ses discours,
Vrai dans sa pénitence à la fin de ses jours,
Du Maître qui s'approche il présente la justice,
Et l'Auteur de Joconde est armé d'un Colice,*

^o He gave an admirable French Translation of *Aristotle's Rhetoric*
^p *Oeuvres de Boileau Despreaux*, Tom IV. P. 176, 171.

Those

Those (*continues he*) who were intimately acquainted with our Poet, declare, that he had not form'd to himself any System contrary to the Christian Doctrine; but that he, at the same time, was quite unresolv'd, quite indolent with regard to Religion, and indeed (as has been observ'd) to most Things else. About two Years before his Death, he consider'd the Life to come in such a frightful Light, that his Friends were afraid his Brain wou'd turn: Notwithstanding which *la Fontaine*, at certain Intervals, when his natural Levity got the Ascendant, work'd up two or three, not over chaste short Tales, told him in Conversation. And even, a few Days before his last Sickness; dining with Mr. *de Sillery*, Bishop of *Soissons*, and the Discourse turning on the Taste of the Age: *There are still* (say he, with a serious Tone of Voice) *Multitudes who prefer St. Austin to Rabelais*. The Company burst out a laughing at this Reflexion; and yet *la Fontaine* did not think he had spoke amiss. However, the Evening before he expir'd, he declar'd several Times, that if he implor'd, from his Creator, a few Days more of Life; 'twas only that he might be drawn, in a Sledge, through the Streets of *Paris*; to shew to all Mankind, how sincerely he detested the loose Poems, which had unhappily fallen from his Pen^a.

In how different a Frame of Mind did the celebrated *Petronius Arbitr* die, after having led a thoughtless Life of Gaiety and Pleasure! *Tacitus*, Lib. XVI. of his Annals, informs us, "That *Petronius* caus'd his Veins to be open'd, at Intervals, and then had them clos'd; which being done, he discours'd with his Friends, but not on grave Subjects; not on the Immortality of the Soul, and the Maxims of the Philosophers, thereby to make a parade of his Constancy and Resolution; but on Pieces of Poetry of a pleasant and easy Turn. *Sed incisas venas, ut libitum obligatas, aperire rursus, & alloqui amicos; non per seria, aut quibus constantiae gloriam peteret. Audiebatque referentes nihil de immortalitate animæ, & Sapientum placitis, sed levia Carmina & faciles versus.*

To return to *la Fontaine*. Mr. *Brossette* gives us a Letter, copied by him from the Original, writ by Mr. *de Maucroix*, to our Author, to prove the Sincerity of the

^a *Idem*, P. 171, 172, in the Notes.

latter's Conversion — *La Fontaine* was, doubtless, a sincere Convert before he died, and yet it appears, from the above Passage, that it was extremely difficult for him to extinguish, or even divert, the natural Bent of his Genius. We may justly apply, on this Occasion, *Horace's Naturam expellas furcâ*, or Mr *Pope's* fine Reflexions on, and his Pictures of, the predominant Passion.

“ *I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) “ my Lands and Tenements to Ned”
Your Money, Sir? “ My Money, Sir! what all?
“ Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul”
The Manner, Sir? “ The Manner! hold, he cry'd,
“ Not that—I cannot part with that”—and dy'd*
Epistle to the Lord Viscount Cobham

It appears that *la Fontaine*, whenever his Warmth of Imagination return'd, was for exercising his Pen on such Subjects as were most pleasing to himself, and had gain'd him the greatest Reputation. But that, when he thought he was going to bid adieu, for ever, to this World, and passing into Eternity, Fear dragg'd his Mind to Compositions, the writing on which, he concluded, would be most for his Advantage, on the other Side of the Grave. What is alledg'd, concerning his never having fram'd to himself any System contrary to the Christian Doctrine, may be easily suppos'd true, as nothing of this kind (I believe) is found in his Works. And that he was persuaded of the Soul's Immortality, when he wrote the *Loves of Cupid and Psyche*, is pretty evident from the Arguments he puts into the Mouth of the old Fisherman, P 239, &c of this Work.

But our Poet seems to have been no ways a Bigot to the *Roman Pontiff*, he not scrupling to joke upon *Innocent XI.* (call'd the Protestant Pope) in some Verses address'd to the Prince of *Conti*; Page 171 of his *Oeuvres Posthumes*, he saying, among other Particulars, that

*The Chevalier * we much esteem,
Making this Pope his blithesome Theme,
Wish'd, for the Sake of Peace, that he
A Catholic (at last) wou'd be,*

* De Silery.

*And James^q, for Calvin then declare.—
These Touches have an humorous Air^r.*

I am not ignorant of the opposite Lights in which a Death-bed Repentance is consider'd; and the Regard that thou'd be shewn to, or the Contempt, in which various Persons think it ought to be held. Some declare, that the Faculties of the Mind then decay in proportion with those of the Body, and consequently, that the Assertions of a Person broke by Sickness and Dread, should not be heeded, as not coming from One properly in his Senses. Whilst others maintain, that as the Soul is then disengaging itself from the Shackles of the Flesh, 'tis thereby the better enabled to judge truly of Things; whence its Determinations are more impartial, and may better be depended upon. Our excellent *Waller*, when far advanc'd in Years, was of the latter Opinion

*The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lies in new Light, thro' Chinks that Time has made
Stronger by Weakness, wiser Men become,
As they draw near to their eternal Home
Leaving the old, both Worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the Threshold of the new^s.*

What appears to me very clear, is, that the Man whose Mind is fix'd on solid, religious Truths, and confides in a merciful Creator, must find the Agonies of Death infinitely soften'd, in comparison of another who imagines the Soul to be mortal. How cheerless, how uncomfortable and dark, must the Prospect be to the latter! Mr. *Cassandre* abovemention'd, being exhorted by his Confessor, when near his End, to love his Creator, from the Consideration of the Benefits he had receiv'd from Him. — *Yes*, (says *Cassandre*, in an ironical and angry Tone) *I have great Obligations to him, truly, he has made*

^q Our King James II

^r *Le Chevalier de Sillery,
En parlant de ce Pape-cy,
Soubastoit pour la paix publique,
Qu'il se fût rendu Catholique,
Et le 101 Jacques Huguenot.
Se trouve assés bon ce bon mot.*

^s The Works of Edmund Waller, Esq, P. 201, London, 1730, 12mo.

me ask a very pretty Part upon the Stage of this World!
 And, the Confessor insisting upon his acknowledging the
 Goodness of Heaven — *You know* (adds he, increasing the
 Bitterness of his Reproaches, and shewing the wretched
 little Bed he was lying upon) *You know in what manner he*
has made me live; see how he makes me die! How terrible
 are these Expressions!

'Tis surely on this Occasion, among others, that we
 may say:

The Ways of Heaven are dark and intricate;

*Our Understanding traces 'em in vain,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless Search;
 Nor sees with how much Art the Windings run,
 Nor where the regular Confusion ends."*

The Life of Pleasure which our Author had led, and
 his Indifference with regard to Religion, might naturally
 make many Persons suspect the reality of his Conversion,
 tho' no ways improbable, and among these is a learned
French Author^x, who writes thus

" Nevertheless Abbé Furetiere, a Fellow-Academician
 " with *la Fontaine*, and who entitles him *Aretine softened*,
 " (*Aretin mitigé*,) may prompt us (from this Title,
 " which is somewhat extraordinary) to rank him among
 " those penitent Poets, who, in the Decline of Life, de-
 " plore the Frailties of their Youth *M. de la Fontaine's*
 " Friends, indeed, affirm'd, that he wou'd gladly have
 " effac'd the Remembrance and Impression which his
 " *Tales* might have made, with his Tears; and even
 " with his Blood, had this been necessary. But we may
 " doubt whether he ever deliver'd himself in such Terms
 " to them. He, indeed, discovers some Repentance in a
 " Copy of Verses address'd to *Madam de la Sabliere*. and
 " being requir'd to declare how he had spent above three-
 " score Years of his Life; he confess'd, out of Humility,
 " himself to be a Sinner; or rather, to use his own po-

^t *Ouvrages de Despréaux*, Tom I P 11 (in the Notes)

^u *Cato*, Act I. Scene I. by *Joseph Addison*, Esq;

^x *Mr. Baillet*

“etical Expression, a *Parnassian Butterfly*; so fickle was
 “his Temper.

“But whether our Poet grew tir’d of his Penitence,
 “or that it was not owing to Conviction; he did not
 “think fit to imitate *Aretine* to the End; and, like that
 “Poet, employ his Pen wholly on pious Subjects, during
 “the remainder of his Days *y*. *La Fontaine* return’d to
 “his Tales, spite of his many strong Protestations to the
 “contrary; and publish’d some new Ones, in 1685, with
 “other gay Pieces of his, as also a Volume of Transla-
 “tions, by Mr. *de Maucroix*, his Friend. Our Poet even
 “asserts, that he had acted right in so doing; and thus
 “excuses himself, in one of his Tales, for breaking his
 “Word:

*The Mind I fashion; teach the Fair,
 To guard against each amorous Snare.
 For One perverted by my Lay,
 Crouds are, by Ign’rance, led astray ^a.*

“Would one imagine that *la Fontaine* had no other
 “view, in writing such Poems, than merely to instruct
 “married Women and Maidens; and to lead them to
 “Virtue, by thus setting up for their Preacher and spi-
 “ritual Director?”

“I am of Opinion that he is a little more sincere, when
 “he breaks into this Exclamation.

*Man, how irregular and vain,
 Weak, wav’ring; treating Oaths with Slight!
 I loudly swore, in pompous Strain,
 That I, loose Tales, no more would write.*

y Mr. *de la Monnoye* proves, in *Bayle’s* Life of *Aretine*, that this Poet was
 not such a Penitent

*a Pourvu l’esprit, Et rends le sexe habile
 A se garder de ces pieges divers
 Sorte ignorance en fait trébucher mille,
 Contre une seule à qui nuisoient mes vers.
 Conte du Fleuve Scamandre.*

When swear I?—O that Thought confounds!

But two Days since: yes, that's the Time.

Who, after this, with any grounds,

*Can credit those who deal in Rhyme?**

“ Possibly he ridicules his Repentance, when he makes
“ the following Query.

Now, that my Muse and Life so swift decline,

And quickly Sol, for me, no more will shine;

Now, that my Reason's Lamp can scarce illumine,

Shall I, in Wailings, its faint Ray consume;

And prodigal of Hours, Death soon will end,

Then, in regretting those I've squandered, spend?†

Methinks Mr. Bailet is much too severe upon our Poet. He, indeed, is just in censuring him for writing so loosely; but then he should not have been so dubious, with regard to the reality of his Conversion before he died. This probably was owing to his not having seen the authentic Testimonies which were afterwards published concerning it. But the Circumstance, in my Opinion, most injurious to our Poet's Memory, is, the mentioning *Aretine's* pretended Conversion at the same Time with his. “ *Aretine,*
“ (says Mr. de la Monroye, in a Note, in Mr. Bayle's Life
“ of that Poet) compos'd Books of Devotion merely to
“ exercise his Fancy, and to show that he could write
“ on all Subjects, to quiet such pious Persons as took
“ Offence at his obscene Works, and to draw Money
“ from several Ladies of Distinction, to whom he us'd to

b O corbier l'homme est inconstant, divers,

Faible, léger, tenant mal sa parole!

J'avais juré, même en assez beaux vers,

De renoncer à tout Conte frivole

Et quand juré? C'est ès qui me confond

D-plus d'un fœtus j'ai fait cette promesse

Puis si...vous à Rimeur qui répond

D'un seul moment.

Conte de la Clochette,

c D sermais que ma Muse, aussi bien que mes jours,

Trouve de son desir l'inépuisable cours,

Et que de ma raison le flambeau n'a s'éteindre,

Irail-je en consumer les restes à me plaindre?

E' presqu'ign d'ar tenez par la Parque attendu,

Le perdre à regretter celui que j'ai perdu?

Oeuvres diverses,

* Jugemens des Savans, par Adrien Baillet, révisés, corrigés & augmentés par
Mr de la Monroye Tom. IV. Part II, p 531 & seq Amster. 1725, 12mo

“ fend

“ send his religious Performances. But this was no Proof
 “ of his Reformation, for *Aretine*, after publishing his Pa-
 “ raphrase on the seven penitential Psalms, and his *Huma-*
 “ *nita di Christo* in 1535, dedicated to *Battista Zatti* of
 “ *Brescia*, a Citizen of *Rome*, those well-known infamous
 “ Postures (designed by *Giulio Romano*, and engrav’d by
 “ *Mark Antonio* of *Bologna*) under each of which *Aretine*
 “ wrote a Sonnet, as leud as the Actions represented in
 “ the Pictures” *Bayle* censures *Aretine* very justly for
 this. ’Tis evident that *la Fontaine* did not write from the
 like base Motives with *Aretine*; not to mention, that the
 Compositions of the latter, are infinitely more gross and ob-
 scene than those of our Author, which are not properly
 obscene. *Aretine* and *la Fontaine* were *Antipodes* in many
 other respects, the former was, perhaps, the most venal
 Poet that ever liv’d, he boasting (as ’tis reported) that the
 greatest Monarchs had been his Tributaries, merely to se-
 cure themselves from the Attacks of his Satyr; whereas
 ’tis plain from the whole Tenor of *la Fontaine*’s Life, that
 he despis’d Riches. If we except the very obscene Poems
 writ by our witty Earl of *Rocheſter*, the Parallel between
 this Nobleman’s Conversion, and that of our Poet, would
 be much more just.

Methinks, after what has been said, we may take it for
 granted, that *la Fontaine* sincerely repented of all his past
 Errors in his ebbing Moments, how wavering soever he
 might have been, in this respect, till his last Sickness. I
 shall observe, that Persons under deep Affliction, usually
 call up every Idea which may give Pain, and seldom such
 as may administer Comfort, otherwise our Poet might have
 reflected, that his ^d Fables will, very possibly, prove of as
 much Benefit to Mankind, as his Tales can be of Prejudice
 to them, unless he objected to himself, that loose Dictates
 are, in general, more attended to than virtuous ones.

La Fontaine died in *Plâtrière* Street, in *Paris*, *March*
 the ^e 13th, 1695, aged seventy three Years. He was
 buried

^d The learned and virtuous Mr *Rollin* recommends the Study of them to
 young Persons, Vol. I. P. 30, 31, of his *Maniere d’enseigner et d’étudier les*
Belles Lettres

^e *Germain Brice*, Tom I. P. 308 of his *Description de la Ville de Paris*,
 fixes our Poet’s Death to the 13th of *April*, a Mistake into which he probably
 was led by *Perrault*, who, Tom I P. 180 of his *Hommes illustres*, places it at this
 Date. Mr. de la *Monnoye*, in a Note on the Life of our Author, inserted in
 Tom. IV. Part II. P. 528, of *Baillet’s Jugemens des Savans*, says that *la*
Fontaine:

buried in St. *Joseph's* Church-yard, where the Remains of *Moliere* had been deposited twenty two Years before ^d.

Our Poet, in Imitation of so many Others, wrote his own Epitaph. As it is quite humourous, and justly expressive of his Character, the Reader will not be displeased to read it.

*Here as John came, hence thus he went ;
Eat up his Land, after his Rent ;
Scorning, 'bout Wealth, to make a Pother.
Time, in two Parts, he wisely cast ;
The One of them, in idling past,
And fairly squ'rd away the other ẽ.*

La Fontaine left a Son, born in 1660, who inherited his Poverty, but not his Talents. *Abbé Freron* tells us, that our Author kept him but a very little Time at home, he putting him, when fourteen, under Mr. *de Harlay*, who afterwards was first President of the Parliament of *Paris*. He had recommended this Youth's Education and Fortune to that great Man. However, we don't find that this *la Fontaine* ever rose in the World; he being for some Years only a Clark at *Troyes* in *Champagne* ^h; so little Advantage arises often from being the Son of Art; thrice happy he who is the Child of Riches.

'Tis very probable, indeed, that as this young Man advanced no farther, tho' under so excellent a Patron, he ow'd as little to Nature as to Fortune. Experience shews that Genius, after being denied a Son, frequently displays itself in the next Descendant; a Remark which seems verified on the present Occasion, as we shall see immediately.

Fontaine died the 13th of *April*, 1695, aged 76 Years. Perhaps Mr. *de la Motte*, tho' otherwise extremely accurate, is mistaken here, since Father *Niceron* fixes it as in my Text, and affirms it to be the true Date.

f *D'Olivet*, *Hist. de l'Acad. Fran.* P. 228. and *Hommes illustres, par le Pere Niceron*, Tom. XVIII. P. 328.

g *Jean s'en alla comme il ẽtẽt venu,
Mangeant son fonds aprẽs son revenu,
Croyant le bien chose peu nẽcessaire.
Quant ẽ son temps bien sũt le dispenser ;
Deux parts en fit, dont il s'oulout passer,
L'une ẽ dormir, et l'autre ẽ ne rien faire.*

h *Niceron*, *Hommes illustres*, Tom. XVIII. P. 329. and *Freron*, P. 499.

La

La Fontaine's Son died in 1722, leaving a Son and three Daughters ⁱ. A *French Gentleman* ^k of Abilities, an Acquaintance of mine, now in *London*, informs me that this Grandson, who was educated at the same Time with him, in the College of *Beauvais* at *Paris*, is (he believes) about twenty five ^l. He observ'd, that young *Mr. de la Fontaine* is a Person of Genius ; had made a very considerable Progress in his Studies , and that his Grandfather's Muse seems to shine out again in him , he writing Prose Epistles, intermix'd with Verse, with great Facility and Beauty. He adds, that this young Gentleman would very probably rise in the World, by getting into some Nobleman's Family as Secretary, in which Employment a Multitude of young Persons, whose only Patrimony is Letters, find a comfortable Support in their native Country, and sometimes make their Fortune. A Circumstance told me by *Mr. le Blanc*, equally honourable to the Memory of our Poet and his Grandson is, that the latter having won several Prizes for Rhetoric in the College of *Beauvais*, and being crown'd with Laurel, (as is the laudable Custom in *France*) in Presence of a large Assembly ; the Principal of the College observ'd to them . " That it was no wonder the young Student " should gain those Honours —He was *la Fontaine's* " Grandson " I wish that another particular related in *Abbé Freron's* Life of our Poet, concerning the Exemption of the latter's Family with regard to the Payment of all Taxes, were true , but a learned Correspondent of mine at *Paris* assures me, that the *Abbé* had been misinform'd as to that Incident

ⁱ *Freron*, P 499.

^k *Mr le Blanc*, Advocate of the Parliament of *Paris*,

^l I write this in 1743.

CHARACTERS

OF

M. de la FONTAINE's

GENIUS and MANNER of WRITING.

NO Poet, I believe, was ever honour'd more universally with Elogiums than *la Fontaine*. All the Writers I have met with, decree him the Palm with respect to that kind of Poetry for which he is so famous. This seems owing to the new Light in which he sets his Ideas; to the delightful Strokes of Nature and Humour that enliven his Compositions; a Charm, which, like the poinant Graces of an exquisitely beautiful rural Maiden, in her neat, modest, and unaffected Attire, captivate irresistibly, and extort Applause. The several Poets of Eminence his Cotemporaries (and indeed all of them since) unite in extolling his Muse. These different Judgments being as so many Portraits of an eminent Personage's Mind, drawn by able Artists, the introducing a variety of them here, may prove an Entertainment (not to say an Advantage) to several Readers, at the same time that it will be doing Justice to our Author.

Mr. *Dacier*, tho' so great an Advocate for, and Admirer of the Ancients, in his Commentary on the following Line in *Horace's Art of Poetry*.

Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes m.

*m You cannot art your self with too much Care
Against the Smiles of a designing Knave,*

Lord Roscommon.

Where

Characters of la Fontaine's Genius, &c. 67

Where he tells us, that this *Roman* Poet alludes to the Fable of the Fox and the Raven; observes, "that our Author did not omit it 'Tis one of those (adds Mr. *Dacier*) wherein *la Fontaine*, by the natural, the humorous Touches he introduces, has (I don't say equall'd) but surpass'd the Ancients" Mr. *Perrault*, tho' he errs so frequently in his Decisions with regard to the Merit of the Ancients and Moderns in the polite Arts; seems a much better Critic, when he affirms, that "*la Fontaine's* Wit is of a new Cast It abounds (adds he) with Strokes of Nature and Humour which surprize, such as form a Character or Species peculiar to himself, a Species which charms, rouses, and strikes in a quite different manner from that of the Ancients." *Perrault* declares elsewhere, "That *la Fontaine's* Poetry is of a new Turn, and for which there is no Model among the Ancients; they indeed describe many Things with Humour, but then they did not hit upon this Cast of it".

Here follows another Character, by the Author of *Portrait de Mr. de la Fontaine*. Our Poet's Fables (says he) are a Master-piece, and I know not whether those of Phædrus, notwithstanding their being consider'd as complete Models, may not be inferior to the Fables of our Author. There is more, in the former, of that Simplicity so much admir'd by the Ancients, and more, in the latter, of that graceful Simplicity which gives so much Delight The former is more polite, the latter is gayer, the latter has more Wit, and has found the Secret to conceal it beneath the same Simplicity. His Morality is more extensive and more diversify'd. *La Fontaine* is as natural as Phædrus, and much more entertaining.

The same Writer adds the following Character As to his Tales, I don't know of any Poet in that Species of Writing, who may be compar'd with him, he being certainly inimitable. How truly charming are his Relations! how many Graces do they exhibit! How happy are his Descriptions!—Nature appears in every Stroke The Perusal of them fills the Mind with inexpressible Pleasure. But I won't pretend to point out all their Beauties, which need only be read with Taste.—In his Elegies,

n *Horace de Dacier*, Tom X P 359, Paris, 1691, 12mo.

o *Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes*, Tom II. P 206, Amsterdam, 1693, 12mo.

p *Iamz*, ib.d and Page 207

q *Portrait de Mr. de la Fontaine*, prefix'd to his posthumous Works.

his *Rondeaux*, and other Poems, and even in his Prose, is he not always an Original, by that beautiful Simplicity, that Gaiety, which makes his Works the Delight of all who peruse them? 'Twill be impossible for any Writer to carry Lyric Poetry to a greater Height, he being one of those wonderful Genius's, born to add to the Glory of the Age of Lewis XIV.¹

Mr. Perrault speaks elsewhere more largely of *la Fontaine's* Genius and Compositions. Most of his Poems (says he) show that he had study'd *Rabelais* and *Marot*, of whose Works he was excessively fond. The wonderful Talent which Nature had indulg'd him, was not inferior to that of these two celebrated Writers; and enabled him to strike out Poems of an inexpressibly delightful Turn. They exhibit an ingenious Simplicity, a witty natural Air, and an original Pleasantry; which being never flat nor languid, always cause a new Surprise. These very delicate Qualities, which are so apt to become vicious, and often produce an Effect quite different from what the Author expected; have pleas'd universally; the Serious no less than the Jovial, the Ladies equally with the Gentlemen, and old Men as much as Children. No Poet deserves more to be consider'd as an Original, and as the first Artist in his way of Writing, than *la Fontaine*. This Author not only invented the Species of Poetry to which he applied himself, but carried this Species to its highest Pitch of Perfection; so that he is the chief Artist, both for his having invented it; and for his excelling so greatly therein, that no Person can ever obtain any, except the second place, in this particular. He has left some little Epic Poems, [perhaps these shou'd be call'd Heroic] wherein the Beauties of the most sublime Poetry are found; and which, singly, might have gain'd him considerable Praise; but he owes his great Reputation chiefly to his natural, unaffected Poems. The finest of his Works (and this will live for ever) are his Collection of *Æsop's* Fables, which he either translated or paraphras'd. *La Fontaine* heightned *Æsop's* good Sense with Ornaments of his own Invention; and these are so well adapted, so judicious and sprightly; that 'tis scarce possible to meet with Compositions more useful or entertaining. Our Poet, indeed, did not invent Fables; but then he selected these with Judgment, and commonly improv'd them.

¹ *Id. ibid.*

HIS Tales, most whereof are little Novels told in Verse, are no less beautiful; and cou'd not be priz'd too much, did not too licentious a Strain run through the greatest Part of them. The Images of Love are there painted in such lively Colours, that few Works can be more dangerous to Youth; and yet, no Man ever wrote in a chaster manner on virtuous Subjects.

With Submission to Mr *Perrault*, methinks ne cou'd not justly pronounce, that 'twould be impossible for any future Poet to equal, in working up a Tale, *la Fontaine*. No Man, in Things of this sort, can affirm, with certainty, what may happen. We have our *Prior*. I don't know too, whether Mr *Perrault* shou'd have distinguish'd between our Poet's translating or paraphrasing Fables; all the Pieces of this kind attempted by him, being (if I mistake not) in the latter manner.

At our Poet's Reception into the *French Academy*, Abbé *de la Chambre* observ'd, in his Speech made on this Occasion, that "*la Fontaine's* Genius is easy, delicate, and natural; that it exhibits something original, beneath the apparent Simplicity, the negligent Air of which, a Treasure of the greatest Beauties lies conceal'd."—"Mr. *de la Fontaine* (says *Baillet*) is one of those choice Poets who may be consider'd as single in their kind. It cannot be said that *France*, ever since the writing of Verse there, has given birth to his Equal, in the Species wherein he excell'd, and, perhaps, a second to him will not easily be found." Here *Baillet* seems to speak more, justly than *Perrault*. However (adds the former) 'tis only in the manner of Writing which *la Fontaine* chose, and the happy Light in which he sets his Ideas, that we must consider him as original, he having borrow'd many of his Subjects from the Authors of ancient *Greece* and the *Roman Empire*, and some of them from the Prose Tale-writers of our Country, his Predecessors: But then he introduces so many Strokes of his own, that we may justly consider him as the Author of those Pieces. This suits exactly our inimitable *Shakespeare*.—How beautiful soever (continues *Baillet*) *la Fontaine's* Tales may be, 'tis affirmed that his Fables are his Master-piece, and that they only merit to survive him. In these we must for ever admire the Beauty of Genius, as also the wonderful Fa-

s *Perrault*, *Hommes illustres*, Tom. I P. 177, and Seq.

culty with which he strikes out regular and irregular Verses; and we cannot but be delighted with the Air of Negligence, which, tho' design'd, gives greater Pleasure than such Compositions of this sort as are more labour'd. His first Fables are more esteem'd than his last; and they all are writ with greater Purity than his Tales. But 'tis declar'd, that the latter abound with Beauties and inimitable Turns of Wit, for which reason, 'tis Pity they are not fit for the Perusal of Youth, and the virtuous Part of Mankind. Hence we have the dissatisfaction, either to rank them among the destructive Books, or to consider the Innocence of those young Persons, who may venture to read them, as lost. But *la Fontaine* had much better have withheld this Present, than poison it when he gave it Us; and we had not disoblig'd him so far, as to make him desirous of taking such artful Vengeance on us^t. There is something singular in this last Reflexion.

Mr. *de Voltaire*, in his *Temple of Taste*, the Structure of which most Readers admire, tho' many disapprove some of the Criticisms in it; speaking of the Deity who presides there, observes, among his other Characteristics, that

We feel him in la Fontaine's Verse^a.

And afterwards, in the Judgment which Mr. *de Voltaire* gives of the most celebrated French Writers; he addresses our Poet in manner following:

*Tlou, Nature's Fav'rite, la Fontaine,
Whose Writings speak the happiest Vein;
Thou who, from Negligence of Dress,
Art thence the levelier All confess,
Impartial say, what Share of Praise
Claim thy immutable Lays?
Before us weigh, in equal Scales,
Thy coarining Fables and thy Tales^x.*

I don't

^t *Bailla, Jugemens des Savans*, Tom. IV. Part II. P. 529, & Seq. Amsterdam, 1725, 12mo.

^u *Que la Fontaine fait sentir.*—*Temple du Gout*, P. 34. Amsterdam, 1737, 12mo.

^x *Tci Favour de la Nature,
Toi la Fontaine, Auteur charmant,
Qui bravant et ruse et mesure,*

I don't doubt but the above Character of *la Fontaine's* Muse, will please universally: but possibly what follows may not be so well thought of by Some *La Fontaine* (adds *Mr. de Voltaire*) who had preserv'd, in the Temple of Taste, his Character of Simplicity and Unaffectedness, and there join'd, to an enlighten'd Discernment, the happy Instinct possess'd by him, thro' Life; suppress'd his first and last Fables, shortned his Tales; and tore out above three fourths of his posthumous Works, publish'd by the Editors, Persons who subsist by the Follies of the Dead. This last Thought is whimsical, and but too often verified.

The charming *Rousseau* pays our Poet the following elegant and just Compliment.

*Fair ART, in his immortal Lays,
Where kindred Graces blend their Rays,
So well hit NATURE, that, with Pride,
This NYMPH her own Form there descry'd z.*

In the famous Dispute already mention'd, with regard to the Superiority of the Ancients or Moderns, *St. Evremond*, who was a Partizan for the latter, bestows, in a Poem written professedly on that Subject, this Elogium on *la Fontaine* ^a:

*In dressing Fables, his sweet Art prevails,
And the sagacious Greeks had marr'd his Tales b.*

*Si négligé dans ta parure,
N'en avons que plus d'agrément
Sur tes Ecrits immortables
Dis-nous quel est ton sentiment ?
Eclaire notre jugement
Sur tes Contes & sur tes Fables ?*

y *Idem*, p. 53, 54.

z *L'Art dans ces Ecrits renommés,
Par la main des Graces limes,
Contrefait si bien la Nature,
Que la Nature même y crut voir sa peinture.*

a *Oeuvres de St Evremond*, Tom. V p. 180

b *La Fontaine embellit les Sujets inventés
Que l'on appelle Fables ;
Ses Contes agréables
Entre les mains des Grecs auroient été gâtés.*

St. Evremond also, in a Letter to our Poet^c, praises him thus.

*You, with good Sense, the Ills allay^h
Which, in declining Years, abound:
You, greater Fire than Youths display;
In Them less Judgment, Taste, are found^d.*

And a little after^c, where he informs our Author of Mr. Waller's Death, and bewails it, St. Evremond adds, addressing himself to *la Fontaine*

*Thou modern Orpheus! Thou whose warbling Shell
Can charm the beauteous Proserpine from Hell,
And Pluto, whose grim Aspect strikes Dismay:
O! raise up Waller (nor the Moments waste)
From the dark Regions, whither Mortals haste
Raise Waller thence, and let Anacreon stay^f.*

Abbé du Bos observes, that “ our Author's Genius suggested to him, in the Composition of Fables, a multitude of Touches, all which are so very natural, and so well adapted to his Subject; that the Reader imagines, at first sight, he himself wou'd have hit upon them as easily as *la Fontaine*, had he attempted to work up those Fables in Verse. From this Supposition, several Poets have, at different times, endeavour'd to imitate *la Fontaine*, but with no great Success.

c *Let.* P 43.

d *Vous possédez tout le Bon-sens
Qui sert à consoler des maux de la Vieillesse.
Vous avez plus de feu que n'ont les jeunes gens,
Eux, moins que vous de Goût et de Justesse*

e *Let.* P 44.

f O vous, nouvel Orphée, ô vous de qui la veine
Pent charmer des Enfers la reine Souveraine,
Et le Dieu son Epoux, si terrible, dit on;
Daignez, tout puissant la Fontaine,
Des lieux obscurs, où notre sort nous mène,
Tirer Waller au lieu d'Anacréon,

For all shall find, who emulate his Strain,
 Their Hope successless, and their Labour vain.
 Horace's Art of Poetry, translated by Mr. H. Ames.

Mr. de la Motte, an eminent Poet, who himself compos'd Fables which have many Admirers as well as Critics; in his Judgment on the merit of the four most celebrated Fabulists^b; *Æsop*, *Phædrus*, *Pilpai* and *la Fontaine*, bestows, with the Public, the Palm on the last mention'd. *La Fontaine* (says *la Motte*, in his excellent Discourse on Fables) is, with regard to us, *Æsop*, *Phædrus* and *Pilpai*. He selected whatever he thought most valuable in the other Three; and enriching himself likewise with all he cou'd find, in Allegories of this sort; form'd, of the whole, the large Collection of Fables which do so much Honour to the *French* Muses, for the Gleanings left by him for others (spite of his Assertions^c to the contrary) are scarce worth regarding; and he has reduc'd such Poets, as wou'd attempt the like Species of Writing, to the Necessity either of inventing new Fables, or of new dressing those already told by him. But then, how idle wou'd it be, to new dress the same Fables without improving them^d and 'tis certain that he who shou'd endeavour this, wou'd find it lost Labour.—

La Fontaine had long accusom'd himself to Narration, in working up Tales, all which Pieces of his resemble Fables, as to the manner, but differ proportionably from them, with regard to the Matter and the Morality. One wou'd conclude, that he was desirous of doing as much Service (to Morality) by his Fables, as his Tales had been of Prejudice to it.

La Fontaine was one of those who feel naturally mild and unaffected, he was simple rather than modest, for the latter Quality supposes some Reflexion, whereas our Poet, whether he acted, spoke or writ, 'twas always from the Abundance of his Heart. Tho' so much an Original in all respects, he yet was an Admirer of the Ancients, even

^g *Reflexions critiques sur la poesie et sur la peinture, par Mr. l'Abbé du Bos, Tom. I. P. 125.*

^h I don't know whether this Term (instead of Fable-writers) will be allow'd Me

ⁱ In the Preface to *la Fontaine's* Fables.

to partiality^k, as if they had been his Models: *Brevity*, says he, *is the Soul of Fable*, *It were needless to give Reasons for this*; 'tis enough that *Quintilian* says so.

As a Consequence of so ingenuous an Admiration, he fancied himself much inferior to *Phædrus*; and yet, in the Opinion of one of the greatest Men^l of our Age, no Consequence shou'd be drawn from this; because when *la Fontaine* (adds he) submitted thus to *Phædrus*, 'twas thro' Stupidity^m; an humorous Word, but at the same time just; and artfully expressing the Character of a superior Genius, who does not know his own Merit, merely for want of having duly consider'd it.

Nevertheless the Public, more equitable to *la Fontaine* than he himself is, persist in giving him the Preference. All kinds of Beauty, indeed, unite in his Style or manner of Writing. Every Line of his exhibits whatever is most gay, in the Humorous; and most inviting in the Graceful. The Familiar, when treated by him, becomes elegant and new, so very ingenious is the Use he makes of it: and he joins to all the Liberty of the natural kind of Writing, all the Poinancy found in that Species, wherein a beautiful Simplicity prevails. The only Thing I wou'd object to him is, his not always leaving off where he shou'd. I dare not presume to censure the Negligences of his Versificationⁿ; these appearing to me compensated by a numberless multitude of Beauties^o.

La Motte had before observ'd, (p. IX. and X.) “ *La Fontaine* selected the finest Fables of Antiquity; and work'd them up with so elegant a Simplicity, as immediately gain'd him universal Applause; and must for ever procure him as many zealous Admirers as Readers. I believe no One is more strongly touch'd with his

^k Mr. de la Motte was a great Partizan for the Moderns.

^l Mr de Fontenelle.

^m Par bêtise

ⁿ *La Fontaine* himself apologizes for these Defects, in the Preface to the second Part of his Tales “ I shall not (*says he*) take notice of the imperfect Rhymes, of Verses running one into the other, of two Vowels meeting without an Elision, nor, in general, of such Negligences as the Author himself wou'd not pardon in any other Species of Poetry, but which are inseparable, in some measure, from Tales ” Our Poet seems, in this Preface, as judicious a Critic, as a proportionably weak Moralist, in the Preface to the first Part of his Tales.

^o *Fables nouvelles, par Mr de la Motte, de l'Académie Française*, P 38. 377. (*Discours sur la Fable*) Paris, 1719. 4to.

“ Compositions than I am ; and the Idea I form'd to myself of his Abilities is so very great, that this Circumstance might have deterr'd me still more than his Reputation. I, indeed, shou'd not have ventur'd to write Fables, had I imagin'd it absolutely necessary for me to succeed in them so well as he has done, in order to be thought tolerable : But I concluded, that there were honourable Seats below his ; and shou'd be too happy, cou'd I obtain that moderate Approbation which, at the same time that it pleaded my Apology for not hitting upon the like Graces with *la Fontaine*, might do Honour to all such Touches of mine as may be original and valuable.

“ Wou'd there not even be some Justice, in permitting the Merit of Invention (from which my Predecessor did not propose any Advantage) to atone for the Beauties that may have escap'd me ? *La Fontaine* has dress'd ancient Fables in Charms entirely new, and these so valuable, that we often are at a loss who to praise most, the Inventor or the Imitator. His Ornaments often greatly surpass his Subject, how ingenious soever this may be. But then the Subject was not his own ; his Mind was employ'd but on one Task, as it were ; and quite free from the Care and Toil of the principal Invention, he applied the whole Force of his Genius to the Ornaments, which are merely the dependant or additional Inventions. But as to myself, I propos'd to exhibit certain new Truths ; a Circumstance which shou'd obtain me some Indulgence. Abstracted from eight or ten Subjects, which are mine no otherwise than as I either enlarge or apply them to Morality ; I was oblig'd to invent Fables, in order to exhibit my Truths. In a word, it was necessary for me to be, at one and the same Time, *Æsop* and *la Fontaine*. This was too hard a Task for me, it wou'd therefore be unjust to expect that I shou'd equal either of them, and the Public ought, methinks, to rest tolerably well satisfied, in case I am not thought too much inferior to Both.”

The following Character, drawn up very lately, appears to me beautiful and just, and shews a Freedom not found in some others Panegyrists of our Author. No

Poet (says Abbé *Freton*) ever writ with more Sweetness, Grace, Nature, Delicacy or Ease, than *la Fontaine*. He is truly the Poet of Nature. Neither Labour nor Difficulty appear in any part of his Compositions. Those Flowers, the producing of which cost *Boileau* and *Racine* Time and Pains, rose spontaneously under his Hand. *La Fontaine*, plung'd in the Sweets of a calm Delirium, was never rous'd by enthusiastic Transports or Fury. One wou'd imagine that his Fables fell from his Pen. He has excell'd the ingenious Inventor^p of the Apologue, and his admirable Copist^q. Our Poet, equally elegant and natural; less jejune and dry, tho' not so pure as *Phædrus*; has attain'd the Point of Perfection in this Species of Writing; and such of our Countrymen as ventur'd to run (tho' with Applause) in the same Career, have yet been left far behind him. His Tales are a perfect Model, in the familiar kind of Writing, with regard to the historical Style. What Accuracy, Ease, and Sprightliness are found in his Narration! It must nevertheless be confess'd, that this excellent Writer does not always give the finishing Stroke, he being sometimes negligent, and not always careful of the grammatical Construction, and the Purity of his Diction. Such as study his Compositions shou'd endeavour to discover those little Blemishes, and not mistake them for Beauties^r. But possibly his Productions, had they been more elaborate, wou'd have been less admir'd; this easy Negligence denoting the great Master and original Writer. 'Tis the Character of easy Genius's to be thus incorrect, and independant, as it were, on Rules; their Writings resembling the Pieces of many fine Painters, in every one of which some little Negligence is perceiv'd. *Chapelle* and *Chaulieu* are not more exact, with regard to the Diction, than *la Fontaine*, who very probably wou'd have been more correct, had he not attempted too many kinds of Poetry^s.

Boileau, who was not over lavish of his Encomiums, applauds our Poet (as has been observ'd) on more Oc-

p *Æsop*

q *Phædrus*

r It were very much to be wish'd, that some able Hand wou'd undertake to point out These.

s *Freton*, p 496 & seq.

casions than one^t; and particularly in the following Passage, extracted from the *Dissertation sur la Joconde*. "A Writer (says *Boileau*) form'd on the Works of *Terence* and *Virgil*, as I plainly see *Mr. de la Fontaine* is, will not be carried away by these *Italian* Extravagancies, nor thus deviate" from good Sense^x. His every Expression shews Simplicity and Nature, and, what I principally esteem in his Writings, is, a certain graceful Nature [*naïveté*] in the Diction, which, tho' known to few, does yet constitute the chief Beauty of it. 'Tis the inimitable *naïveté* I am speaking of, that has been so highly valued in the Works of *Horace* and *Terence*; and of which they were so very studious, as even sometimes to break the measure of their Verse, merely for its Sake; and this *Mr. de la Fontaine* has frequently done. In a word, 'tis the *molle* and *facetum* ascrib'd by *Horace* to *Virgil*, and which *Apollo* indulges to none but his Favourites^x." *Boileau* exemplifies this afterwards, by several Passages from the *Joconde*.

In mentioning *Boileau's Dissertation sur la Joconde*, I cannot omit the pleasant Incident which gave occasion to the former Poet's Reflexions upon it. *Joconde* is a Novel or Tale in *Ariosto*. Now *la Fontaine*, in working it up, does not barely translate, but sometimes deviates from the Turn and Manner of his Author; and even changes many of the principal Circumstances. But *Mr. Bouillon*, Secretary to the Duke of *Orleans*, who had given a Version of this Novel some time before, took a different Course, he following *Ariosto* servilely, and not daring to go ever so little out of his Track. These two different Ways of translating caus'd various Disputes; some asserting that the Story, by these Alterations, was improv'd, whilst others affirm'd, they had disguis'd it so much, that 'twas no longer the same Thing. Many Persons engag'd in this Contest; which rose to such a height, that several considerable Wagers were stak'd

^t See *Oeuvres de Boileau*, Tom. III P 243 and Tom. IV. P. 110, and 251.

^u As one *Mr. Bouillon* had done, who also translated *Joconde*. *Bouillon* will be mention'd afterwards

^x This is spoke of *Ariosto*, from whom *la Fontaine* borrow'd his *Joconde*.

^y *Oeuvres de Boileau*, Tom. IV, P. 261.

stak'd about it. Among others, the ingenious Abbé *le Vayer* and Mr. *de Saint-Gilles*, an odd kind of Man, whom *Moliere*, Act II. Scene IV. of his *Misanthrope*, ridicules under the Character of *Timante*, laid an hundred Pistoles. *Moliere* being their common Friend, was urg'd to give his Opinion; but wav'd doing this, because he must have declar'd against *Saint-Gilles*, who was for *Bouillon's Joconde*. At last *Boileau*, at that time young, wrote an epistolary Dissertation to Abbé *le Vayer*, printed (but anonymous) with *la Fontaine's* Tales, and afterwards in *Boileau's* Works; and this Piece put an End to the Controversy. The Substance of the sagacious *Boileau's* Remarks amounts to this. No Comparison (says he) can be made with regard to the two *Jocondes*; there being none between a pleasant Tale, and a cold Narrative, between a sprightly, elegant Composition, and a dry, dull Version. *La Fontaine*, indeed, borrows his Subject from *Ariosto*, but then he moulds it at pleasure. His Tale is not a Copy imitated, stroke after stroke, from the Original; but an Original, form'd on the Idea of *Ariosto*. On the contrary, Mr. *Bouillon* resembles a fearful Lacquey, who dares not advance a single Step without his Master's Leave, and if he ever quits him, 'tis merely from his Inability to follow. He is a dry, jejune Translator, in whose Hand the finest Flowers offer'd him by *Ariosto* instantly wither, and as *Bouillon* deviates, every Instant, from the *French* Idiom, for the sake of the *Italian*, he writes neither *Italian* nor *French*. Nay farther, *la Fontaine's Joconde* is not only better told than *Bouillon's*, but even more agreeably than *Ariosto's*—It must be observ'd, that the Public have confirm'd *Boileau's* Decision as to the Merit of the two *Jocondes*, that of *Bouillon* being turned in Oblivion, whilst the other, by *la Fontaine*, is still admir'd². Both these Versions were publish'd in 1663, and Mr. *Brossette* informs us, that *Boileau* wou'd never suffer the Dissertation in question to be printed in his Works, he imagining that no Honour cou'd accrue to him, from his having defended a Poem like *Joconde*².

However this be, 'tis very well that *Boileau* took up the Pen on this Occasion, as we owe to it one of the most

² *Idem*, P. 249, and Seq. and *Niceron*, *Hommes illustres*, Tom. XVIII. P. 341, & Seq.

² *Ouvres de B. 1734*, Tom. IV. P. 249.

delicate and most judicious Criticisms, ever writ upon Translation. The Piece in question is the more valuable, as there are Some who still declare in favour of almost literal (tho' inelegant) Versions, a Circumstance which seems a kind of Paradox to Persons of Taste. Much might be said on this Subject; but I shall conclude it with observing, that nothing can be more lifeless and insipid than *Bouillon's* Version, the Beginning whereof *Boileau* has preserv'd (like a Snail in a beautiful Peach) in his excellent Dissertation; and thereby will immortalize the Barrenness of that Translator's Fancy; together with the wretched Taste of the Man who ventur'd an hundred Pistoles in defence of it.

Monsieur *Bayle*, that great Admirer of Wit and good Sense, and profess'd Enemy to Inaccuracy, at the same time that he expresses the highest Regard for the Talents of our Poet, whom he styles (in his Dictionary, Note C of the Article *Æsop*) *the immitable la Fontaine*; and declares, (Note D of the same Article) *that he has the finest Pen in all France, for working up a Tale*; censures him for some Things, particularly with respect to his Life of *Æsop* from *Planudes*; *Bayle* proving that our Poet had not duely examin'd his Subject a Fault, indeed, which great Genius's are now and then apt to fall into, borne along by the rapidity of a beautiful Imagination, which sometimes excludes all Things except the immediate Object of it.

Farther, Mr. *Bayle*, Remark (N) of the Article *Boccace*, is displeas'd with *la Fontaine*, for not sometimes mentioning the Authors whence he borrow'd his Tales. And in Remark (C) of the Article *GUARINI*, Author of *Pastor Fido*; *Bayle* censures (and methinks very justly) an Assertion of our Poet, *viz* that the Perusal of his Tales wou'd not excite loose Desires. *La Fontaine's* Verses are to the following purpose:

*Strange, that such mirthful Touches shou'd excite
Perplexing Thoughts, and put Them^b in a Fright
Sooner, methinks, fond Words which Nymphs admire,
Dropt in their Ear, wou'd set the House on Fire.*

*Maidens, dismiss your Sparks : my Books peruse ;
My Life on't, you'll be chaste as any Muse .*

And in Bayle's *Dissertation concerning Obscenities*, drawn up to invalidate the Objections made to the leud Strokes with which his Writings are interspers'd, that Author speaks thus " If any Circumstance can make the Perusal of *la Fontaine's* Tales very dangerous, 'tis, that there " is scarce any Thing in the Expression which has an " Air of Obscenity." And apologizing for himself, in the same Discourse, he observes that, " Altho' *Mr. de la Fontaine* wrote a great Number of leud Tales, he was " not the less caref'd by all the Courtiers as well as Citizens ; but, on the contrary, has ever been admir'd and " esteem'd by the most illustrious Personages of the long " Robe ; by Those of the highest Distinction of both " Sexes, and by Princes. Was he not admitted (*continues this Author*) into the *French Academy* ? And is " not a Seat in it as honourable, to one of his Profession, " as a Marshal's Staff to a Soldier ?" *Mr. Bayle* adds a pleasant Reflexion. " I don't doubt but that *Mr. de la Reinie*^d, the very Day he prohibited the reading of *la Fontaine's* new Tales, wou'd have been extremely well " pleas'd to see that Poet at Dinner at his House. People " of Sense ever make a proper Distinction (with regard " to Books of this kind) between the Author's Person " and his Compositions."—In other words, such Persons know the World.

La Fontaine, in the Preface to the first Part of his Tales, is suppos'd to apologize for himself thus. " These " Poems of mine don't interfere, in this respect, with " the Dictates of Morality. If any Circumstance, in " our Writings, is capable of making an Impression on " the Mind, 'tis not a Tale thus pleasantly told ; such " an Impression being transient. I shou'd be more apprehensive of the soft Melancholy, into which the chastest

c *Est-il après tout s'allarmer sans raison
Pour un peu de plaisanterie ?
Je craindrais bien plutôt que la coquetterie
Ne vint le feu dans la maison.
Chassez les Soupçons, Belles, souffrez moi Laitre ;
Je réponds de vous corps pour corps.*

Les Oies de frere Philippe.

d *Thén Lieutenant de Police, in Paris,*

" and

“ and most modest Romances are apt to plunge us, that
 “ being vastly preparatory to Love.” In my humble Opinion, had our Poet's Tales been no better, in proportion, than the several Excuses offer'd for the loose Touches with which he interspers'd them: Or, in other words, was he no abler a Poet, than this Preface-writer^e makes him a Moralist, his Compositions would not have met with such Success. I don't know whether this Observation may not be extended to some of the Writings of the celebrated Mr. *Bayle*, to *Ovid*, and to all Authors who apologize for their obscene Strokes, whether coarse or delicate. The most ingenuous way (perhaps) wou'd be to own that such Strokes may be of Prejudice to Some; and the most prudent, not to say a word with regard to their Tendency.

The late Duke of *Buckingham* seems to agree with Mr. *Bayle*, in one Reflexion; that Nobleman writing thus.

*But Words obscene, too gross to move Desire,
 Like Heaps of Fuel, only choak the Fire^e.*

Very probably the Duke of *Buckingham* and Mr. *Bayle* are in the right in asserting, that loose Images, when coarsely express'd, are less apt to corrupt the Mind, than those touch'd with Delicacy. This may be especially true, with regard to the Fair-sex; many of whom, tho' shock'd with grossly obscene Descriptions, to such a Degree as to throw them instantly aside with Indignation, might yet have perus'd those very Ideas with Delight, had they been artfully drawn, and with a seeming Modesty

*Sidley has that prevailing gentle Art
 That can with a resistless Power impart
 The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart;
 Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire
 Betwixt declining Virtue and Desire,
 Till the poor, vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
 In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.* }

Lord Rochester, in his Allusion to Satire X.
 Book I. of Horace.

^e I am told that this Preface was drawn up by a Friend of Madam Des Houlières

^f The Works of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, Tom. I. P. 134. London, 1723, 4to.

To conclude this Subject, I am apprehensive that few young Persons cou'd justly say, (after reading loose Compositions, in what manner soever work'd up) with *Lipsius*; where he speaks of the Effect which the Perusal of *Petronius Arbitrarius* had upon Him. "I am no ways shock'd with the natural Description which this Writer gives of the Vices of his Age; I am delighted with his pleasant Touches, and charm'd with the Decency of his Expressions; and his loose Strokes leave no more Impression on my Mind, than the Keel of a Vessel does in the Water it passes over." *Nudâ illâ nequitia nihil offendor, joci me delectant, urbanitas rapit. Cætera nec in animo, nec in moribus meis, magis labem relinquant, quàm olim in flumine vestigium cymba, &c.*

The *English* Poet who seems to come nearest, for Tale-writing, to *la Fontaine*, is our delightful *Prior*; to whom (on this occasion) we might, I believe, join the charming Author of *Cadmus and Vanessa*; and Mr. *Gay*, whose Fables are so justly admir'd. Our *Chaucer* might be mention'd here with the greatest Honour. But spite of the numberless natural Graces found in *Prior's* Works, and especially the Beauties of his *Alma*; a *Frenchman* wou'd scarcely assent to an Encomium inscrib'd on his Monument in *Westminster-Abbey*: I mean, where 'tis asserted that, for working up a Tale with Delicacy and Wit, he was inimitable.

—in fabellis concinnè lepideque texendis
Mirus artifex
Neminem habuit parem.

Perhaps Some will say that the Laurel, with regard to this Species of Poetry, ought to be divided between them.

A
CATALOGUE
OF

M. de la Fontaine's WORKS.

I. **T**HE *Eunuch*, a Comedy. Paris, 1654, 4to.
This Play is in Verse, and in five Acts. 'Tis the first Piece (we are told) printed of our Poet; who being born in 1621, must consequently have begun to make his Compositions known to the Public, when thirty-three Years of Age.

II. *Tales and Novels in Verse*. Paris, 12mo, Part I. in 1665; Part II. in 1666, and Part III. in 1671. But these are not all *la Fontaine's* Tales, the Sale whereof was forbid by a Sentence^g of the *Lieutenant de Police*, dated the 5th of April, 1675. The other Editions are much enlarg'd; and we owe many of them to foreign Countries. The principal are these: *Amsterdam*, 1685, 8vo, in two Volumes, with Copper-Plates by *Romain de Hooge*: This is the most beautiful Edition as to the Cuts, but the following are more copious. *Amsterdam*, 1700, 2 vol. 8vo, with Figures *Amsterdam* (i. e. *Paris*) 1695, and 1721, 8vo, in two Volumes, with Copper-Plates, not engrav'd by *Romain de Hooge*, as the Title informs us, but copied from them. *Antwerp* (*Paris*) 1726, 4to, with the other Works of *la Fontaine*, unadorn'd with Cuts. The celebrated *Picart* intended to engrave a new Set of Plates for these, but executed only One, viz. for the *Nightingale*, a Tale, falsely ascrib'd to *la Fontaine*, in some Editions of his Works. This Tale of the *Nightingale*,

^g The Sentence, I suppose, mention'd after Citation (d) above, p. 80; where an Extract is given from *Bayle's Discours sur les Obscures*.

from *Boccace*, is work'd up, by the *French* Poet, with such an Ease and Spirit, as comes nearest, I believe, to *la Fontaine's* manner. The Cast of the Poem is no ways chaste. The Imitator seems particularly happy, in some of those Touches of pleasing Nature and Simplicity for which *la Fontaine* is so much admir'd; as in the four Lines following; spoken of a Lover, who had no Opportunity of seeing the Fair-One he idoliz'd except by Stealth:

*Sometimes he slyly squeez'd her Hand,
And sometimes stole a melting Kiss;
To give his Fair to understand.—
Pray what? A mighty Matter this^b!*

Immediately before the *Nightingale*, four gay little Tales, very prettily told, and entitled *la Couturiere*, *le Gascon*, *la Cruche*, & *Promettre est un, & tenir est un autre*, are printed.

In a Letter sent me, from *Paris*, by the learned and ingenious Abbé *Desfontaines*, I am told that “an elegant Edition of our Poet's Tales has been lately publish'd in that City, by Abbé *Freron*, with *la Fontaine's* Life,” from which I extracted a great many curious Particulars related above. An *English* Version of some of these Tales, in 8vo, by several Hands, was set forth at *London* in 1735, by Mr. *Samuel Humphreys*, a Gentleman of Learning and Genius. Upon Calculation (by the Number of Pages) I find that scarce a fourth Part of *la Fontaine's* Tales are compriz'd in this Volume; tho' the Public (as the Original is divided into two Parts) might imagine that it contains half of them. The only Tales or Novels english'd here, are *Joconde*, *le Muletier*, *La Gageure des trois Commeres*, *L'Oraison de Saint Julien*, *La Coupe enchantée*, *La Chose impossible*, *Le Villageois qui cherche son veau*, *Le Bât*, *Les deux Amis*, *Soeur Jeanne*, *L'anacréon d'Hans Carvel*, *la Fiancée du roi de Garbe*; in all twelve, and there are sixty-five in *la Fontaine*. The Writers concern'd in this *English* Edition are *Congreve*, *Fenton*, *Harrison*, *Cobb*, *Topham*, *Bell*, and *Humphreys*, who has much the

^b *Quelquesfois par hazard il lui seroit la main,
Quand il la trouvoit en chemin,
Quelquesfois un baiser pris à la derobée,
Et puis c'est tout: mais qu'est-ce que cela?*

greatest Share in it. Upon a cursory Perusal of these Pieces, they all appear to Me so many Imitations, rather than Versions from our excellent Poet, most of the Imitators seeming as desirous of displaying their particular Manner of writing, as that of our Poet. Several of them are done with great Beauty and Spirit, but few in the Author's Measure or turn of Verse

III. *Select Fables in Verse*. Part 1st, dedicated to the Dauphin, Paris, 1668, 4to. Part II. to Madam de Montespan, 1679; Part III. to the Duke of Burgundy, 1693. These Fables, to which others were afterwards added, have borne a very great Number of Impressions, some of which are embellish'd with Cuts. The most valuable Editions are those of Paris, in five Parts, 12mo, with Copper-Plates, by Chauveau; and of the Hague, in 8vo, 1700, with Cuts likewise. An Edition of these Fables, in 12mo, was made at Amsterdam in 1722, with explanatory Notes; and a very beautiful, allegorical Frontispiece, engrav'd by Picart. A neat, correct, and very small Edition of the Tales and Fables, in two Volumes, was printed at Hamburg, by Vandenhoeck in 1731, with concise Notes, to explain obsolete Words, &c and the learned Mr. Coste lately publish'd these Fables at Paris with short Illustrations. I believe that French Editions have been made of these Tales and Fables, in all the Countries of Europe where Letters flourish. The Fables were translated into the German Language by Balthazar Nickisch, and his Version, with the Original, were printed at Augsbourg in 1708 and 1713, with very pretty Copper-Plates, by Kraus. We have not any English Version (in Verse) of these Fables, the executing of which, with Propriety, Humour, and Spirit, wou'd be a prodigiously difficult Task. No Genius, except One like that of our Author, is (perhaps) equal to it, and as so little Honour and Advantage are gain'd by translation, possibly the whole Collection of these Fables may never be attempted, in English, by any one single Pen of Abilities; and the most we can hope for is, that they may be done, at times, by several Hands.

IV. *The Loves of Cupid and Psyche*. This Work has borne a great many Impressions, six of which are before Me. The first (with *Adonis* annex'd) is exceedingly scarce. 'Tis printed on a large Letter, consists of 500 Pages,

and was publish'd at *Paris* in 1669. 8vo. The Privilege is dated *May 2, 1668*, Most of the other Editions are very incorrect, and none of them free from capital Errors; so that, in translating, I was oblig'd, now and then, to compare the several Editions together, in order to find out the Author's genuine Composition. This prov'd to me the Justness of a Remark made by *Mr. de Voltaire*, at the Conclusion of his *Letters concerning the English Nation*. "How great a Service wou'd the *French Academy* do to Literature, to our Language, and our Country, if, instead of publishing a Sett of Compliments annually, they wou'd give new Editions of the valuable Works written in the Age of *Lewis XIV.* purg'd from the several Errors, with regard to the Diction, which are crept into them. There are many such Errors in *Corneille* and *Moliere*, but those in *la Fontaine* are very numerous. Such as could not be corrected, might be pointed out. As these Works are in the Hands of all the *Europeans*, They then wou'd learn, in its utmost Purity, our Language; which, by this means, wou'd be fix'd to a lasting Standard; and these valuable Books being printed at the King's Expence; would prove one of the most glorious Monuments to the Nation. I have been told that *Boileau* made, formerly, such a Proposal."

V. *New Fables, with other Poems.* *Paris*, 1671, 12mo. The Fables contained in this Volume were afterwards printed with the abovemention'd.

VI. *A Miscellany of sacred, &c poetical Pieces, dedicated to the Prince of Conti, by M. de la Fontaine,* *Paris*, 1671, in three Vol. 12mo. The Author of this Miscellany is *Henry Lewis de Lomenie, Count de Brienne*, who, after having been Secretary of State, retir'd among the Fathers of the Oratory. *La Fontaine* wrote only the Dedication, which is in Verse. In the Preface to a Collection of Poems, in three Volumes, entituled *Choix de Poësies morales & chrétiennes, depuis Malherbe, jusqu'aux Poëtes de nos jours*, *Paris*, 1739, 12mo; 'tis observ'd, that some of the Pieces in the Miscellany abovemention'd, ascribed to *la Fontaine*, are excellent; but that others seem not to deserve a Place in it. The Preface-writer says farther; that the Miscellany in question was revis'd by *la Fontaine*, and that only the first Volume consists

consists of sacred Poems. He adds, that a fourth Volume, dedicated to Mr. de Fontenelle, was publish'd, at Roan, in 1709.

VII. *The Captivity of St. Malo*, a Poem. Paris, 1673, 12mo.

VIII. *Sereca's Epistles*, translated into French by Mr. Puitrel. Paris, 1681, 12mo. Mention has already been made of this Gentleman, who was related to *la Fontaine*. As the former died before this Version was put to Press, our Author took Care of the Edition. Hence it appears that this Version is improperly introduced, by Fâther Nicéron, in the Catalogue of our Poët's Works.

IX. *A Poem on the Peruvian Cortex, and other Pieces*, in Verse. Paris. 1682, 12mo.

X. *The Works, in Verse and Prose, of Mess. de Maucroix & de la Fontaine*, Paris, 1685, 12mo, in two Volumes. The second Volume only is by *la Fontaine*; the first, consisting of Translations, being by Mr. de Maucroix.

XI. *Astrea, a musical Tragedy*, Paris, 1691, 4to. This Drama, in three Acts, was set to Musick by Mr. Collasse; and is printed in Tom. IV. of the Collection of *Opéra's*. I shall observe, by the way, that the French Poets write these dramatic Pieces no less carefully than Tragedies; and that the Audience require as much Grace and Spirit from these tuneful Actors, as from their Tragedians. 'Tis Pity the Musick of these Opera's is not always equally beautiful with the Words. The English are frequently entertain'd with *harmonious Nothings*, and the French with *unharmonious Somethings*.

XII. *Posthumous Works*. Paris, 1696, 12mo.

XIII. *Dramatic Pieces*. Hague, 1702, 12mo. There are five Plays in this Volume, two of which only are ascribed to *la Fontaine*, viz. *le Florentin*, and *Je vous prend sans vert*.

XIV. *The Works of Mr. de la Fontaine*. Antwerp, 1726, three Volumes, 4to. This Edition (of Paris) is very beautiful; nevertheless Many disapprove of the Frame or Border inclosing every Page; and which, indeed, has not a pleasing Effect on the Eye. The first Volume contains the Tales, the second the Fables, and the third the miscellaneous Pieces.

XV. *Oeuvres diverses de Mr. de la Fontaine*; or *Miscellaneous Works* by Mr. de la Fontaine. Paris, 1729, three

Volumes, 8vo. Also *Hague*, 1729, 4 Vol. 12mo. The Editors of this Edition declare, in the Advertisement to it, that the several Pieces which compose this Miscellany, were communicated to them by the Widow of *la Fontaine's* Son.

It may not be improper to specify the Contents of the *Paris* Edition (which is no ways beautiful) of these miscellaneous Volumes, from which that of the *Hague* was copied; observing that neither the Tales nor Fables are included in it.

The first Volume of the abovemention'd Edition consists of *Miscellaneous poetical Pieces* (in Number seventy-six) eleven whereof were then first publish'd.

The Poems are, 1. *Adonis*^r; 2. *The Captivity of St. Malo*; 3. *The Peruvian Cortex*, in two Canto's; 4. *Philemon and Baucis*, 5. *Les Filles de Minée*, 6 An Inscription, extracted from *Boissard*, and translated into *French*.

Fragments of the Dream or Vision of Vaux, in Verse and Prose; with poetical Pieces

In the second Volume are,

Letters, being twenty-seven in Number.

Dramatic Pieces 1. *Climene*, a Comedy in Verse. This is properly a Story or Relation, it not being divided into Scenes. 2. *The Eunuch* (mention'd above.) 3 *Fragments of Galatea*, an Opera. 4. *Je vous prend sans vert* (specified before) a Comedy ascrib'd to *la Fontaine*.

In the third Volume are,

The Loves of Cupid and Psyche.

Daphné, an Opera.

Miscellaneous Pieces^s, in Verse and Prose.

Astrea, a Tragedy.

The Florentine, (spoke of before) a Comedy, ascrib'd to *la Fontaine* Hence it appears that such Persons as have these three Volumes of Miscellanies, with our Poet's Fables and Tales, are possess'd of all his Works .

^r This Poem is usually printed with *Cupid and Psyche*, the Author himself having first publish'd them together; because of the relation which the principal Personages, of both these Works, bear one to the other; as he himself observes in his Preface to *Adonis*

^s Among these miscellaneous Pieces are, the Relation of an Entertainment given, by Mr. *Fenquet*, at *Vaux*; *la Fontaine's* Speech to the *French Academy*, and two Letters between him and *Racine*.

^t Many of the Particulars in the above Catalogue were extracted from Father *Néron's Hommes illustres*, Tom. XVIII. P. 337, & seq. Paris, 1732, 12mo. The rest I add.

THE
L O V E S
O F
CUPID and *PSYCHE*.
F R O M

The *LATIN* of APULEIUS.

THERE liv'd, in a certain City, a King and a Queen, who had three fair Daughters. Tho' the two eldest were extremely handsome, 'twas thought that their Beauty was not beyond Description; but so exquisite were the Charms of the youngest, that all the Powers of Language united, could never express, or give them their due Praise. Hence a Multitude of the Citizens, as well as Strangers, whom the Fame of this enchanting Beauty had invited thither, being quite lost in Admiration at the Sight of her, gaz'd with a religious Awe; and falling prostrate*, worshipp'd her as a second *Venus*.

A Report had, by this time, reached the neighbouring Towns and the adjacent Provinces, that the Goddess who sprung from, and was brought up in the Ocean, was so indulgent as to reveal herself to, and inhabit among Mortals: or that the Earth, (as formerly the Sea) through the benign Influence of the Stars, had given Birth to another *Venus*, a Virgin, lovely as that Deity. This Opinion be-

* The Original says, *putting their right Hand to their Mouths*, &c (*admoventes oribus suis dexteram*) a Ceremony used anciently by Worshippers, a sort of kissing of the Hand.

came so general, and spread so swiftly, not only over the neighbouring Islands, but even through the Continent, that People flock'd from far-distant Countries (fearless of Dangers either by Sea or Land) to see this Miracle in Beauty, this Wonder of the Age. No one now sail'd to † *Paphos*, to *Cnidus*, or even to *Cythera*, to behold the Goddess *Venus*. Sacrifices were no longer offered up, nor was the least Care taken of her Temples: the sacred Beds were trampled under Foot *; the Goddess's Ceremonies were quite neglected; her Images were unadorned with Chaplets of Flowers, and her abandon'd Altars polluted with cold Ashes. Prayers were offer'd up to the Virgin; and her Favour, tho' a Mortal, was implor'd as if she had been a Goddess. Whenever she took her Morning's Progress, she was honour'd, by the Name of *Venus* ‡, with Victims and Sacrifices: and Crouds, as she pass'd through the Streets, strowing Flowers in her Way, presented her with Garlands, and besought her to be propitious.

The transferring thus strangely to a Mortal, the Honours due to the Deities only, exasperated *Venus*, who, at last, being no longer able to restrain her Anger, shook her Head disdainfully, and fir'd with Indignation, spoke thus to herself: Must then

† *Paphos*, was a City in the Island of Cyprus; *Cnidus* a City of Caria, famous for the *Venus* carv'd by Praxiteles. *Cythera* was an Island opposite to Crete, and is now call'd Cerigo. 'Tis related that a young Man falling in Love with the above-mentioned Statue of *Venus*, hid himself in the Temple, and pass'd the Night there; and that, next Morning, Indications were seen, upon the Statue, of his frantic Passion. The like Story is told concerning one of the French King's Life-Guard, and a beautiful Statue in the Garden of *Versailles*. Possibly one Story may be copied from the other.

* Beds on which the Statues of their respective Deities, with Viands before them, were plac'd

‡ 'Tis, the absent *Venus*, (*Veneris absens*) in the Original.

Venus, the grand Parent of all created Beings *, and to whom the Elements owe their Origin ; must she, the Soul of the Universe, share divine Honours with a Mortal ? Shall my Name, which is inscrib'd among the Stars, be thus profan'd by polluted Earth ? Shall I permit a mere Mortal, to be worshipp'd under my Name, and assume my Charms ? In vain then would the † Shepherd, whose Impartiality and Equity were approv'd by Almighty *Jupiter*, have preferr'd me, on account of my exquisite Beauty, to the two contending Goddesses ‖. But this Creature, whomsoever she be, shall not long glory in her Usurpation : Those borrow'd Charms, which she now idolizes so much, shall be the Subject of her Tears.

Immediately she calls for her Son *Cupid*, that rassist and immoral, winged Youth, who, arm'd with Darts and Flames, and contemning all Laws, boldly rushes, in the dead of Night, into Houses ; there violates the Marriage-bed, and commits, with Impunity, the most horrid Outrages, he never doing one good Action. However *Venus*, spite of his Pride, and the natural Perversity of his Temper, spake to him in such Terms as made him all Obedience.

And now the Goddess, taking him to the City in question, shows him *Psyche* ‡, for so the Fair-One was nam'd. She then let him into the whole Story of their Contention with regard to Beauty ; when fetching a deep Sigh, and shuddering with Indignation : I conjure thee (dear Son, says she ;)

* The antient Philosophers consider'd *Venus* as the first Mover ; that Spark of Fire whence all created Beings proceed. See *Lucretius*.

† *Paris*, Son to *Priam* King of *Troy*.

‖ *Juno* and *Pallas*

‡ This Name is borrow'd from a *Greek* Word signifying the Soul, whence *Fulgentius* took Occasion to give an allegorical Interpretation to this Fable, as relating to the Soul.

by all the Ties of maternal Fondness, by the sweetly-thrilling Wounds made by thy Shafts, by the delicious Ardours excited by thy Torch, signally to revenge an injur'd Parent's Cause: I charge thee (by the Reverence thou owest me) to punish very severely this insolent Beauty: Be this thy darling Concern, thy only Care. Fire her with a raging Passion for One sprung from the Dregs of the Populace; a Man to whom Fortune has denied Honours, Riches, and Health; a Creature so completely wretched, that the whole World may not be able to show such another. Saying these Words, and clasping him eagerly, she almost smother'd him with Kisses; after which she shap'd her Way to the neighbouring Shore, when immediately her rosy Feet skim the Surface of the heaving Billows. She now was got on the Surface of the main Ocean, when the Divinities of it crouding round her, pay Homage, and with the utmost Cheerfulness spontaneously prevent her every Wish. Hither flock'd the *Nereids* *, warbling sweetly in Concert; *Portunus* †, with his carulean, shaggy Beard; the unwieldy || *Salacia*, her Lap loaded with Fish; and young ‡ *Palæmon* astride
or

* *Sea-Nymphs, fifty in Number, whom Doris had by her Brother Nereus, who, according to Hesiod, was the Son of Oceanus and Tetys; or, as Apollodorus will have it, of Oceanus and Terra*

† The God of Ports. The *Dauphin* Editor will have this to be *Neptune*.

|| Not *Amphitrite*, but another of *Neptune's Wives*, who is supposed to inhabit the lower Part of the Sea. *Salacia* is so called from *Salum*, the Sea, the Salt Sea; whence our Author supposes her Lap to be full of Fish.

‡ His Story is as follows: *Athamas, King of Thebes, being fir'd to Madness by Juno, murder'd his Son Learchus; and running to kill Melicerta his other Son, and also his Wife Ino, Cadmus's Daughter, they flew to the Sea-shore, and plunging into the Ocean, were changed to Deities, at the Request of Venus; Ino being afterwards called Leucothoe, and Melicerta, Palemon. Apuleius, when he sets Palæmon on a Dolphin, is supposed to allude*

on a Dolphin. Soon a Croud of Tritons *, skudding up and down the Waves, advance forward. One of these blows melodiously on his sounding Shell; a second, carrying a silken Umbrello, screens her from the scorching Sun-beams; a third holds a Mirror, in which she sees her Beauties reflected; whilst others sport in the Water, beneath her Carr, Such is the Pomp in which *Venus* proceeds to *Oceanus's* † Court.

In the mean time, *Psyche* did not reap the least Advantage from the dazzling Beauties which she was conscious she possess'd. The whole World indeed flock'd to see her; were lavish of their Encomiums; and yet among the Kings, Princes, and even Plebeians, who crouded on this Occasion, not one of them became a Suitor to her. All who beheld *Psyche* were struck with Wonder; but then they admir'd her Charms no otherwise than they would have done those of a Statue carv'd with the utmost Skill.

'Twas some time since that *Psyche's* two elder Sisters, whose Beauties were infinitely less celebrated than hers, had been married to Monarchs who fell in Love with them; and they enjoy'd the various

lude to a Fiction told by Pausanias; viz that Melicerta, when he plung'd into the Sea, was receiv'd by a Dolphin, who carried him to the Isthmus of Corinth; whence the Isthmian Games were instituted in his Honour A French Commentator on Part of *Apuleius*, seems, to me, strangely credulous on this Occasion. " *Apuleius* (says he) mounts *Palæmon* on a Dolphin, because that this Fish bears a Love to Man; and that all the Stories related of Dolphins saving Men from Shipwreck, or sporting with Boys on the Sea shore, are not fictitious " See *Les Amours de Psyché & de Cupidon, tirez d'Apulée, avec des Remarques*, pag, 132 Rotterdam 1719 12mo.

* Triton is said to be the Son of Neptune and Salacia; his upper Part resembling the human Form, and the lower that of a Fish The Poets afterwards feign'd a great Number of Tritons, Brothers or Sons of the above-mentioned They are said to attend as Trumpeters to Neptune

† The God of the Sea, Son to *Cælus* and *Vesta*, and Husband to *Tethys*.

Sweets of Wedlock: Whilst our lonely Virgin, self-immur'd in the Palace, bewail'd with incessant Tears her solitary State; and being quite sick in Body, and tortur'd in Mind, her Graces, which delighted all others, were abominated by herself. But now the sad Father of the inauspicious Fair, suspecting that her Misfortune arose from the Hatred of some Deity, and dreading his Anger, he therefore consults the antient Oracle of the *Milesian* God ||, when, after offering up Victims and Prayers, he beseeches *Apollo* to appoint a fit Husband for her *Apollo*, tho' a *Greek* and an *Ionian*, out of Regard to the Founder of *Miletus* *, pronounc'd the Oracle in the *Latin Tongue*, the Sense of which is as follows †.

*On a Rock's Summit place the Royal Maid,
In bridal, yet funereal Weeds, array'd.
For her, no Mortal Consort hope to find,
But a dire Being of the Serpent kind,
Above the Stars, on steady Wing, he'll rise,
Whilst Fire and Sword proclaim him as he flies.
Imperial Jove must his Commands obey:
The Ocean; ev'n dread Tartarus owns his Sway.*

|| *Apollo, who had a Temple, and an Oracle, in Miletus, the Capital of Ionia.*

* *This Founder was a Greek, whether he be Miletus, the Son of Apollo, whence Miletus received its Name, whether Neleus Pylus, as Strabo will have it; or Ionus, as we are told by Vitruvius, who asserts that the rest of the Ionian Cities were built by that Ionus.*

† I cannot but observe a sort of Blunder made by *Pompeo Vizani*, an *Italian* Translator of *Apuleius's Golden Ass*. This Translator, rendering the Passage in question, says that *Apollo*, tho' a *Greek*, pronounc'd the Oracle on that Occasion in *Italian* — After which *Vizani* gives the Oracle in *Italian Verse*. — How pleasant is this, since the *Italian Language* did not arise till a vast many Centuries after this suppos'd Oracle. *Onde Apollo* (says *Vizani*) *benche fosse Greco, parlando all' hora in lingua Italiana, con rispose* See *L'Asino d'oro di Lucio Apuleio* pag. 155 In *Venetia*, 1668, 12mo There are a great many Errors in this *Italian Version*.

The

The once happy King, upon receiving this Answer, returns slowly, and with a sorrowing Heart, towards the Palace, where telling his Queen the dire Command of the sacred Oracle, they spend many Days in Sighs, in Tears, and Groans, but alas! in vain; for 'tis not in their Power to reverse the cruel Decree of impending Fate.

By this time the wretched Virgin's bridal Weeds, and her every Implement were prepar'd; already a thick Smoak obscur'd the Splendors of the hymenæal Torch: instead of the sprightly Accents of the nuptial Flute, plaintive Sounds in the *Lydian* Mood* were heard: The Marriage-Song, so far from being joyful, clos'd with dismal Howlings; and the Bride dried up the trickling Tears with her nuptial Veil†. The whole City sympathiz'd in Affliction with the Royal Family. Immediately the Tribunals of Justice, as became the general Sorrow, were shut up; and it was now absolutely necessary that the hapless *Psyche*, in Obedience to the Commands of the Oracle, should be deliver'd up to the Punishment which awaited her.

The various Rites of these gloomy Nuptials being perform'd, amid Sighs and Wailings, the Funeral of the living *Psyche*, attended in Procession by all the People, came forward||; the weeping Fair-One
going

* *There were many Moods or Measures in Music, among the Ancients: The Lydian was in a plaintive, doleful Strain: The Phrygian being soft and languishing, was suitable to religion; and the Doric, being strong and sprightly, to War. Pliny informs us, that Amphion invented the Lydian Measure, Marlyas the Phrygian, and Thamyras the Doric.*

† The Bride wore always a cherry-colour'd Veil, when she was conducted from her Father's House, to that of her Husband; a Custom which still prevails in the East. Among the Antients, Torches were carried at Weddings. If these Torches shed a dim Light, were smoaky, or went out, 'twas judged an ill Omen.

|| It has been the Practice of all Ages, for the Relations and
Friends

going, not to the Bride-groom's House, but as to her Grave. And whilst her distracted Parents, shuddering at the Thoughts of this horrid Crime †, delay the Execution of it, their Daughter endeavours to console them with these, or the like Words:

Wherefore do ye increase the Evils of old Age by your ever-trickling Tears? Why torment ye, with incessant Sobblings, your Souls, dearer to me than my own? Wherefore do unavailing Tears disfigure Faces I so highly revere? Why annoy ye my Eyes in thus hurting your own? Why tear your silver Hair? Why smite your pure, your undefiled Bosoms? Is this then the only Advantage you are to reap by my once-idoliz'd Charms? Alas! you find (how late!) that they are expos'd, as you now are, to the deadly Shafts of accursed Envy? At the Time that all Nations paid me divine Honours; when I was hail'd by their united Voice, as the new *Venus*, 'twas then you ought to have griev'd, you then should have wept over me, as tho' I had been dead. I now am sensible, I see plainly, that my assuming the Name of *Venus* has prov'd my Ruin. O conduct me to the Rock, whither I am banish'd by the Oracle, and there abandon me! I am impatient to solemnize these propitious Nuptials, and long to gaze upon my generous Bridegroom. Wherefore do I delay? Why shun him, who, form'd to be a Scourge to the Universe, is coming to meet me?--- Here the Virgin held her Peace; and advancing hastily forward, mix'd with the People, who were crouding after the sad Solemnity. Being arriv'd at

Friends of a deceas'd Person to attend his Corps to the Grave, as denoting that they must one Day follow him thither Hence these Words us'd to be spoke, at their going from the Grave. *Vale, nos te sequemur*. "Adieu, we shall follow thee" Me thinks there is a tender Decency in paying this last Duty to a deceas'd Relation or Friend, whatever the present polite, enlightned Age may practise to the contrary.

† The conducting her to the Rock.

the Summit of the Rock, standing on the high Mountain pointed out by the Oracle; *Psyche* is there abandon'd by all the weeping Attendants, who likewise leave the hymenæal Torches (now extinguished by their Tears) which had lighted them thither.

The Ceremony ended, the Mourners return'd back, with downcast Eyes, and with Looks, expressive of deep Sorrow; when the luckless Parents, bow'd down with the Weight of their Affliction, shut themselves up in their Palace, fully resolv'd there to pass the remains of Life in perpetual * Darkness.

And now the pale, the trembling *Psyche*, who stood weeping on the barren Rock, was insensibly carried aloft by the Breath of a mild Zephyr †, which, fanning her Robe, supported her, and uncover'd by Intervals her snowy Bosom ‖; and being wafted thus gently through the still Air, along the craggy Rock, the indulgent Power laid her softly down, on the flowery Turf of a Valley, situated at the Foot of the Mountain.

Psyche, now lying prostrate on a soft, grassy Couch, which sparkled with Dews, and the Tumults of her Soul being hush'd, she fell into a sweet Sleep; when Nature being sufficiently refresh'd, she rose up calm and undisturb'd, Casting her Eyes round, she

* This is a bold Figure, but it agrees with my Original, *perpetuæ noctis*

† Zephyrus, one of the Winds, suppos'd to be an Attendant on Venus and Cupid. 'Tis the West-Wind, and was called Favonius by the Latins, from fovendo, because of its reviving and cherishing Quality. It gently opens, in Spring, the Pores of the Earth which the Severity of Winter had clos'd. 'Tis the Parent of Flowers, and of the vegetable World As its Qualities are so very salutary, Apuleius justly makes it an Attendant on Venus and Cupid.

‖ Raphael has beautifully express'd, in his *Designs*, No. 6. the Attitude in which *Psyche* is supposed to lye, when carried through the Air by the Zephyr.

spies a Grove of lofty wide-spreading Trees; and in the Center of it a Fountain, clear and unfullied as Chrystal. At a little Distance from this Fountain's Fall stood a Palace, not rais'd by human Hands, but by the Skill of the Immortals.

The first Entrance spoke it the equally-magnificent and delightful Mansion of some God. The Roofs, made of Citron Wood *, and Ivory very curiously turn'd, were supported by golden Columns. The several Walls were incrusted with Plates of solid Silver, on which Animals of every Kind were wrought to the Life. Wonderful must that Man, that Demi-God, or rather Deity have been, whose exquisite Skill enabled him thus to frame the brute Creation in Silver §.

The Pavement, made wholly of precious Stones, wrought in *Mosaic* †, exhibited a vast Variety of beautiful

* The Citron and Orange Trees differ only in their Fruits and Leaves. The former was an exceedingly-lasting Tree, and for that Reason, Beams were made of it. There are two Kinds of Citron Trees; one of them bears Citrons; and the other, growing wild in *Africa*, produces none. This Wood was vastly scarce, and highly valued in *Rome*, so that none but Persons of great Wealth could purchase even Doors, Beds, or Tables of it; whence *Pliny* says, *Inter pauca nitidioris vitæ instrumenta hæc arbor est*. *Tully* had a Table of it that cost twelve hundred *French* Crowns. Hence it appears, why *Apuleius* supposes the Beams of this Palace to be made of Citron Wood.

§ *Vixani*, the *Italian* Translator, gives a bold Turn to this Part of the Period; he saying, "That the Deity in question, had transform'd, with wonderful Skill, all this massy Gold and Silver into those Animals. *Il quale (Semideo) in quegli animali haveva trasformato, con industria mirabile, le masse grandissime dell' oro, e dell' argento*, p. 161

† This is made by several very small Pieces of Glass, &c. of various Colours, dispos'd in Figures, and laid on a Ground of Stucco. The Artists imitated, with these Bits of Glass, the Tints, &c. represented in Cartoons, painted for them to copy after. *Mosaic* is exceedingly durable. Great Art is required, as well as a happy Fancy, to produce that pleasing Variety in which the Beauty and Excellency of this Work consist. Many Churches

beautiful Figures, all in their natural Colours. Happy, thrice happy those who are permitted to tread on Jewels! The other Parts of this very spacious Palace were rich and splendid beyond Imagination.

All the Walls, whose Buttresses were of massy Gold, shone by their own Effulgence; as did the several Rooms, the Porticos, the Baths ||, and every other Part of this Edifice, even when unenlightened by the Sun.

The Furniture and Ornaments of every kind corresponded to the Majesty of the Structure; so that it seem'd a celestial Mansion, built for the Reception of mighty *Jove*, who was descending, in order to converse with Mortals.

Psyche, charm'd with the View of these blissful Scenes, advances forward, and growing insensibly bolder, at last enters the Palace. She now admires the several Objects in this enchanting Abode; and visiting every Part of it, comes to a kind of Store-houses, built in a most elegant Taste, stock'd with all Things rare and costly. But what surpriz'd her most was, that this invaluable Treasure *, collected from all Parts of the Universe, should not be

Churches are still adorned with it. *Mosaic* is also made of small Bits of Marble of every Kind. The inlaid Work of the Moderns is thought to surpass the antient *Mosaic*, and is both of Wood and Stone. Some in-laid Works of the antient *Romans*, have been found in *England*. These were form'd of little Square Bricks or Tiles, and of four different Colours, blue, white, yellow and red, all which were disposed in such regular Compartments, and so artfully join'd, that the whole look'd like one Piece of smooth Marble. There were three Kinds of in-laid Work among the Antients: The first represented the Figures of Gods and Men; the second Birds and Beasts; the third Trees, Flowers, and such like.

|| The common Editions have *valvæ* (Doors) but *balneæ* (Baths) give a more pleasing Image.

* The Figure is bolder in the Original. *totius orbis thesaurus ille*. i. e. "This Treasure of the whole World."

secur'd

secur'd by Bars and Bolts, nor watch'd even by a single Person.

Whilst *Psyche* was surveying, with exquisite Pleasure, the various Objects, a Voice unembodied speaks thus : Why should you (Fair Princess) be astonish'd at the Sight of these immensely rich Objects ? You are Mistress of them all : Retire into that Chamber ; there recruit your wearied Spirits with Sleep, and whenever you think proper, use the Baths : We, whose Voices you hear, are your Servants, and will be diligent in our Attendance || ; and not only take the utmost Care of your Person, but spread your Table with the most delicious Viands.

Psyche was now sensible of the Felicity which, by the Goodness of the Deities, awaited her ; and therefore complying with the Instructions given by the Voices, she refresh'd herself, first by Sleep, and afterwards by taking the Bath.

The Fair-One now spying a Table *, and supposing it plac'd there for her Use, sat down to it without further Ceremony. Instantly a vast Variety of the most exquisite Dishes, and the richest Nectar appear'd, and yet no Creature was visible ; the whole seeming to be wafted, on the Wings of the Wind, to the Table. Hitherto no Person had come forth ; *Psyche* hearing nothing but the Sound of Voices breaking round her, as of several female Attendants †.

|| *This is not natural, as la Fontaine observes afterwards*

* The Original says, that she sat down on a semicircular Bed, near which was a Table, (probably in the same Shape) 'Tis well known that the Antients used to recline on a Kind of Beds, at their Meals. *Apuleius* calls the Table here *suggestum*. The Reader will perceive that I have translated this Passage in Conformity to our Customs

† 'Tis Attendant Voices, *voces famulas*, in the Original.

This

This delicious Repast ended, some One came in and sung, but unseen ; then another invisible Being sounded the Lyre ; after which a whole Concert of Voices warbled on her Ear ; the Musicians still concealing themselves. *Psyche* having feasted sufficiently on these various Pleasures, and the Night inviting to Repose, withdrew to Bed.

By this time 'twas the solemn Hour of Midnight, when a gentle Sound murmur'd in the Fair-One's Ear. Terrified at the deep Solitude, cheerless, and with no Mortal near her, she was justly apprehensive for her Chastity ; when her Horror increasing, she dreaded this unknown Evil more than any other she could possibly figure to herself.

And now the unknown Bridegroom was come, when laying himself down by *Psyche*, he made her his Wife ; after which, he glided away from her before Day-break. Immediately the Attendant Voices enter the hymenæal Chamber, and perform every Thing* requisite to the Circumstances of the new Bride.

Thus Matters went on for some time, till at last this Novelty becoming habitual, delighted her exceedingly, as it was natural it should ; and the Sound of these Voices cheer'd *Psyche* during the Absence of her invisible Partner.

During this Interval, Anguish and incessant Tears bow'd down her Royal Parents ; the Report of which spreading far and wide, reach'd *Psyche's* Sisters. They then left their respective Palaces, and, with heavy Hearts, advanc'd with all possible Speed towards the Dominions of their Parents, whom they long'd to see, and hop'd to comfort.

It happen'd the very Night they set out, that *Psyche* was thus address'd by her Charmer, whom

* This is very whimsical and unnatural,

she could only hear and touch : My dearest *Psyche* ! my sweetest Bride ! cruel Fate threatens thee with the most dreadful Evils. I therefore conjure thee, by our past Endearments, to guard with the utmost Vigilance against them. Thy Sisters, who are disturbed at the Report which prevails of thy Death, are set out to enquire about it, and will soon be at the Foot of this Rock. If therefore thou hearest their Wailings, I charge thee not to answer, nor once turn thine Eyes towards them. If thou neglect these Admonitions, thy Ruin, alas ! will be inevitable, and my Grief eternal. The Fair-One approv'd the Advice, and promis'd to comply exactly with it. Nevertheless, after he was fled with the Shades of Night, the luckless *Psyche* gave a Loose to Sorrow, and spent the tedious Day in Tears and Groans ; saying perpetually, that she now was compleatly wretched, since, thus immur'd in a magnificent Prison, not only all human Conversation was denied her, but she even was not permitted to console her Sisters, tho' so much griev'd upon her Account, nor even to see them.

Thus tortur'd, she took no kind of Sustenance, nor the least Recreation . She did not go into the Bath, but shedding a Flood of Tears, retur'd to Bed.

And now her Consort coming sooner than usual, laid himself down by his Charmer, and finding her weeping, clasp'd her with Extasy, and thus vented his fond Complaints : O *Psyche* ! does this agree with thy Promise ? Alas ! what farther have I, tho' thy endearing Husband, to expect or hope for from thee, since thou never ceasest thy Wailings, by Day, by Night, not even when folded in my Arms ? But e'en take thine own Course, and pursue the Bent of thine Inclinations, tho' to thy utter Ruin . However, imprint this strongly in thy Memory : Thou'lt
repent

repent *, when too late, thy not having followed my prudent Advice.

The Fair-One now has Recourse to Intreaties ; protests she would live no longer if her Request was refus'd ; so that, at last, her fond Partner gives her Leave, tho' with infinite Reluctance, to see her Sisters ; to converse with, and sooth their Sorrows. His Indulgence did not stop here ; he likewise permitting his Bride to bestow on them whatever Gifts she might think proper, whether Gold or Jewels ; warning her over and over at the same time, and conjuring her as often, not to be so far sway'd by the pernicious Counsels of her Sisters, as to attempt to get a Sight of him ; declaring, that should she gratify her sacrilegious Curiosity in this particular, she would lose her then supreme Felicity, and be torn for ever from his Embraces.

Psyche returning her Husband Thanks, was now much easier in her Mind, and said ; I had rather die a thousand Deaths than be depriv'd of your enchanting Person. I love you, whomsoever you be, to Distraction ; I idolize you as my Soul ! and would not exchange you even for *Cupid*. But O ! indulge me (I conjure you) one Request more : Command *Zephyrus*, your Attendant, to waft my Sisters hither in the same Vehicle which brought me.

Saying these Words, she imprinted on his Lips a thrilling, persuasive Kiss ; then adding the most melting Expressions, and folding him in a strict Embrace, she thus concluded : Thou sweetest of Creatures ! Thou dearest Partner ! Thou Soul of my Soul !---When her enamour'd Consort, vanquish'd by these Blandishments, yielded, tho' reluctantly, to her Requests, promising solemnly to comply with

* The Antients made a Goddess of this late and useless *Repentance*, who, they suppos'd, punish'd such Persons as neglected, or lost a good Opportunity, or had done any thing for which they might justly reproach themselves.

them : And now the Dawn approaching, he again left her Arms.

Her Sisters, having enquir'd diligently for the Rock, and the Place where *Psyche* had been abandon'd, advanc'd towards it with the utmost Speed ; and being arriv'd, they wept so bitterly, smote their Breasts in so forcible a Manner, and vented such lamentable Groans, that the adjacent Cliffs echoed the various Sounds.

And now they call'd their hapless Sister aloud ; when *Psyche*, rous'd by their piercing Cries, which winded round the Rocks, flew out of her Palace, trembling and distracted, and spoke thus to them : Wherefore do you torture yourselves with these fruitless Lamentations ? Behold her whom you deplore. Cease then your doleful Complaints, and dry your Cheeks, bedew'd with ceaseless Tears, since you now may embrace a Sister whom you have so long mourn'd.

Then calling the Zephyr, she reminds him of her Husband's Command ; when he, complying instantly with it, seats them safely in the Bosom of a gentle Breeze, and wafts them aloft. Behold them now met, welcoming one another with eager Kisses, and the fondest Embraces ; during which the Tears they before had suppress'd, burst forth again through Joy. The Fair-One now spoke thus : Come, come into my Palace : There the converse of your darling *Psyche* shall sooth all your Sorrows.

She then show'd them this immensely rich Palace, and bid them listen to the Voices of her numerous Attendants ; when the Visitants, after being refresh'd in an odoriferous Bath, were conducted to a Table cover'd with Dainties worthy of the Immortals : but after having regal'd themselves with these countless Wonders, their Breasts began to burn with Envy.

At last one of them enquir'd very earnestly about the Master of this celestial Abode, and what Sort of a Man he was. Hitherto *Psyche* had been strictly upon her Guard, firmly determin'd to obey exactly her Husband's Command, and not blab any thing which might give him the least Uneasiness; and therefore she instantly had recourse to Fiction; saying that he was a beautiful Youth, on whose Chin the Down was just beginning to appear, and who, delighting in the Chace, was ever following the Hounds over the neighbouring Hills and Dales. And for Fear she should betray, in the Heat of Conversation, her Secret; our Fair-One, after bestowing on them the most precious Gifts, such as golden Vases, and Necklaces enrich'd with Jewels, calls the Zephyr, and bids him convey her Visitants back again.

Immediately the egregious Pair, as they were travelling homewards, began to swell with the Poison of Envy; and after tatling over all they had seen and heard, one of them mutter'd thus to the other:

Fortune, thou blind, cruel and unjust Power!
Hast thou thought fit, that we, who sprung
from the same Parents with her, should meet with
so different a Fate? That we, who are her elder
Sisters, long since sold as Servants*, rather than
given

* According to *Isidor Origin* Book iv Chap 24 "One of the Ceremonies of Marriage, antiently, was this, the Husband and Wife purchas'd each other, in order that the latter might not be consider'd as a Servant" Some are of Opinion, that the Duty which Wives owe their Husbands is represented in too base and servile Colours by many Writers, not excepting Divines. The finest and most impartial Strokes I have seen on this Head, are in *Wollaston's Religion of Nature delineated*, pag 154 & seq Sect viii of *Truths concerning Families and Relations*. Several of the most celebrated among the Antients, as *Xenophon*, *Tully*, *Columella*, *Aristotle*, &c speak very much in favour of Wives. The last of them observes, that Barbari-

given as Wives, to foreign Husbands ; drove from our Houses and our native Country, should live as Exiles, far remov'd from our dear Parents ; whilst she, the youngest, whom our Mother brought forth with unusual Pain, shall be sole Mistress of such immense Treasures, and the beloved Consort of a God, tho' no ways qualified to make a proper Use of those mighty Blessings ? Did you observe (Sister) what a Profusion of precious Stones lay scatter'd up and down the Apartments of her Palace ; how splendid the Wardrobe is ; what Jewels dazzle the Eye ; and how common Gold is in this Abode, we treading every where upon it ? If therefore her Husband answers the enchanting Picture she drew of him, no Woman upon Earth can be more blest. Possibly their repeated Endearments may so increase the fondness of this Deity, that he may make her one ; from her stately Air, from her every Action, One would conclude that she thought herself such already ; and indeed it would be scarce possible for a Woman, thus attended by Voices, and who has Power over the Winds, not to entertain the most aspiring Notions, and fancy herself more than mortal : Whilst unhappy I am wedded to a Man older than my Father ; a weak, bald-pated Husband, no bigger than a Pigmy * ; a Creature so very fordid, that he secures every Part of the House with Locks and Bolts.

Alas ! (says her Sister) I am rivetted to a Husband tortur'd with the Gout ; a crooked Mortal,

and only make no Difference between their Wives and Slaves ; and indeed (says a *French* Author) that Man must be truly barbarous, who can treat with Severity a Sex who form the most lovely Part of the Creation. In how unaffected a Rapture does *Otway* break out, speaking of Women,

We had been Brutes without ye !

* The Original is, *cucurbitâ glabriorem* : (smoother, or more bald than a Gourd) which Figure I chang'd, as being quite unpleasing in *English*.

so exceedingly feeble, that he very seldom gives me due Pleasure. My Slavery is so great, that I am perpetually chafing his knotty Fingers ; or burning these tender Hands of mine with his filthy Rags, his fetid Plaisters, or rank Poultrices. I consequently don't perform the Office of an obsequious Wife, but that of an indefatigable Surgeon ||. You, my Sister, may submit (for I will speak my Sentiments undisguis'd) to such shocking Things, with a patient, or rather groveling Mind ; but as to myself, I can no longer bear the Thoughts, of seeing so worthless a Wretch as our *Psyche* exalted thus extravagantly. Recollect the Airs she assum'd, when we were with her, and how haughtily she betray'd the Pride of her Soul. Remember how trifling a Part of her Riches (which were display'd with the utmost Ostentation) she threw us, and that with reluctance ; and how scornfully she immediately commanded us to be dismiss'd her Presence, and waded back by the hissing * Zephyr, and that, truly, because Madam was grown sick of our Company. But as I live, as I am a Woman, this Minx shall soon be hui'd from all her Splendors ! Now (Sister) if these Outrages affect you (and surely they ought to do so) as strongly as me, we'll instantly lay our Heads together, and consider what is to be done.

In the first place, let us not show these Gifts to any One, not even to our Parents ; nor take the least Notice of our being certain that *Psyche* is still living. 'Tis enough we have seen what is so very hateful to our Eyes ; and therefore it would be silly

|| I have translated my Original exactly here, tho' it makes so loathsome a Picture ; in order that I might not vary from the cast and manner of *Apuleius's* Style

* The *Latin* is *exsibilare*, to be whistled or hiss'd at ; a Verb which has a fine Effect on this Occasion, it representing the Zephyr hissing with the utmost Contempt at *Psyche*, as he was wafting her through the Air.

in us to trumpet forth to our Parents, and the whole World, the great Felicity she enjoys. Those Persons are not happy whose Riches are only known to themselves * ; and *Psyche* shall find, to her Cost, that we are not her Servants but her elder Sisters. Let us then return to our Husbands, and revisit our poor, but decent Abodes , whence, after having reflected more maturely on this Affair, we shall return better enabled to revenge the Insult, and mortify the Creature's Vanity.

This abominable Resolution was approv'd of by both these wicked Women , when, hiding the various rich Gifts which had been bestow'd upon them, they enter'd the Palace of their Parents † ; tearing their dishevel'd Hair, scratching (deserv'dly) their Faces, and calling up fictitious Tears. Then leaving their Parents abruptly, after waking their former Sorrows, and being swell'd with Fury, they return to their respective Homes, meditating, against their innocent Sister, not merely a Fraud, but a detestable Parricide.

During this Interval, the Fair-One's unknown Spouse thus repeated his nocturnal Admonitions : Perceivest thou not (dearest *Psyche* !) the Storm that Fate threatens thee with ; which, tho' now at a Distance, will soon rush forward and overwhelm thee, unless thou keep the strictest Guard Those deceitful Wolves, thy Sisters, are closely and wickedly plotting thy Ruin ; they being determin'd to persuade thee, to view my Face ; which, if thou once seest (as I have frequently told thee) thou, alas ! must never behold it more. When therefore these

* A false Assertion, tho' the Practice of the World would almost make one conclude it true ; Ostentation and Vanity being the Springs of numberless Actions. *Seneca* abounds with the noblest Reflexions on this Head.

† These Words are not in my Original, but I judg'd them necessary to compleat the Sense.

detestable Hags come again (and come they will) don't enter into Discourse with them. However, if the native Sweetness of thy Temper will not suffer thee to put this Restraint upon thyself, at least mention not a Word, nor listen to any thing they may say concerning me. For know that our Family will shortly be increas'd, thou being pregnant (enchanting *Psyche*!) with a Boy, who, if thou spread the Veil of Silence over our Secrets, will be a Deity; but mortal, in case thou ever reveal them

This News gave fresh Lustre to *Psyche*'s Charms. She was all Rapture at the Thoughts of her celestial Burthen; and of the Glory which her giving Birth to an Immortal, would throw round her. The honourable Name of Mother sounds sweetly in her Ear, so that she now carefully computes the sliding Days and Months; and being utterly unskill'd in these Matters, admires her dawning Protuberance; amaz'd that it should owe its Origin to so minute a Particle *.

But whilst these Pests of Women, these hideous Furies, breathing a Poison like that of Vipers †, and fir'd with the most impious Resolution, are sailing swiftly towards *Psyche*'s Abode, her momentary Husband again exhorts her thus.

The last sad Day, the worst of Evils are at hand! for lo! two of the Sex by whom thou art so much hated, even thine own wicked Sisters, after taking up Arms, and marching forth against thee; are preparing for Battle, and now || sound the Charge. Methinks I see their naked Daggers pointed at thy Throat. Alas! my dearest, sweetest *Psyche*, how great a Train of Calamities threaten us! Have therefore Pity on thyself, and on me: O save, by

* This Phrase (*de brevi pauceulo tantum vicenertulum locupletis utri*) might have been render'd otherwise

† Vipers communicate Poison by their Bite, not by their Breath.

|| This seems to border very much upon Fustian

observing an inviolable Silence, thy House, thy Husband, thyself, and the future Pledge of our Love ! nor once look at, nor listen to those detestable Women, when they shall come up, Syren-like, to this Rock * ; and fill the neighbouring Vallies with their baleful Cries : to those Wretches who are no longer worthy of being called thy Sisters, after having display'd thus flagrantly their Hatred, and trampled on all the endearing Ties of Blood.

Here *Psyche*, whose Words were interrupted by Sighs and Tears, replied as follows : Methinks I have already given thee sufficient Testimonies of my Faith and Taciturnity ; and yet thou shalt have one farther Proof of my Strength of Mind : Do but command our Zephyr to perform his wonted Office ; and permit me, since I am denied the Sight of thy divine Form, to behold my Sisters once more : Indulge me this Request, I conjure thee ; by the ambrosial Locks which wave so gracefully down thy

* These were feign'd by the Poets, to be the Daughters of the River *Achelous* and the Musc *Terpsichore*, tho' others say of *Calliope* and *Melpomene*. They were related to be Sea-monsters, their upper Part resembling a Woman, and their lower a Fish, and 'tis said that they, by their enchanting Harmony, us'd to draw Mariners to them, whom they afterwards devour'd. *Homer* reckons only two Syrens, but others speak of five. They are fix'd by Authors in different Places. Some suppose them to have Wings, the Colours of which were exquisitely beautiful. *Clau-dian* is more particular in his Description of them, he declaring, that they were Monsters who liv'd on harmonious Rocks, against which Mariners delighted to run aground, and that these afterwards expir'd in the midst of enchanting Pleasures. In all Probability the literal Explication of the Fable is this. The Syrens were certain artful Cartezans, who inhabiting trading Places, which those Parts of *Sicily* and *Italy* where they are plac'd, have always been, us'd to wreck the Fortunes of such Merchants as came ashore, by the Delights in which they immers'd them ; and devour'd, as it were, these Men, by making them riot away their Substance. Some Writers assert, that the Syrens were only certain Straits in the Ocean, into which all such Ships as approach'd too near, were dragg'd by the Impetuosity of the Waves

Should

Shoulders ; by thy soft, round Cheeks, resembling mine ; and by thy Bosom glowing with I know not what delicious Ardours. Thus may I see thy enchanting Image reflected in the Child I now bear. Be propitious, I beseech thee, to my earnest, my humble Prayer . Grant me the sweet Consolation of embracing my dear Sisters ; and sooth the Pangs of thy dear, distracted, devoted *Psyche*. I no longer am impatient to view thy Face , nor uneasy that the Shades of Night conceal it from me, since thus folded in the Arms of him who is the Light of my Eyes, my Sun.

Her Husband, charm'd by these melting Expressions and endearing Embraces, dry'd the Fair-One's trickling Tears with his flowing Hair ; when promising to comply with her Request, he instantly left her, as the Day-break was approaching.

And now the two plotting Sisters leap out of the Ship, and advance with surprizing Haste (without visiting their Parents) towards the Rock, where, not waiting for the wafting Zephyr, they dart boldly from the Summit to which they had climb'd ; when *Zephyrus*, mindful of his Sovereign's Command, enwraps them in a Breeze, and conveying them, tho' very reluctantly, through the Air, sets them down near *Psyche's* Palace. They then rush boldly into it ; when clasping their destin'd Prey, calling her fallaciouſly beloved Sister ; and concealing, beneath the Disguise of borrow'd Smiles, the traiterous Designs which lay lurking in the Recesses of their Hearts, they address her in the soothing Words following

Psyche ! you are no longer the mere Girl you lately was, but will soon be a Mother *. What Blessings has that Womb of yours in Store for us !

* The Original says, " You are already a Mother." *Ipsa jam mater es*

How delighted will our whole Family be upon that Account ? and with what Joy shall we see this Babe brought up, whose Beauty, if it equals that of his Parents, (as surely it must) will be a second *Cupid*

By these, and such like insidious Demonstrations of Affection, they win, insensibly, their Sister's unguarded Heart. And now, after sitting some time, (at *Psyche's* Request) in order to ease their wearied Limbs, and refreshing themselves in a tepid Bath *, she regales them in the most magnificent Manner, with her usual ambrosial Dainties †. *Psyche* then commanding the Lyre to sound, the Flutes to warble, and the Voices and Instruments to join in Chorus, she is obey'd : Immediately the most ravishing Harmony is heard, the Musicians still continuing

* The frequenting of Baths was an excessive Pleasure to the Antients, and no kind of Buildings (the Temples excepted) were more costly and sumptuous. This Custom, with most of the antient ones, still continues in the East. All rich Persons have private Baths, and there are public ones for the common People. The Men go to some in the Morning, and the Women in the Afternoon. There are others which the Men and Women visit separately every other Day ; and a third sort which are for the Women only. Women attend in the last mention'd, and 'tis Death for a Man to be found in them when the other Sex are met. Most Persons bathe almost daily, at least twice a Week. A Woman whose Husband should not give her Money to frequent the Bath twice a-week, might lawfully sue for a Divorce.

As the Women in these Countries have only this Opportunity of going abroad, 'twill be suppos'd that they seldom fail to make Use of it, and that odd Scenes frequently happen in these Places. This Custom of bathing preserves the Easterns from a great Number of Diseases ; but then the too frequent Use of the Bath enervates them, and all Distempers of the epidemical kind spread the more easily, by Means of these public Baths, which is one Reason why the Plague continues so long in the East.

† The *Latin* is *Tucetis*, which some take to be a thick kind of Sauce or Seasoning, or a Piece of Beef or Pork long kept in it. 'Twas doubtless a great Dainty, for which Reason I substituted the Adjective *ambrosial*

invisible *: Yet could not the deliciously-melting Sounds soften the savage Minds of these wicked Hags, who turning their Discourse to the cruel, fallacious Design so long meditated by them, began, very artfully, to enquire concerning her Husband, and his Extraction.

The innocent *Psyche*, quite forgetting what she before had told her Sisters, invents a new Fiction; affirming, that her Husband, a vastly rich Merchant of an adjacent Province, was a middle-ag'd Man, and that some of his Hairs were silver'd over by Time. After hurrying over these Particulars, she again loaded them with costly Presents, and return'd them to the aerial Vehicle.

But whilst the Sisters were carrying aloft by the gently-blowing Zephyr, they thus mutter to one another in their Way homeward —What shall we think (Sister) of the monstrous Falstity which the foolish *Psyche* told us? She declar'd, at our first Visit, that her Husband is a Youth on whose Chin the Down was but just springing; whereas, to day, he is of a middle-age, and some of his Hairs are turn'd grey. But what Being is this, who, in so very short a Space, can have chang'd from Youth to old Age? You'll find (Sister) either that this abominable Woman has forg'd an Untruth, or that she herself never saw her Husband's Face. But however this be, we must hasten her Ruin, and hurl her immediately from all her Splendors. In case she has not yet seen her Husband, he must be some

* A French Commentator has the following idle Note on this Passage “ 'Tis related that *Numa Pompilius*, second King of *Rome*, gave an Entertainment, at which Servants attended, who were invisible to the Guests” One would imagine, that the Commentator intended hereby to enforce the Reality of *Psyche*'s invisible Musicians. The only Way to suppose this Story relating to *Numa Pompilius* true, wou'd be to conclude, that the Guests invited to the Entertainment in question were blind.

God, and she now is pregnant with an Immortal. But should she bring forth a Deity (which Heaven forbid!) I shall instantly take a Rope and hang myself. Let us therefore return first to our Parents; and forge, by the Way, some artful Story, of a piece with what we were now talking about.

Thus inflam'd, they went and just call'd very pertly on their Parents, whom they wak'd from the frightful Dreams which had tortur'd them the Night before *; and then running early in the Morning to the Rock, they descended swiftly by help of the officious Zephyr. After which, rubbing their Eyes till fictitious Tears started forth, they address'd these insidious Words to the Fair-One.

Thou fanciest thyself happy, which must be owing to thy Ignorance of the Evils that threaten thee, and concerning which thou dost not make the least Enquiry, but we, whose Thoughts, by Day, by Night, are fix'd on thee, grieve to the Soul when we reflect on thy various Calamities, We, alas! know for certain, that a monstrous Serpent, whose hinder-parts wreath in a horrid Variety of Folds, whose Chest is clotted over with deadly Poison, and whose Jaws stretch horribly wide, enjoys thee secretly every Night †. Sympathizing so strongly
with

* This Passage may also be translated thus *And passing, in the Night, through the Guards who were posted there Nocte turbatus vigilis percit-e.*

† This puts one in mind of the two Serpents who came from *Tenedos*, and kill'd *Laocoon* and his two Sons, as describ'd in the second *Æneid*.

“ When, dreadful to behold, from Sea we spy’d	}
“ Two Serpents, rank’d abreast, the Seas divide,	
“ And smoothly sweep along the swelling Tide.	
“ Their flaming Crests above the Waves they show,	
“ Their Bellies seem to burn the Seas below	
“ Their speckled Tails advance to steer their Course,	
“ And on the sounding Shore the flying Billows force;	
	And

with thee, as we do, in all thy Sorrows, we could not conceal this Matter from thee. Now call to mind the *Pythian* * Oracle, which commanded thee to be given in Marriage to a cruel Monster. Besides, many Peasants who hunt in this Forest, and

“ And now the Strand, and now the Plain they held,
 “ Their ardent Eyes with bloody Streaks were fill’d :
 “ Their nimble Tongues they brandish’d as they came,
 “ And lick’d their hissing Jaws, that sputter’d Flame

DRYDEN.

It may not be displeasing to the Reader, to compare the above Version with that made by another Translator, who has rendred some Books of the *Æneid* with uncommon Beauty and Spirit

“ When lo ! from *Tenedos*, a-cross the Bay,
 “ With Orbs immense two Serpents bend their Way :
 “ (Horrid to tell !) the briny Surge they brush,
 “ And tow’rds the Shore with equal Ardour rush
 “ With speckled Breasts, and Chests bedropt with Blood,
 “ They ride erect above the parted Flood .
 “ Their other Parts the Ocean sweep behind,
 “ And their curv’d Backs in Folds enormous wind .
 “ Foams the lash’d Deep. And now the Strand they gain’d,
 “ Their fiery Eyes with bloody Streaks distan’d,
 “ Their hissing Jaws they lick, and dart their Tongue

Dr THEOBALD.

* *Pythius* is one of the Names of *Apollo*, so call’d from his killing the Serpent *Python*. The latter Name is from the Greek Word *πύθω*, signifying Putrefaction, that Serpent being suppos’d to spring from the Waters which stagnated upon the Earth, after the Flood. *Apollo* and the Sun were often taken, by the Heathens, for the same Deity ; his Rays, like so many Arrows, drying up the stinking Waters abovemention’d, and thus killing that monstrous Serpent. This Victory gave Rise to the *Pythian* Games, in honour of *Apollo*, on which Occasion the Victors were crown’d with Oak-Boughs. The historical Explanation of the above Fable is, according to *Strabo*, that *Python* being a famous Robber, was killed by the *Egyptian Apollo*, Protector of the City of *Athens*. *Cicero*, says, that there were four *Apollas*. The Priestess who pronounced the Oracle of *Apollo*, was called *Pythia*, as likewise the Games instituted in his Honour.

other

other Persons in its Neighbourhood, saw him returning in the Evening, with Forage, and swimming in a River hard by. These all declare, that the now officious Monster will not pamper thee much longer with Dainties ; but will devour thee, the Instant thy approaching Delivery shows, that the delicious Morfel he longs for is ripe for his Purpose. Consider therefore, whether thou hadst best give Credit to Sisters who are anxious for thy Welfare ; and by thus escaping Death, spend thy Life securely with them ; or rather make the Belly of a most cruel wild Beast thy Sepulchre. But if thou chusest, after all, to inhabit this vocal, * rural Solitude , if thou canst still be charm'd with the fetid, the deadly secret Embraces of a venomous Serpent, e'en take thy own Course. 'Tis our Consolation, however, that we have done our Duty, and behav'd as became endearing Sisters.

The unexperienc'd, ill-fated *Psyche*, whose Heart was all Softness, being seiz'd with a Panic at these baleful Words, was out of her Senses, so that, forgetting all the Counsel which her fond Partner had given her, and the solemn Promises made him, she plung'd into an Abyss of Misery, when, pale and trembling, she thus address'd them, in broken, dying Accents — You, my dearest Sisters, have ever given me the strongest Testimonies of your Affection. Those who told you the Particulars I just now heard, don't seem, to me, to have invented them. To say the Truth, my Husband has never permitted me once to see his Face, nor to know who he is. He only lets me hear, imperfectly, his Voice in the Night, and flies from my Embraces before the Day-spring, whence I am persuaded, with you, that he is some Monster ; for surely none but such would employ the most dreadful Menaces ; and de-

* *Rarus haec vox et solitudo* Where Voices are heard, and no Persons seen

clare that inevitable Ruin will be my Lot, should I attempt to behold his Face If therefore you can any ways aid your afflicted Sister, and shield her from Danger, now is the Time ; otherwise, all your former, fond Care will have been to no Purpose *

And now these artful Miscreants, finding that their Sister had reveal'd her whole Soul to them, had no longer recourse to covert Words and Stratagems ; but resolving to seize it openly, they level the collected Force of their destructive Artillery at † the trembling, unguarded Fair-One ; when One of them began thus.

Since the Ties of Blood enjoin us to condemn Perils of every kind, when thy Safety is concern'd ; we'll point out to thee the only Method (the Result of long Meditation) which can save thee from Destruction. Carefully hide, in that Part of the Bed where thou reposest ‡, a Sword, whose Edge may be as sharp as the Whetstone can make it. Get likewise ready a fit Lamp, which, after 'tis fill'd with Oil, and shines clear and bright, cover it so that it may stand unseen || Having conceal'd, with

* In the Original this is a general, moral Reflection, *incuria sequens prioris providentiæ beneficia corrumpit*, and may be thus translated *Present Negligence destroys all the Merit of former Care*

† The Original signifies, *leaving the secret Recesses of their covert Artifices, and unsheathing the Swords of their Frauds* - " *Omissis testæ machinæ latibulis, districtus gladius fraudum* " It was necessary for me to change these Figures

‡ 'Tis in the Original, " a Razor, ' *No-vaculam*, which I would have translated *Pomard*, did not the Sisters afterwards advise *Psyche* to strike off the suppos'd Monster's Head at once with it ; which speaks it an Instrument of a larger Size than a Pomard, and in the Bayonet Form, as a *French* Translator observes

|| 'Tis in the Original, *subde aliquo claudentis aulæ tegmine*, i. e. " Hide it under a Pot," which Version I imagin'd would not be graceful in *English* An *Italian* Translator of *Apuleius* has hit upon the true Sense of this Passage, he rendering *aula*, " *pentola*, a Pot," which it signifies, according to the Dauphin Commentator,

with the utmost Precaution, these several Instruments ; after that the Monster, winding his dreadful Folds, shall have ascended his Bed, and be stretched out upon it ; the Instant thou hearest, by his Snoring, that he is plung'd in a deep Sleep, rise up gently ; steal bare-footed and on Tip-toes to the Lamp ; when taking it from its Prison, return as softly with it Then snatch the Opportunity which the Light will offer thee, of atchieving this glorious Exploit : Lift up thine Arm courageously ; and, with one mighty Stroke of the two-edg'd Sword, sever the Head of the destructive Serpent from its Body. Be assured that our Aid shall not be wanting ; but the Moment thou hast secur'd thine own Life, by depriving the Monster of his, We, ever solicitous for thy Welfare, will be waiting impatiently for thee. Then, after plundering this Palace of its invaluable Treasures, we'll soon marry thee to One of thine own Species ; to a Man who may be worthy of thy Love.

Having thus fir'd their Sister's Mind, which was but too much inflam'd before ; and dreading the Punishment their Consciences told them they merited, for the horrid Counsel given by them, they left *Psyche*, when being convey'd, in the usual aerial Vehicle, to the Rock, they quitted it with the swiftest Speed, and return'd on board their Ships.

Psyche being left alone, (if that Person can be said to be so, whose Mind is upon the Rack) is tost, by the Violence of her Grief, like the raging

Commentator, who quotes *Plautus's Aulularia* on that Occasion, where we find *aula* in this Sense, *aulam onustam auri*. But a French Translator of *Apuleius* has quite mistaken the Meaning of this Substantive, when he says, *mets — sous quelque tapis, une petite lampe* ; he translating *aula* “ a Carpet ;” and thereby supposes the Lamp to be put under one, which does not seem so natural as the setting it under a Pot The French Translator afterwards has a Note concerning the first Inventors of Tapestry, &c. all which is consequently foreign to his Purpose.

Billows * ; and tho' she, just before, was obstinately resolv'd to perpetrate the wicked Deed, she now is distracted by Doubts, and knows not what Course to take, in order to extricate herself from this horrid Dilemma. She hastens, she delays ; she dares, she trembles ; she sinks, she rages , in a Word, she hates the Monster and idolizes the Husband in the same Object. Nevertheless, the Evening approaching, she prepares, with tumultuous Precipitation, the Instruments necessary for the execrable Deed. Lo ! Night is come, and along with it her Husband, who, after his usual endearing Caresses, sinks into a deep Sleep.

Psyche, tho' sick both in Body and Mind, yet urg'd on by cruel Fate, is suddenly endued with unusual Strength ; when taking forth the Lamp, and snatching up the Sword, she seems to have chang'd her Sex, so great is her Courage. But now the Splendors revealing the mysterious Secrets of the bridal Bed, she beholds the kindest, the gentlest of Animals ; she sees *Cupid* himself, that beautiful Deity, sweetly reclin'd. At this Sight the Lamp shot forth a brighter Radiance, and the Sword recoil'd, as afraid to wound this Epitome of all Beauty †. But *Psyche*, amaz'd at so ravishing a Spectacle, quite

* The Original is, " tortur'd by the cruel Furies " *Infestis furis agitata*. The Poets suppos'd three Furies, *Alecto*, *Megæra*, and *Tisiphone*. *Pausanias* informs us, that they had a Temple near the *Areopagus* in *Athens*, where they were call'd the severe Goddesses. Their Priests were chosen from among the *Areopagitæ* ; Statues of the Furies being set up near the Tribunal of those *Athenian* Judges. The Furies were not represented any ways frightful ; and 'twas *Æschylus*, according to *Pausanias*, who first ascrib'd Serpents to those Deities, who were said to take Vengeance for Crimes committed on Earth or in Hell.

† 'Tis in the Original, *cujus aspectu lucernæ quoque lumen hilaratum increbuit, & acumini sacrilegi novaculam pœnitebat*, i. e. (almost literally) " whose Sight delighting the Splendors of
" the

quite lost to Reason, her Cheeks overspread with a deadly pale, and trembling in every Limb, sinks backwards. She then endeavours to hide the Sword, but in her own Bosom; and would certainly have sheath'd it there, had not the fatal Instrument § dropt from her rash Hand.

Psyche now weary, and half dead with Surprise, begins to recover her Spirits, by surveying the Beauties of his divine Face. She sees his delightful, golden Hair, perfum'd with Ambrosia ||; his snowy Neck and rosy Cheeks, o'er which the Ringlets play'd * gracefully; some flowing down his Back, whilst others wanton'd o'er his Bosom, and spread such an Effulgence as dazzled, and half eclips'd the Luminary she held. Snowy Pinions, glittering like Moon-beams, shaded the Shoulders of the flying Deity †; and tho' his Wings were motionless, yet the soft and tender Down of his Feathers heav'd with a delightful, lascivious Flutter. The rest of his Form was so soft, so graceful, that *Venus* might justly be proud of having given Birth to such a Son. At the Foot of the Bed lay his Bow, his Arrows, and Quiver; the propitious Arms of this potent

“ the Lamp, made it shine still brighter, and the Knife was sorry that its sacrilegious Point was so sharp ” I thought these Figures too bold, and therefore ventur'd to alter them in the *English*. I myself may possibly have ventur'd too far.

§ The Original is as follows, *Nisi ferrum, timore tanti flagiti, manibus temerarius claspum evolâisset.* i. e. “ Had not the Sword, frighted at this horrid Deed, fell from her rash Hands, and fled away ” I omitted the strongest Part of this Figure, as being express'd in my Version above.

|| The Original is, *Cæsariæm Ambrosiâ temulentam.* “ His Head of Hair drunk with Ambrosia; ” that is, wetted or anointed with it. Ambrosia was supposed to be the Food of the Deities, as Nectar was their Drink.

† I have ventur'd to add this Figure

* In the Drawing which *Raphael* has given of this Incident, that great Painter has represented *Cupid* with short Hair, reaching but just to his Ears.

Deity ;

Deity; all which the curious *Psyche* gaz'd upon, admir'd and handled, with inexpressible Curiosity and Pleasure. Afterwards drawing forth one of the Shafts from the Quiver, and trying its Point upon her Thumb, she gave so strong a Thrust (her Hand trembling) that small Drops of the brightest crimson Blood started from the Wound. Thus *Psyche*, spontaneously, tho' unknowingly, fell in Love with Love himself *. She now had so burning a Desire to possess the God, that laying herself fondly by him, she, with expanded Lips, imprinted ten thousand melting † Kisses, tho' afraid, at the same time, of awaking him.

But now, whilst she is sweetly distracted with the Excess of Pleasure that thrill'd her Veins, the Luminary, whether from the blackest Perfidy, or out of the most cruel Envy, whether it long'd to touch, and kiss, as it were ‖, so lovely a Form, spurted, from the Summit of its Wick, a Drop of scalding Oil on the right Shoulder of the Deity.-- But how couldest thou, too rash, too audacious Lamp; thou shameful Attendant on Love, dare to burn the God who fires all animated Beings! thou whom some Lover first invented, to lengthen, even by

* There is a play in the *Latin* Words, which is not so happy in *English*; *Amor* signifying in *Latin* both *Cupid* and the Passion of Love. This turn is equally beautiful in *French* *Elle prit de l'amour pour l'Amour même*. All Languages have their peculiar Beauties.

† In the Original 'tis *patulis ac petulantibus savus festinanter ingessit*, that is, "giving him unnumber'd eager, wanton Kisses, "with expanded Lips." But I thought it more natural to imagine them soft, as 'tis afterwards said that she was afraid of waking him, *de somni mensurâ metuebat*; tho' indeed 'tis more just to suppose, that her Kisses were exceedingly warm on that Occasion.

‖ The ascribing this Sensation to a Lamp, or Luminary, will probably be thought, by some, too bold a Figure.

Night, the exquisite Delight he felt in gazing on the Charms of his Fair-One *.

The God, at this pungent Smart, started from his Slumbers, when, perceiving that his most unhappy Wife had violated her solemn Promise, he spread his Pinions, and was going to fly § silently from her, but *Psyche*, seizing that Instant his right Leg with both her Hands, was carried aloft by the God (a Sight that must have wak'd the deepest Compassion) and wafted thro' the Clouds ||, from whence, being quite spent, she fell upon the Earth. However, the amorous Deity, her Lover, did not care to abandon her thus extended on the Ground; but flying to a neighbouring Cypress-Tree †, he, from its lofty Top, thus spoke to her, in a very angry Tone of Voice.

I, (too credulous *Psyche*) forgetting the Commands of my Mother *Venus*, who had enjoin'd me to fire thee with a Passion for some Wretch, the outcast of his Species; and afterwards to doom thee to be join'd in Wedlock with him, became thy Suitor. I own that this Conduct of mine was highly imprudent, since that I myself, tho' so renown'd and expert an Archer, was wounded by my

* Fine Thought

§ The Original says absolutely, "That he did fly silently from her." *Tactus arolavit*; which however is contradicted by the Sequel, and for that Reason, I alter'd the Expression in my Version

|| This is describ'd, in the Original, in Words which border very much on Fustian, if not quite such *Sublimis evectiōnis appendix miseranda, & per nubilas plagas penduli comitatū. extrema consequua*

† This was one of the Trees consecrated to the *Men* and Death. Boughs of it were set up in *Rome*, at the Doors of those Houses in which were one or more dead Persons, in order that those punished, (the Pontiffs for Instance) might not be polluted by entering them. The Leaves of the Cypress Tree are ever-green. Its Wood is fragrant, and never rots, as some say, for which Reason, the Antients us'd to make Statues of it, as that of *Jupiter* in the *Capitol*.

own Shafts, and made thee my Bride . But to what Purpose ? only that thou, imagining me some wild Beast, mightest strike off my Head, wherein are fix'd those Eyes which delight so much in thee. Such are the Evils I so often warn'd thee, in the most tender, the fondest Terms, to guard against. But those excellent Female-Counsellors of thine, shall soon receive the Chastisement due to their wicked Counsel. As to thyself, I will punish thee only by flying from thee ---Saying these Words, he took his Flight towards the Skies

Now *Psyche*, lying on the Ground, her Soul tortur'd by the sharpest Anguish, pursued as far as she could, her fugitive Husband with her Eyes : But after that his strong Pinions had carried him so high, that he was quite invisible, she hasted to the Banks of an adjacent River, and plung'd headlong into it. However, the gentle Flood, out of reverence to the Deity who fires * even the Waters ; and being himself seiz'd with Fear, instantly supported her on his smoothest Billows, and soon wafted her to the verdant Margin †.

It happen'd that *Pan* §, the rural God, was seated

* That is, who enflames the Breasts of the Sea-Gods, the River-Gods, the Nereids, the Naiads, &c

† In my Original, *supercilium amnis*, the Brow, or Eye-brow of the Stream

§ Suppos'd by the Antients to be the God of Shepherds. 'Tis not well determin'd who were his Parents . *Herodotus* declaring him to be the Son of *Mercury* and *Penelope* ; *Epimenides*, that *Pan* and *Arcas* were Twins, sprung from *Jupiter* and *Calisto* According to *Orpheus*, *Pan* was universal Nature. He was painted in a Manner representing it, as his Name implies. His Horns were typical of the Sun's Rays, and of the new Moon ; his Flute, with seven Reeds, of the Harmony of the seven Planets , his Feet and the Hair with which he was cover'd, of the various Vegetables, &c that stock the Earth . He was rank'd among the eight chief Deities of the *Egyptians*, and had in singular Veneration in a City, and Province of *Egypt*, where he was worshipp'd under the Figure of a Goat. When this sacred

seated fast by the Stream †, embracing the Nymph *Syrinx* †, and fondly teaching her to warble every kind of Harmony. Near the Banks, his Goats, scatter'd up and down, wantonly browz'd the tender Grass *. The shaggy ¶ Deity, not being quite a Stranger to the Calamities of the afflicted Fair-One, who was so weak, so grievously oppress'd, that she could scarce stand, call'd her mildly to him, and sooth'd, by the following kind Expressions, the Tumults of her Soul.

My charming Maid! I, tho' a Shepherd and a Forester, have, by living a long Course of Years, gain'd not a little Experience. If I am right in my Conjectures, (and those the Wise consider as Divination) your random, and frequently-tottering Steps; your deadly-wan Cheeks, your perpetual Sighs, and your mournful, weeping Eyes, speak you the sad

Goat died, the whole Province went into Mourning. The *Lupercalia* were instituted by *Lycaon* King of *Arcadia*, near a Temple of *Pan*, and 'tis said that *Evander* the *Arcadian*, first brought into *Italy* the Custom of celebrating the Sports of the *Lupercalia*, in honour of *Pan*; on which Occasion his Worshippers us'd to run about naked, in Imitation of that Deity, who ran in that Manner after his Flocks. *Pan* and *Faunus* were the same Deity. From *Pan* is borrow'd the Expression *Panic* Fear. *Pan* is represented in the Form of a Satyr.

† *Syrinx*, Daughter of the River *Ladon* in *Arcadia*, was lov'd by *Pan*, she despising and flying from him, was pursued by the God; and the Instant he was going to seize her, upon the Banks of the *Ladon*, she was chang'd into a Reed. The Air, which was agitated by the Moan of the rural God, gliding into some of the Reeds near that Place, form'd a musical Sound; which *Pan* attending to, consider'd this as a Kind of Conversation with his Fair-One. Taking the Hint, he cut some of the Reeds; and, after various Trials, at last form'd a musical Instrument, with whose Sounds he endeavour'd to console himself for his Loss. Such is the poetical Fiction.

* The Original is, *comam fluxu tordentes capellæ*, i. e. "The Goats, shearing or cutting the verdant Hair of this River," a strange Metaphor in *English*.

¶ 'Tis, in the *Latin*, *hircosus Deus*: "The goatish God;" he being drawn with the Horns and Hoofs of a Goat.

Victim

Victim of Love. But listen to me : Attempt not to destroy yourself, either by leaping headlong from a Precipice, or by any other spontaneous Death ; dry your Tears, suppress your Groans, and rather endeavour to appease, by Prayers, the most powerful of the Immortals, the God *Cupid*, who, as he is young, gentle, and wanton, is soonest won by tender, soothing Addresses. The propitious Sylvan Deity having ended, *Psyche*, after paying him due Adoration, pursued her Journey without answering a Word.

Psyche, after wandering, with painful Steps, down a Path which was quite unknown to her, soon came to a certain City, wherein the Husband of one of her Sisters reign'd

The Fair-One hearing this, desir'd that her Sister might be inform'd of her Arrival. Being immediately introduc'd, they saluted and embrac'd with Fondness ; when her Sister, enquiring the Motive of her coming, *Psyche* replied thus.

You cannot have forgot the Counsel you gave me, to slay with the two-edged Sword, the Monster who, under the simulated Name of Husband, shar'd my Bed, in order to prevent my falling a sad Victim to his voracious Appetite. But the Instant I beheld his Face, by holding up the conscious Lamp (as had been agreed upon between us) Gods ! how enchanting, how divine was the Spectacle ! I saw the Son of the Goddess *Venus*, I saw *Cupid* himself sweetly sleeping. But whilst that struck with fond Amaze, and overpower'd with the mighty Rapture, I thereby, was rendred incapable of satisfying my burning Wishes ; a Drop of the scalding Oil spurted (O how unfortunately !) from the Lamp, upon his Shoulder. And now *Cupid*, awak'd suddenly by the Pain, started, when seeing me arm'd with Fire * and Sword :—Inhuman Creature

* The Lamp.

(says he) to attempt so cruel a Deed ! Since such is thy Guilt, begone,---from my Bed,---fly for ever my Presence ;---my Wife no more.---*. I will immediately espouse † thy Sister (on which Occasion he nam'd you ;) and saying this, he instantly commanded the Zephyr to drive me, with his strongest Blasts, out of his Palace:

Psyche had scarce done speaking, when her Sister, fir'd with mad Lust and dire Envy, has recourse to Falshood, she assuring her Husband, that it was buzz'd about her Parents were dead. She then went instantly on board a Ship ; afterwards hasted to the Rock ; and tho' a Wind different from *Zephyrus* blew at that time, yet, being flush'd with groundless Hopes, she sprung forward from the airy Summit, with the utmost Precipitation, crying, receive, (O *Cupid* !) a Bride who is worthy of thy Embraces, and thou (*Zephyrus*) take thy Mistress ! However, she did not reach, even when dead, the wish'd for Place ; her Limbs being torn to Pieces, in the Fall, by the Points of the craggy Cliffs ; when her Bowels burling forth, they became the deserv'd Prey of Vultures, and ravenous Beasts.

The other did not long continue unpunish'd, for *Psyche*, after roving, she knew not whither, came to another City, inhabited, in like manner, by

* The Latin is ; *Tibi que res tuas habeto* ; Word for Word .
“ Take away whatever belongs to thee ” the Form of Words pronounc'd, among the Romans, at Divorces

† In some MSS 'tis, *Jam mihi conferreatus ruptus conjugabo* .
Alluding to the Bride-Cake eaten (among the Romans) by the Bride and Bridegroom.

‡ In the Drawing which Raphael has left us of this Incident, (No. 15.) he has departed from Apuleius, Raphael bringing the two Sisters, with *Psyche* ; and supposing that she deceiv'd them, waken together ; and that they afterwards went and threw themselves, headlong, from the Rock, on which *Asion* he represents them : But this, I presume, is not so natural as what we are told by Apuleius, who says that *Psyche* deceiv'd each of them apart ; and that they afterwards rush'd from the Rock separately

her surviving Sister, who being impos'd upon by the same specious Tale; and wickedly flattering herself that she should supplant her younger Sister, ran eagerly to the Rock; and throwing herself from it, met with the like Fate.

To return to *Cupid*. Whilst that *Psyche*, strongly desirous of finding the God, rambled up and down the World in Search of him, he, tortur'd with the Pain caus'd by the scorching Oil, lay, sadly sighing in his beauteous Mother's Bed. This being known by the snowy-feather'd Bird, the Sea-Gull *, whose Pinions lightly skim the Surface of the Waves, he plung'd swiftly to the deep Abysses of the Ocean. Meeting there opportunely with *Venus*, who was bathing and swimming about; he declar'd, that her Son, then grievously afflicted with a Burn, had taken to his Bed, where the Anguish he felt extorted from him the sharpest Moans; and that his Life was in Danger. That various Reports, greatly reflecting on the whole Family of *Venus*, were spread in every Country, viz. that *Cupid* resorted to a Mountain, for the Sake of loose Amours, and that the Goddess spent all her Time in bathing in the Sea. That hence a Stop was put to Pleasures of every Kind, that all Things were thereby divested of their native Grace and Beauty; and a rustic Unloveliness, and even a horrid Deformity substituted in their Room. That propitious Nuptials, tender Friendships, parental Affections, and filial Piety were unheard of; but that, instead of them, a shocking Depravity, and a basely-venal Spirit prevail'd in Engagements of every Kind, and especially in Marriages †. Such were the Particulars, so injurious to *Cupid's* Reputation, which this

* Call'd also the *Sea-Mew*

† I have exceeded here, a little, my Original, *Squalentium fœderum insuave fastidium*, i e "The unpleasing Dis taste of
"foul Ties."

prattling, and too inquisitive Bird buzz'd into *Venus's* Ear.

The Goddess, fir'd by these Words, cried instantly thus : What ! has this gracious Son of mine got him a Mistress ! But harkee (my pretty Bird *) you who only have serv'd me faithfully ; tell me the Name of the Creature, who has thus seduc'd the noble, beardless † Boy. Inform me, whether she be number'd among the Nymphs §, or the || Hours ; whether One of the Muses ‡ Choir, or of my Attendant † Graces ? The prattling Bird replied : I cannot

* This is not in the *Latin*

† *Investit*, i. e. one who is not yet *vesticeps*, or invested (as it were) with Puberty : a mere Stripling

§ *The Nymphs were of various Kinds, as those of the Skies, ἑρμῆαι, of the Earth, ἐπιγῆαι; of the Seas, θαλάσσιαι, of the Lakes, ἡμῶναι; of the Rivers, ποταμῶν, of the Fountains, Woods, Mountains, &c*

|| *These are declar'd, by Orpheus, &c to be the Daughters of Jupiter and Themis, or Justice, whilst others affirm that Sol was their Father These Horæ, with Janus, were suppos'd to look after the Gates of Heaven Some suppose the Hours to be the same with the Graces. The Hours were said to get ready Sol's Chariot and Horses, early every Morning, and to open the Gates of the Sky They are commonly reported to be three in Number, Lex, Justitia, Pax, " Law, Justice, Peace " Ovid, Fast. 5 affirms them to be the Companions of Flora*

‡ These are well known to be nine in Number, and are commonly suppos'd the Daughters of *Jupiter* and *Mnemosyne*, or *Memory*. A pretty Account is given of their Origin in *Clement's Alexandrinus*, according to whom, " *Macar*, King of *Lybia* living at Variance with his Queen, their Daughter *Megaclo* purchas'd nine Girls, whom she got instructed in singing and playing on musical Instruments, in order that they, by their exquisite Harmony, might soften (if possible) their Father's savage Temper Her ingenious, filial Piety had the wish'd for Effect ; in return for which, *Megaclo* caus'd nine Pillars to be erected in their Honour, all which, in process of time, were highly venerated " Before the Art of Sculpture was found out, Pillars only, or even rude Stones, were set up to commemorate great Actions.

† There were three Graces, Daughters of *Jupiter* and *Eurynome*, or *Eunomia* ; or, according to others, of *Bacchus* and *Venus*,

cannot (Madam) very well say which : However, if my Memory fail me not, he is distractedly in Love with one *Psyche*.

Venus, highly exasperated at these Words, spoke as follows : How ! Is he smit with *Psyche* ? the bold Wench who emulated my Beauty, and assum'd my Name ? But the most afflicting, the most shocking Circumstance of all is ; he must certainly (as I pointed her out to him) take me for a Procuress. The Goddess having utter'd these Words in a loud, and most angry Tone of Voice, emerg'd swiftly from the Sea, and flew to her Palace, when advancing towards her golden Bed, and seeing her Son lying sick in it, as had been told her, she thus exclaim'd from the very Door :

Fine Doings indeed ! --- O *Cupid* ! could I have dreamt that so hopeful a Child, and so gloriously descended, would ever have serv'd me so ? That thou, rudely contemning the kind Advice given thee by thy Mother, by thy Mistress ; so far from firing (as I had commanded thee) the Breast of my Enemy with a Passion for some abject Wretch ; that thou, (I say) wouldest have fallen in Love with her thyself ; and, tho' such a Stripling, take her to thy lascivious Arms ; and make the Creature whom I most detest, my Daughter-in-law. But very probably, (thou Trifler, thou Debauchee, thou odious, little Urchin) thou art presumptuous enough to fancy that thy Power is uncontroul'd * ; and that I am so antiquated as to be past Child-bearing. However, I'd have thee to know, that I'll be a Mother again, and of a much sweeter Boy than

Venus. Their Names are *Aglaia*, *Thalia*, and *Euphrosyne* They are represented either naked ; or dress'd in thin, transparent Robes ; with chearful Countenances, and holding one another by the Hand

* The *Latin* is, *te solum generosum*, which I have translated in the Manner that seem'd to me most suitable to the Context.

thou,

thou. Nay, to add to thy Confusion, and spite thee still more, I'll adopt one of the little Loves *, will bestow upon him thy Wings, thy Torch, thy Bow, thy Shafts, and all those Implements, which surely were not given thee (any more than thy Father's † Possessions) for the Use to which thou hast put them. But 'twas a great Oversight in us to arm thee, as we did, from thy Infancy; thou having always been an incorrigible Boy §; for, regardless of the Duty thou owest thy Progenitors ‡, thou hast not scrupled to wound them often; and even me || (O Parricide!) Me, thy endearing Mother, whose Nakedness thou daily revealest ††, and even darest to despise me, as tho' I were some forlorn Widow; nor dost thou stand in Awe of thy Stepfather **, that valiant, that mighty Warrior, thou
 having

* *Aliquem de meis adopteturam vernulus* i. e. "I'll adopt one of my little Bond Slaves" *Verna* was properly a Child sprung from the Commerce of a Master of a Family, and one of his Female-Slaves. Here we may suppose the Boy hunted at to be the Son of the Husband of *Venus*, whether *Vulcan* or *Mars*, and of one of her Female-Attendants.

† *This is generally suppos'd to be Vulcan or Mars.*

§ *Et acuta: manus habes*, i. e. literally "Thou hast sharp Hands," meaning, that strike at every one, at random.

‡ *As Jupiter, the Father to Venus, who, we are told, was engag'd in a Variety of Amours Juno, Vulcan's Mother, and Cybele, Mother of the Gods, who is related to have had a violent Passion for Atys.* This is supposing *maiores* to signify Ancestors. It also may imply *grandiores*, Persons older than *Cupid*.

|| 'Tis related that *Venus* was smit with the Love of *Mars*, *Adonis*, *Anchises*, &c

†† *Denudas quotidie*, i. e. "You uncover or strip-naked daily," which may signify either that *Cupid* strip *Venus* of her Modesty, or, more literally, that he strips the Goddess of her Clothes, to give her Lovers an Opportunity of viewing her naked Chastity.

** Hence one might infer, that *Venus* had been divorc'd from *Vulcan*, and afterwards married to *Mars*, tho' he commonly passes only for her Adulterer. We also may suppose the
 God

having frequently enflam'd him with the Love of prostitute Nymphs *, merely to exasperate me. But thou shalt dearly rue for these wild Pranks, and taste all the bitter of these ill-concerted Nuptials.

Yet, thus mock'd by every one, what shall I do? Whither shall I go? How shall I contrive to chastize this Couzener †? Shall I apply for Succour to SOBRIETY §, my mortal Enemy, whom I have so frequently offended and annoy'd, merely to wanton with him? Does it become me to confer with that filthy Female ||? I shudder at the very Thoughts!

God of War to have been in both Characters with regard to Venus

* Mars had an Amour with *Ilia*, a Vestal Virgin, Daughter of *Numitor*, King of *Alba*, from which Commerce sprung *Romulus* and *Remus*, Founders of *Rome*. 'Tis thought that it was *Amulius* (*Ilia's* Uncle) who, under the Figure of *Mars*, enjoy'd his Niece *Ilio*. *Cedrenus* takes that God to be the *Belus* or *Baal* of the *Affyrians*. *Mars* is one of the seven Planets.

† *Stellionem istum cohibeam?* i. e. "Shall I restrain this Cheat, this Impostor?" *Stellio* is properly a small Sort of Lizard, an Evet; the *Latin* Name being given it from the Colour of its Back, which is studded (as it were) with Stars. This Animal is said to be malicious, insidious, and an Enemy to Man; and hence *Stellionatus* is used to denote Deceit, or Tricking in Goods or Merchandises, or in Contracts. *Stellio* signifies also the Tarantula, that little Reptile concerning whose Bite so many strange (and I believe false) Particulars are related.

§ *Sobriety* is very justly introduc'd here by Way of Allegory; she deadning and extinguishing the Fires of Lust, which are the Darts, the Torches, the Bow and Arrows of *Cupid*.

|| A French Translator of the Loves of *Cupid* and *Psyche*, has rendered these Words *Aut rusticæ squalentisque fœminæ colloquium prorsus adhibendum est?* Thus, *Ou se jetterai-je en ma compagnie une vile & méprisable mortelle pour ma Bru?* i. e. "Or, shall I admit unto my Company, an abject and contemptible Mortal for my Daughter-in-law?" In which (I believe) he mistakes *Apuleius's* Meaning. Methinks the Thought is much more natural, as I have explain'd it, and quite in Character with *Venus*, a lewd Goddess; the terrestrial Prostitutes often turning

Thoughts! On the other hand, should I scruple to take Vengeance, (that sweet Consolation) how contemptible soever the Instrument of it may be? Yes, I must employ the Creature in question, and her only; for she is best able to punish, with due Severity, that trifling, little Knave. She soon will empty his Quiver; will blunt his Arrows, unstring his Bow, extinguish his Torch; and reduce, by a most severe Regimen, his plump Cheeks and strutting Sides. My Wrongs will be sufficiently reveng'd, when I shall have cut off his Hair, glittering like Gold, which these Fingers of mine have so often dispos'd in Tresses; and shall have clipt his Wings; perfum'd, by me, with the nectareous Odours of my Bosom*.

Saying these Words, *Venus* flew out of the House with all the Rage natural to the injur'd Goddess of Beauty, when she was immediately accosted by *Ceres* and *Juno*, who perceiving her Face to be swell'd with Anger, ask'd why she obscur'd, by Frowns, the celestial Beauty of her shining Eyes. For Goodness sake (replied *Venus*) provoke me not still more by those ill-natur'd Questions; but rather search, with all the Powers of your Industry, for that Runnagate *Psyche*, who flies †, swift as the Wind, from my Pursuit. You cannot but have heard the infamous Reports spread concerning

turning up their Noses at, and showing the utmost Contempt for Women who are rever'd by the rest of the World for their Chastity and Prudence.

* *Meo gremio nectarei fontis*; instead of *Nectareo fonte meo gremio*, by a Figure call'd *Hypallage*, when one Term is put for another.

† Some think that this alludes to the *Lex Sannia*, relating to Slaves who fled. By this Law all Magistrates were commanded, under a certain Penalty, to assist to the utmost of their Power, every Search of this Kind; subjecting to the like Penalties, all Persons who should oppose such Search, when made in their Houses.

my Family; and the vile Pranks of that Urchin *Cupid*, who ought no longer to be called my Son. The two Goddesses, who had been inform'd § of the whole Affair, endeavour'd thus to sooth the Anger of *Venus*.

What enormous Crime can your Son have committed, that you should so obstinately endeavour, not only to embitter all his Joys, but likewise strive so eagerly to destroy the fond Idol of his Affections? Granting that he should be smit with some charming Nymph? A mighty Matter! Is he not of the rougher Species *, and grown up to Maturity? You surely cannot have forgot his Age. What, because early Youth smiles so sweetly in his Face, must you therefore still consider him as a Child? Is it fit (bright *Venus*) that you, who are his Mother, and so prudent a Goddess, should be ever ferreting out his Haunts †? Does it become you to exclaim so heavily against the Dissoluteness of your charming Son? To rattle him off for his Amours? and to upbraid him for giving a Loose to Pleasures; for employing Arts which you yourself are so fond of? What Deity, what Mortal but would be shock'd to see you, who disperse the little Loves throughout all Nations, so severely strict over those of your own Family; and absolutely forbidding them all Intercourse with the other Sex ||.

Thus

§ In some Editions of *Apuleius*, 'tis *tunc illæ* (speaking of the two Goddesses) *ignoræ*; implying that they had not heard the Reports concerning *Venus*'s Family, &c. which must certainly be an Error, for *gnaræ*, (that the Goddesses knew the whole Affair) as is manifest from the Context

* *An ignoras eum Masculum?* i. e. "Don't you know that he is of the male Kind, a Man?" Possibly many Persons won't like the Turn I have given to this Passage, in the Text

† *Fili tui lusus semper explorabis curiosè* This may likewise be thus render'd: "Will you always be prying into your Son's Pranks or Diversions?"

|| *Et vitiorum muliebrium publicam præcludas officinam,* i. e. (literally)

Thus these Goddeffes, dreading the Shafts of *Cupid*, apologiz'd kindly for him in his Absence; when *Venus*, exasperated to find her injurious Treatment thus made their Scoff; left them abruptly, and directed her hasty Steps towards the Ocean.

During this, *Psyche* was roving mournfully Day and Night, up and down the World, in Search of her Husband. She long'd the more to see him, as she hop'd, notwithstanding he was so much exasperated, that she yet should be able to mollify him by abject Supplications, in case conjugal Endearments could not recal his Affection. And now spying a Temple on the Summit of a high Mountain*,

(literally) "That you should shut up the public Warehouse of
"female Vices."

* All the first Altars and Temples, whether erected in Honour of the true God, or to false Deities, stood on Mountains and in Groves. Mention is frequently made in Scripture, of *High-Places*, signifying Altars and Groves, all which the Almighty commanded to be destroyed, because they were dedicated to the various Idols worshipp'd in them. One would conclude, that the Worshippers imagin'd they approach'd nearer to the Deity, by offering up Sacrifices to him on Mountains; and that they made Use of tufted Woods and Groves on those Occasions, in order that the deep Gloom and Silence which reign'd in them, might inspire the several Votaries with a more awful and religious Respect. *Milton* speaks of these Solitudes.

*So Jove usurping reign'd These first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy Top
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle Air,
Their highest Heav'n; or on the Delphian Cliff.*

—————
*With these in Troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns;
To whose bright Image, nightly by the Moon
Sidonian Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built
By that voracious King, whose Heart, tho' large,
Beguil'd by sin Idolatresses, fell
To Idols foul*

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*, Book I

the

she said to herself : who knows but my Lord may dwell there. Immediately our Fair-One, tho' almost spent with the Fatigue caus'd by her incessant Peregrinations, halted towards the Fane, rous'd by the enchanting Hopes she entertain'd of finding her Husband in it.

Psyche having vigorously ascended to the Summit, ran into that Part of the Temple where stood the sacred Beds *, when she perceiv'd a large Quantity of Wheat, either lying in Heaps or bound up in Sheaves. She also spied some Ears of Barley, with Sickles, and the several other Instruments § belonging to Reapers ; but all carelessly scatter'd up and down, as those of Peasants, who, when oppress'd with Heat, throw them at random out of their Hands. These *Psyche* separated carefully, and afterwards laid them together in their proper Places ; imagining she ought not to neglect the Cereémonies or Temples of any Deity, but, on the contrary, implore the Favour and Protection of them all.

Whilst she was anxiously employ'd in this pious Care, *Ceres* †, that benign Goddess, perceiving her at a Distance, immediately cried thus aloud :

* These are explain'd almost in the Beginning of this Work

§ *Operæ messoriae mundus omnis* In like manner, the *Romans* us'd to call the Female Geer, or Attire, *mundus muliebris*

† *Ceres*, according to the Poets, was the Daughter of *Saturn* and *Rhea*, otherwise *Cybele* or *Ops*, and Sister of *Jupiter*, by whom she had *Proserpine*. She is said to have taught Men Agriculture, and was thence call'd *Maia*. According to *Diodorus Siculus*, *Erichtheus* transported, during a Season of Famine, a considerable Quantity of Corn from *Egypt* into *Greece* ; on which Occasion, the *Athenians*, out of Gratitude, rais'd him to the Throne. He there establish'd the Rites of *Ceres*, after the *Egyptian* Manner, whence it was feign'd that she came to *Athens*. *Ceres* and *Isis* are supposed to be the same Deity. *Ceres* had felt the Shafts of *Cupid*, and therefore might naturally be touch'd with *Psyche's* Woes

Wretched

Wretched *Psyche*! *Venus*, now rous'd to Fury, is diligently searching for thee all the World over; and exerts the whole Power of her Divinity, in order to inflict the sharpest Vengeance on thee, she being resolv'd on thy Destruction. Wherefore then art thou thus busied in the Service of my Temple, instead of endeavouring to provide for thine own Safety, which should be thy only Care?

Psyche, now falling prostrate at the Feet of the Goddess, and watering them with a Flood of Tears, (her dishevel'd Hair trailing along the Ground *) humbly implor'd her Aid with a Variety of affecting Prayers.—I beseech thee (says she) O beneficent Goddess! by thy Hand, which so kindly bestows Corn on Mortals; by the joyful Rites of thy Reapers; by the sacred Baskets in which thy † Mysteries

‡ *Totis numinis sui viribus ultionem flagitat.* I believe the Phrase might also be english'd thus. "And does all that lies in her Power, in order to take due Vengeance for the Outrage done to her Dignity."

* *Twas a Custom among the Heathens, in Times of Calamity, to sweep, as it were, the Ground with their Hair, in order to appease the Deities*

† *Sacrifices employ'd in honour of Ceres, us'd to be carried, by Women in Offer-Baskets, in solemn Procession, whence those Women were called *καινέροι*, or Basket-Carriers* The Orgia of *Bacchus* us'd also to be carried in Baskets or Chests. According to *Pausanias*, the Statues of *Isis*, of *Ceres* and *Minerva*, were seen by none but the old Priestesses, and Persons not initiated in those Mysteries, were forbid to enquire about them; as those initiated were to answer any Questions which might be put concerning them. The like was observ'd with respect to the Rites of *Bacchus*, which were solemniz'd only by the Priestesses, who were shut up for that Purpose in the Temple. This was thought to have been imitated from the Tabernacle of the *Israelites*, and the Temple of *Jerusalem*, into which none but the Priests were admitted. *Ceres* was the *Egyptian Isis*, and her fabulous History migrated, as did all the others, from East to West. These Mysteries of *Ceres*, those of *Bacchus*, (who is the same with *Osiris*) and those of the *Samothracian* Gods, were very lead, the *Phallus* or *Priapus* being worshipp'd on the Occasions in question.

are inelos'd; by thy Car, drawn by Attendants winged Dragons; by the § Furrows of the Sicilian Glebe; by the rattling Chariot that carried off the distracted * *Proserpine*; by the † Earth, in whose Bowels she was imprison'd; by her Descent into Hell, where her || Nuptials were solemniz'd; amid all the Horrors of the most pitchy Gloom; by her Return, when far-resplendent Torches, enabled thee to find her; and by the rest of thy silent, thy hidden

§ *These were sacred to Ceres, and to Proserpine her Daughter; the Sicilians imagining that those Goddesses were born in their Country, and that Corn was first found there. This might be naturally suppos'd, that Country being so very fruitful in Corn that it was called the Granary of Italy*

* *When Pluto seiz'd, and carry'd her to his sable Dominions.* Mr. Addison describes this Rape at the Close of the third Act of his CATO.

*So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To Hell's tremendous Gloom th' affrighted Maid;
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous Prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his Sunshine and his Skies.*

This is a Simile made by *Sempronius*, all in Rapture at the Thoughts of his forcing away the lovely *Martia*. How beautiful is the Painting, when *Sempronius* says,

*Marcia's my own!
How will my Bosom swell with anxious Joy,
When I behold her struggling in my Arms,
With glowing Beauty and disorder'd Charms;
While Fear and Anger, with alternate Grace,
Pant in her Breast, and sparkle in her Face!*

† *In which Proserpine, or rather the Corn, when sown, lies six Months; agreeably to the Contract made, by Jupiter's Command, between Ceres and Proserpine.*

|| *'Tis related that Ceres, going in Search of her Daughter, lighted, at the Foot of Mount Ætna, two Torches; and travell'd with them all the World over, till she, at last, found her. For this Reason, lighted Torches were always carried in her Ceremonies.*

The ridiculous Medley, introduc'd in some of our Pantomimes represented in both the Playhouses, are well known: I've

den * *Eleusinian* Ceremonies, O succour the Suppliant, the wretched *Psyche* ! Permut me to conceal myself, at least for a few Days, beneath these Sheaves, till such time as the Anger of that mighty Goddess may be soften'd ; at least, till my Limbs, which perpetual Fatigues have weaken'd, may be a little refresh'd by Rest !

Ceres replied . Your Intreaties and Tears excite so much my Pity, that I would gladly assist you ;

tur'd to publish, several Years since, a Poem, in which some of the Incidents in question, are burlesqu'd ; and, among others, the following, in the Pantomime call'd the *Rape of Proserpine*

*Terror, tremendous, stares us in the Face,
When Ceres muttering stalks, with furious Grace ;
Tears her dishevel'd Hair, then hams a Song :
Hips to her Nymphs, and bids them trip along
Her heavenly Daughters ravish'd from her Eyes !
Heart-stabbing Thought ! she dances — and she cries.
Then bath'd in Tears, oppress'd with Grief she sinks,
But quick revives, for O ! a Dram she drinks.
Now, re-awak'd to Life, again she raves,
Gorgon confess'd, and roars out to her Slaves .
“ Ye Beldams ! all your Parting Lights prepare ;
“ Second my red Revenge, and nothing spare,
“ Swift to the Chandlers fly ! as swift return !
“ With Rage I swell ! like *Ætna's* Flames I burn !”
They come — The Tapers twinkling in their Hands,
But first a *Fog* for Ceres so commands
“ Now she — The Corn in crackling Blaze shall fly,
“ Till the wide-spreading Flames alarm the Sky .
“ Light up !” The Vestals set the Straw on Fire
(A bandful) — Whizz — They with a Stink expire.*

* *Eleusis* was a City of Attica, so call'd from King *Eleusius*, who gave *Ceres*, when in Search of her Daughter, a very hospitable Reception ; in Remembrance of which, or as some Authors relate, because *Triptolemus* first found the sowing of Corn in *Eleusis*, solemn Rites were instituted, in that City, in Honour of *Ceres* ; and perform'd by Women who us'd to fast, lying down among Vine-Leaves . Hence *Ceres*, was call'd *Eleusinia* . All these Mysteries had been kept inviolably secret, till some Heathens, who had been initiated therein, becoming Converts to the Christian Religion, discover'd the Iniquity of them.

was I not afraid of offending the Goddess, my near Relation * ; between whom and myself a long Friendship has subsisted ; not to mention that her many excellent Qualities justly entitle her to my Esteem †. Begone, therefore, instantly, and know, that if you are not detain'd here against your Will, 'tis a much greater Favour than you could have expected

Psyche meeting with so unexpected a Repulse, (her Soul now oppress'd with a double Weight of Affliction §) return'd back ; when she perceiv'd, in a neighbouring Valley, in the Center of a gloomy Grove, a Temple fram'd with great Art, and being firmly determin'd not to let slip any Opportunity which might offer the least Glummeings of Success, but, on the contrary, to implore the Succour of every Deity, she advanc'd towards the sacred Gates. She now saw rich Offerings, with Garments, hanging upon the Trees and Gates of the Fane, on which Offerings golden Letters were embroider'd, expressing the Name of the Goddess in whose Honour they were dedicated ‡, and the several Mercies obtain'd.

* *Cognata meæ*, may signify " my Kinswoman or Cousin " *Ceres* is said to be Sister to *Juno* and *Jupiter*, and *Venus*, to be the Daughter of *Jupiter* and *Diana*, consequently, *Venus* was Niece to *Ceres*. According to *Tully*, there were four different *Venus*'s. This supposing *Venus* to be the Daughter of *Jupiter*, contradicts what was said before concerning her Birth. But thus is not to be wonder'd at, for as the Heathens referr'd all their Deities to the various Operations of the universal Soul of the World, they frequently confounded those Divinities

† 'Tis in the *Latin*, *bonæ præterea fœminæ*. " Besides, " that she is a worthy Woman." But imagining that the Word *Woman* was not very proper, where a Goddess is spoken of. I therefore gave that Phrase another Turn.

§ This double Affliction was, the Fear she was under from *Venus*, and *Ceres*'s Refusal to harbour her

‡ 'Twas the Custom in those Days, as at present among the Roman-Catholicks, to write, on the Offerings, the Names of those to whom they were dedicated, and on what Occasion.

obtain'd. *Pſyche*, falling on her Knees at the Sight, and grasping || the yet warm † Altar ; dried her Tears and repeated the following Prayer.

Sister, and Wife of mighty *Jove* ! whether thou resideſt in the ancient Temples of *Samos* *, a Country which glories in giving thee Birth ; in suckling thee ; and in hearing thy doleful, infant Cries † : Whether thou inhabitest lofty *Carthage* § (propitious Seat !) which adores thee ascending, when a Virgin, to Heaven on a Lion : whether thou preſideſt over the Walls of the renown'd *Grecian City* ‡, standing near

These Offerings were hung on the Temples, on the Gates, and on the Trees near them. In like manner, they us'd to hang, before, and on the Gates of private Houses, such Spoils as those who inhabited them, had won from the Enemy.

|| Among the Antients, those who had any Succours to sue for, &c. us'd to fly to an Altar, as to a Sanctuary ; and to lay hold on a Corner of it, thereby, intimating the Union between their Heart, and the Offering laid by them on the Altar : or when the Potaries held the small, portable Altars, by their Horns or Handles

† All hot with the Fire of the Sacrifices, just before offer'd up on them.

* An Island in the Icarian Sea, sacred to Juno. The Samians boasted that Juno was born in their Country, near the River Imbrasus, whence she is call'd Imbrasia. *Samos* was also call'd *Parthenia*, Juno being worshipp'd there in the Habit of a young Maiden, who is going to be married ; her Nuptials, with *Jupiter*, being solemniz'd in *Samos*, Capital of the Island so call'd ; the Ceremony of which Nuptials us'd to be celebrated there annually.

‡ 'Tis *vagitu*, in the *Latin* ; whence the Ancients imagin'd a God *Vagitarus*, or *Vaticanus*, who attended to new-born Children. The first Syllable of the Names of these Deities (*va*) being suppos'd like the first inarticulate Cry of Infants

§ 'Tis well known that this City stood on the Coast of *Africa*, now called *Barbary*. It long disputed for Superiority with *Rome*, which at last conquer'd it, under *Scipio*, who thence was call'd *Africanus*. *Carthage* was founded by a Colony of *Phœnicians*. The Dominions of the *Carthaginians* extended from the *Syrtis magna* to the Pillars of *Hercules*, containing about a thousand French Leagues

‡ According to *Pausanias*, the *Argivi* had a Temple sacred to Juno *Anthia*. *Strabo* informs us, that there was a Temple sacred

near the Banks of *Inachus* †, where thou art worshipp'd as Consort to the mighty Thunderer, and Queen of the Goddesses: do thou, O Guardian *Juno* ‡, whom all the *Greeks* || venerate by the Name of *Zygia* *, and all the *Romans* by that of *Lucina* §; indulge me thy powerful Aid in this my sad Distress: and free a Wretch, worn out with number-

to *Juno* near *Mycenæ*, common to the *Argivi* and *Mycenæans*, wherein were Statues of prodigious Beauty, carv'd by *Polyclætus*. *Juno* presided over both those Cities. An Italian Translator of *Apuleius*, renders, *Inchyris Argivorum micenibus*, “ *delle Trojane mura* ” of the Walls of *Troy*

† *A River*, call'd at this time *Planizza*, of *Peloponnesus*, now call'd the *Morea*. Its antient Name was from *Inachus* (said to be cotemporary with *Isaac* the Patriarch) King of the *Argivi*, and Father of *Io*, for whom *Jupiter* entertaining a Passion, he, in order to conceal it from *Juno*, transform'd the Fair-One into a Cow. See *Ovid's Metamorph*. 'Tis farther said, that *Jupiter* drove her into *Egypt*, where, recovering her former Shape, she was married to King *Osiris*, and, after her Decease, was worshipp'd under the Name of *Isis*.

‡ The Latin is, *Juno sospita*, or, *Juno* the Preserver. She was worshipp'd under that Name in *Lanuvium*, a City of *Italy*.

|| 'Tis in the Latin, *Quam cunctus Oriens Zygiam veneratur, Et omnis Occidens Luciam appellat* i. e. “ Whom the whole East worships under the Name of *Zygia*, and the West under that of *Lucina* ” But I rendred this East and West, *Greece* and *Italy*; because *Greece* is call'd the East, on Account of its being situated Eastward with respect to *Italy*; which, for that Reason, was call'd the West.

* The Epithet of *Zygia*, is from *ζυγός*, *Jugum*, a Yoke, *Juno* being the Goddess who presided over Marriages. There was a Street in *Rome*, nam'd *Yoke Street*, from the Temple standing in it, sacred to *Juno*, call'd *Juga*, or *Jugatina*, which is the same with *Zygia*. The *Romans* had also a God call'd *Jugatinus*, whose Office was the same.

§ So call'd, and *Lucetia*, from her bringing Children to the Light at their coming into the World; or, according to *Pliny*, from *Lucus* (the Grove) at *Rome*, in which stood a Temple sacred to *Lucina*. This Name was likewise given to *Diana*, but with less Propriety; it being much more natural to suppose a married Woman to assist another in Child-birth, than a Virgin, as *Diana* is said to be.

less, mighty Toils†, from the dread of imminent Perils. I know thou art so gracious as, spontaneously, to succour pregnant Women when in Danger.

Juno instantly reveal'd herself, in all the awful Splendors of her Divinity, to the supplicating *Psyche*, and spoke thus: With singular Pleasure (ill-fated Nymph) wou'd I indulge your Prayer, but I cannot, with any Decency, oppose the Will of *Venus*, my Daughter-in-law ||, whom I have ever lov'd as tenderly as my own Offspring: not to mention my being restrained by the Laws§, which forbid our harbouring fugitive Slaves, without the Consent of their Masters.

Psyche, terrified at this new Shipwreck of her Fortune, and not knowing where to seek her flitting Husband; now quite lost to Hope, thus argued within herself

What fresh Course can I take, what Expedient employ, to end my various Woes, since none of the spontaneous Favours of Goddeesses could avail me aught? Whither shall I turn my wearied Feet, which so many Snares surround? What Mansion, what Gloom is deep enough to hide me from the all-seeing Eye of potent *Venus*? Why rather, (wretched *Psyche*!) dost not thou arm thy Soul with manly Fortitude; why not bravely suppress all vain Hopes; present thyself voluntarily before thy Mistress, and endeavour, with Humility, tho' so long delay'd, to soften her Rage? Who knows but that thy Soul's Delight; him whom thou so long, so anxiously hast been in quest of, may be at his Mother's? Thus *Psyche*, dispos'd to the most implicit Submissi-

† *Meque in tantis exantlatis laboribus defessam*, may likewise be thus rendred. "I, who am oppress'd with such a Variety of Toils which I have overcome"

|| *Venus married Vulcan, Juno's Son*

§ *As, de Plagiarus See the Pandects, Lib. 48. Tit. 15.*

en §, or rather determin'd to rush upon certain Destruction, revolv'd in her Mind the Beginning of an earnest, humble Prayer.

But now *Venus*, thinking it to no purpose to seek for *Psyche* any longer on the Earth, wou'd ascend to the Skies. Immediately she order'd out her Chariot *, fram'd with wonderful Art and Contrivance by *Vulcan* †, and by him presented to the Goddess,

as

§ The Original is, *dubium obsequium* . “ a doubtful Sub-
“ mission.”

* According to *Pontanus*, Lib III. *de Stellis*, *Erichtonius* first put Horses to a Chariot or Car, to hide the Deformity of his Feet Chariots were us'd, in War, in *Moses's* time; the *Egyptians* and *Canaanites* having a great Number of those Vehicles *Cyrus* first arm'd them with Scythes On Medals, a Chariot drawn by Horses, Elephants, or Lions, often denotes the Triumph or Apotheosis of a Monarch Chariots were us'd likewise for carrying either the Images of the Gods, when Supplications were offered up, the Images of illustrious Persons in Funerals, or Consuls when they entred upon their Office. The Antients expended vast Sums upon their Chariots *Pliny* censures the *Roman Ladies* for enriching theirs with Silver-Plates. The Chariot us'd by Women was called *Carpentum*. According to *Ælius Lampridius*, *Heliogabalus* had a Chariot adorn'd with Gold and precious Stones; and us'd sometimes to be drawn in it (sitting naked) about his Gardens, by three, four, and sometimes more, of the most beautiful Women (stark naked also) that could be procur'd.

† *Vulcan* was the God of Fire, and by him the Thunderbolts of the Deities were suppos'd to be forg'd His Shop was said to be in the Island of *Lemnos*, on which, according to the Poets, he fell, when *Juno* hurl'd him from the Skies, there being a Volcano in *Lemnos* like that of Mount *Ætna*, *Vesuvius*; and many others in *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America* His Lameness is said to be owing to his Fall from Heaven We have a very Pictoresque Description of this Fall of *Vulcan*, in *Paradise Lost*, Book I ver. 740

How he fell

From Heav'n, they say'd, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the Chrystal Battlements . from Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summer's Day, and with the setting Sun

as the nuptial Gift *, before they were join'd by *Hymen*. This Vehicle, tho' enrich'd in every Part with Gold, was yet more valuable for its exquisite Workmanship. Four milk-white Doves †, from among those which nestle round their Mistress's Bed-chamber, come forth; and tripping joyfully for-

*Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
On Lemnos, th' Ægean Isle.*

According to *Diodorus Siculus*, *Lib I* *Vulcan* was one of the antient Kings of *Egypt*, and had divine Honours paid him, for having first discover'd Fire, so useful to Mankind, and that in Manner following *Vulcan* observing a Tree fir'd by Lightning, warm'd himself at it; and the Fire being near extinguish'd, he got together more Wood, in order to keep it in. Hence the Origin of the holy Fires, which were kept burning, almost every where, in Temples and Houses, a Custom observ'd by the antient *Perfians* (inhabiting the Mountains) call'd *Gaures* or *Persees*; and who still inhabit a kind of Suburb in *Ispahan*, call'd *Ghebr* or *Gbiaour*. See *d'Herbelot, Bibliothèque Orientale, Henry Lord's Account of the Persees, &c*. According to *Syn-cellus*, *Vulcan* was the first *Egyptian* Monarch who was deified. *Homer* declares him sprung from *Jupiter* and *Juno*; in which Sense, the former must be consider'd as the Air, and the latter as the Earth. He is suppos'd married to *Venus*, because Generation arises solely from the Union of Heat and Moisture. *Herodotus*, Book II informs us, that *Vulcan* had a magnificent Temple in *Memphis*, and another in *Thebes*.

* It was a Custom, among the Romans, for the Bridegroom to present his Bride with some Gold Pieces in a Dish, as a Reward for the Sweets she indulg'd him.

*Quod primâ pro nocte datur, cum lance beatâ
Dacicus, & scripto radiat Germanicus auro.*

JUVEN. Sat. vi. VER 202, &c

† These Birds are well known to be very amorous and prolific. The following Fable is related concerning a Dove of *Venus*. That Goddess and *Cupid*, sporting in a Garden, challeng'd each other, with regard to which of them should soonest gather a large Heap of the most beautiful Flowers. *Cupid* was going to be victorious, when a Nymph, nam'd *Peristera*, secretly assisted *Venus*, which *Cupid* perceiving, he, out of Revenge, transform'd her into a Dove; when *Venus* taking Pity of the Bird, took it into her Service.

ward.

ward, submit their vari-colour'd Necks to the Harness cover'd with precious Stones. And now their Mistress being seated, they set out gaily on their aerial Progress. A Flight of sportive Sparrows ||, chirping wantonly, follow the Goddess's Chariot; whilst the other feather'd Warblers, forming a sweetly melodious Concert §, proclaim the Approach of *Venus*. The Clouds divide, the Skies open to their beauteous Daughter *, when the Goddess, directing her

|| *Sparrows are very lascivious Birds; and consequently are suppos'd, with propriety, to be Attendants on Venus*

§ Some whimsical Stories are told concerning the Language of Birds, and there have been Persons who pretended to understand it *Philostratus*, in the Life of *Apollonius Tyanæus*, relates that he understood this Language, and that hearing a Sparrow chirping to many others that were perch'd on a Hedge, and who flew after the Chirper, he told the Persons in his Company, that the Sparrow, in question, had assur'd the rest, that near to the Gate of *Ephesus*, a Sack of Wheat, with which an Ass was loaded, being untied; a Boy who led the Ass, and tied up the Sack again, had left a good deal of the Corn scatter'd on the Ground, and for that Reason, had invited the other Birds to fly thither and eat. 'Tis pretended that the *Ephesians* going to the Place, saw those Sparrows picking — How many Tales, equally idle and romantic, are believ'd by Multitudes!

* Several Mythologists relate, that *Venus* sprung from the *Pudenda* of *Cælus*, (Heaven or the Skies) thrown into the Sea. According to *Strabo*, Lib XI the *Medes* and *Armenians* worshipp'd *Anaitis*, who is the same with *Venus*. Temples were built, in her Honour, in several Places, and, among the rest, one in *Aliciesena*, where were consecrated to her, not only Slaves of both Sexes, but likewise young Women of the best Families, who, having exercis'd for some time the connubial Sports were afterwards married, they not being despis'd in any manner by the Men, on that Account. In *Babylon* likewise, the Women were oblig'd to go, once a Year, into the Temple of *Mylitta*, or the *Babylonish Venus*, and there entertain all such Gallants as came to visit them. This Temple was the Original of those of *Cyprus*, *Cythera*, *Corinth*, &c. *Milton* seems to hint at these Lewdnesses, *Paradise Lost*, Book I. Line 452.

— The

her Course to the highest Heaven †, is there receiv'd with Joy; neither the Eagles, nor the rapacious Vultures ‡, which were met in this celestial Journey, having been able to intimidate, in any manner, the harmonious Attendants of mighty *Venus*.

Immediately the Goddesses hastened to *Jupiter's* splendid Palace, where she haughtily requested that *Mercury*, whose Voice is so sonorous, might be indulg'd her for some Time, she having great Occasion for his Service. *Jove* consented, by a Nod, to her Petition, when *Venus* descended instantly with *Mercury*, as in Triumph; and during their aerial Progress, spake thus to him, with Concern.

Thou knowest, brother *Mercury* ||, that *Venus* never

The Love-Tale

*Irsced Sion's Daughters with like Heat,
Whose wanton Passions in the sacred Porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led
His Eyes survey'd the dark Idolatries
Of alienated Juda.*

† The Original is, *summus æther*, signifying the Sky 'Tis the *Jupiter* of the Naturalists; and the same with *Cælus*, Father of *Saturn*

‡ The Original is *Hawks*, but I imagin'd Vultures more suitable.

|| He was Son to *Jupiter* and *Maja*. And *Venus*, was the Daughter of *Jupiter* and *Dione*; consequently, *Venus* and *Mercury* were Brother and Sister, by half Blood *Mercury* is call'd *Arcas*, because he was born in *Cyllene*, a Mountain of *Arcadia*, whence he often is surnam'd *Cyllenius* *Mercury* is the Herald and Messenger of the Deities; for which Reason, he had Wings, and a *Caduceus*, or Wonder-working Wand He also was the God of Thieves and Tradesmen He is one of the seven Planets, but seldom visible, he being mostly eclips'd by the Rays of the Sun, on whose Disk he frequently appears like a black Spot *Mercury* presided over the High-ways, which were pointed out by the Figure of a Man's Head, fix'd on a Square Stone; round which Passengers us'd to throw Stones, to make the Place more visible The Egyptians who called him *Anubis*, represented him with a Dog's Head, to denote his Vigilance and Sagacity *Mercury* was also a God of the antient Gauls, whom they, according

ver engag'd in any Affair of Consequence without first consulting thee § Thou likewise canst not be ignorant, that I have long been in search of a fugitive, female Attendant, who still eludes my Pursuit. The only Thing therefore now remaining is, for thee to proclaim a Reward with regard to any Person who shall discover her. Execute therefore instantly this Commission; and forget not to describe, in the clearest Manner, the several Marks by which this Vagabond may be known, in order that if any one should conceal her, contrary to the Laws, he may not be able to plead Ignorance in Excuse. Saying these Words, she gave him a Roll of Paper, in which *Psyche's* Name, with other Particulars, were written, and return'd forthwith to her Abode.

Mercury, in Compliance with this Injunction, visited every Country; he publishing whithersoever he came, the Proclamation following.—Oyes! If any Person will either bring back, or give any Tale or Tidings concerning one *Psyche*, a King's Daughter, late an Attendant on *Venus*, and now a Run-a-way; let him repair to *Mercury* the Herald, behind the Tem-

to Bochart, had borrow'd from the Phœnicians. They worshipp'd him under the Name of Theutates. Manethon, quoted by Syncellus, relates, that there was a second Mercury, an Egyptian Philosopher, who compos'd Books on the Writings of the first, which he had found, engrav'd on Pillars, in Hieroglyphics. He adds, that he deposited these Books in Temples, and was surnamed Trismegistus, or thrice great. He is the Father of those who devote themselves to the Study of the Philosopher's Stone. I shall observe, by the way, that the Situation of this Planet evidently demonstrates the Falsity of the Ptolemaic System for we sometimes perceive Mercury between the Earth and the Sun, and sometimes above the Sun, but the Earth is never seen between Mercury and the Sun, which yet must necessarily happen, if the Heaven of all those Planets comprehended or included the Earth as their Center, according to the System fram'd by Ptolemy.

§ As Mercury is the God of Frauds and Thefts, 'tis natural for *Venus*, (for the carrying on of whose Intrigues Fraud, &c. are so necessary) to address Mercury in this Manner

ple of Myrtle-Venus * ; and he shall receive, from the Goddess herself, as a Reward for his Discovery, seven balmy Kisses ; with one over and above, whose Poinancy will thrill his Soul †.

The Hopes of this delicious Recompence excited so strong a Desire, in Mankind in general, to search after *Psyche*, that the Hue and Cry was soon all the World over ; a Circumstance which chiefly determin'd *Psyche* to haste to her Mistress. Accordingly, being arriv'd almost at the Gate of the Palace, there rush'd forth from it one of *Venus's* Attendants, nam'd *Habit* or *Intimacy* ‡, who, the Instant she spy'd *Psyche*, roar'd out the following Words. Thou most worthless of Slaves ! dost thou at length begin to be sensible, that thou really art subject to a Mistress ? Wilt thou now (with thy usual Insolence) pretend to be ignorant of the vast Fatigues which we have undergone in searching after thee ? But it glads my Soul that thou art fallen into my Hands, and reduc'd to such dire Extremities ||, for
be

* The Myrtle-tree was sacred to *Venus*, for which Reason she was called *Murtia*, or *Myrtea*, from *Myrtus*, the Myrtle-tree, There was a Temple, dedicated to *Myrtle-Venus*, standing on Mount *Aventine*, first called *Marcus* The Place where the Discoverer of *Psyche* is appointed in the Text, to come, was behind the Goal of *Myrtle-Venus*, in the *Circus* ; but I translated it *Temple*, instead of *Goal*, as imagining that it conveyed a nobler Idea Some Commentators imagine that *Apuleius*, by the Word *Murtia*, alludes to *Murcia*, the Goddess of Idleness and Cowardice Those Men were call'd *Murci*, who, to prevent their going to War, us'd to maim themselves

† The Latin is, *Et unum blandientis oppulsa lingua longe melitum* I did not care to render it literally.

‡ This allegorical Person is justly rank'd among the Attendants on *Venus*, Intimacy or Familiarity often giving Rise to Love Intimacy has even the Power of changing our Affections and Inclinations ; and of making them resemble those of other Persons

|| The Original is, *Et inter Orci casteros jam ipsos adhaesisti*
i. e. " That you are catch'd, or stuck in the Lattices or Bars of
" *Orcus*.

be assur'd, that thou shalt soon pay dearly for thy Obstinacy. Saying these Words, she audaciously fix'd her Fingers in *Psyche's* Hair, and dragg'd along the unresisting Victim.

The Moment she was brought in, the Goddess set up a very loud and scornful Laugh, expressive of the Rage which fir'd her Bosom, when shaking her Head, and scratching her right Ear§:—Have you really (says she) condescended, at last, to pay your Compliments to your Mother-in-law? Or rather, are you not come to visit your Husband, who now lies dangerously ill of the Wound you gave him? But you shall meet with the Reception which so dutiful a Daughter-in-law deserves*.—Call hither (cries *Venus*) *Solitude* and *Sorrow* †, my Attendants.—These rushing in, the Goddess deliver'd her up, in order for them to punish her. The Furies, in Obedience to their Mistress's Command, scourg'd *Psyche* grievously; and, after inflicting a Variety of other Tortures, dragg'd her in again before the Goddess.

Here *Venus*, bursting afresh into a Laugh:—Observe (cries she) how the Wretch hopes to excite our Compassion, by making a Parade of her Bur-

“*Orcus*” *Orcus* is a Sirname of *Pluto*, the fabulous King of the infernal Regions. *Inter Oci caneros*, is a figurative Expression, signifying, the being hemm'd in, as it were, between two great Difficulties

§ According to *Pliny*, the Throne of *Nemesis*, the Goddess of Revenge, is behind the right Ear.—The fixing of it there, because (as I suppose) angry Persons scratch that Part, is whimsical enough. How ridiculous wou'd this Figure be in Painting!

* This is manifest Irony. Step-mothers, and Daughters-in law, seldom love one another, the Reason of which (as a *French Commentator* observe) may proceed from the Ambition they have, reciprocally, of gaining an Ascendant over the Master of the Family, and thereby of governing every Part of it at Pleasure. Two Women, considered in this Light, are a kind of Rivals.

† These allegorical Persons are also justly rank'd among the Attendants on *Venus*

then †; by which (truly) I am to become the propitious Grandmother of an illustrious Progeny ‖. And indeed, what a Comfort must it be for me to be saluted, in the Flower of Life, with the venerable Appellation of Grand-mother; and to hear the Offspring of a worthless Slave call'd the Grandson of *Venus*? But silly am I to stile him such; since surely a Marriage, huddled up between Persons unequal in Condition §, and at a Farm-House; without any Witnesses, or a Father's Consent first obtain'd, cannot be deem'd lawful; consequently her Child will be a Bastard †; if, after all, I ever may permit the Creature to be deliver'd.

Say-

† This is spoke ironically — All this Raillery, and the foregoing, appear to me well drawn, and quite in character with a Woman in the circumstance with *Venus*.

‖ 'Tis observ'd that Affection descends much more than it goes upwards. Parents considering it as a Felicity to behold their Posterity, they themselves seeming to survive in their Descendants. This Reflection therefore must be equally odious to *Venus*, on the present Occasion.

§ Such Marriages are commonly the happiest as are made between Equals; *Hymen* not supposing any Disparity between those whom he joins, in order to form but one Individual, as it were of both. Marriages, among Persons unequal in Fortune, and particularly in Birth, are very often unhappy *Milton*, in *Paradise Lost*, Book VIII describing the exquisite Bliss enjoy'd by *Adam* and *Eve* in the Garden of *Eden*, breaks into this Exclamation.

O when meet now
Such Pairs, in Love and mutual Honour join'd

† The *Latin* is *Spurius*, that is *Bastard*, in the most infamous Sense. By the Civil Law, the Mother inherited the Possessions of her illegitimate Son, and *vice versa*. But a wide Difference was made between natural Children, and those call'd *Spurii*. The Law paid no Regard to the latter, and even denied them Aliments, as springing from a random Commerce; but (with Submission to the *Romans*) this seems a very cruel Doctrine. *Is non habet patrem, cui pater est populus* i. e. "He whose Father is the People, has no Father." But the former, (natural

Saying these Words, she flew upon her, tore her Clothes to Pieces, diagg'd her by the Hair, broke her Head, and dash'd her against the Ground †: then calling for Wheat, Barley, Millet, Peas ‖, Lentiles, Beans, and Poppy-seeds; and mixing all these confusedly in one vast Heap §, she spoke thus to *Psyche*.

You seem, to me, so ugly a Creature, that methinks nothing but your uncommon Diligence and Industry, in Services, cou'd have procur'd you so many Suitors; for this Reason, I myself will try what you are good for. Separate therefore this Mountain of blended Grain; divide it in such a Manner, that a distinct Heap may be found of each Species, and take care that all this be done before Night. The Task being thus impos'd, *Venus* withdrew to a nuptial Supper to which she had been invited.

Psyche, gazing on this mighty, confus'd Heap,

tural Children) sprung from a Concubine, and a Commerce imitating Marriage, succeeded to their Mother's Possessions; and cou'd, by Law, address their natural Father for Support. They were look'd upon as a domestic kind of Creditors, to whom the greater Kindness shou'd be shown, as they were the innocent Fruit of their Father's Gallantries, and that 'twas enough for them to be consider'd, (on account of their Birth) in an unfavourable Light by Multitudes, and not have their Unhappiness aggravated, by being denied the Succours which should be indulg'd to all Persons in general who behave well — *Solon* would not allow Fathers any Authority over their natural Children, and the Reason he gives for it is pleasant enough, *viz.* that as they begot those Children merely out of Pleasure, this Pleasure ought to be their only Reward. The *Romans* made a wide Difference between Children born from an adulterous Commerce, and those who sprung from unmarried Persons.

† *Venus* appears here in the Character of a Strumpet, drunk and mad in a Brothel, and not like the boasted, enchanting Goddess of Beauty. *Raphael* has judiciously omitted this Incident in his *Designs*; and indeed it wou'd suit only such a Series of Paintings as the ingenious Mr. *Hogarth's* Harlot's Progress.

‖ Properly *Vetches*.

§ The *Latin* is *grumulus*, properly a Mole-hill.

was so perplex'd on account of the cruel Command, that she had not Courage to begin her Work ; but, lost in Astonishment, stood silent and motionless. But now an Ant (the diminutive * Tenant of a hollow Tree) mov'd to Compassion at seeing the amazingly difficult and laborious Task that was set the fond Partner of the mighty Deity † ; and detesting the Barbarity of *Psyche's* Mother-in-law, skuds swiftly up and down ; and summoning together the several Colonies of Ants in the Neighbourhood, she thus address'd them :—Ye nimble-footed Daughters of Earth (the universal Parent) O pity the Wife of *Cupid* ; and swiftly succour the beautiful Fair, now expos'd to imminent Danger !—Soon the assembled Nations of Ants mov'd ‡, like Waves, tumultuously up and down, and working with incredible Diligence, divide the Mountain of promiscuous Grain, into distinct Heaps of each Species ; which being done, they vanish instantly.

About the Beginning of the Night, *Venus*, breathing Perfumes ; her Cheeks flush'd with Nectar, and Wreathes of bright Roses ¶ entwining her lovely Form,

* The Original is *rus.cola*, i. e. “ a Ploughman ; an Inhabitant of the Country

† *Cupid*

‡ The Original is : *Rusant aliæ, superque aliæ sepedum populorum undæ* i. e. “ The six-footed Nations croud (like the “ Waves of the Sea) one upon another.” Ants, as many other Insects, have six Feet

¶ The Rose was sacred to *Venus* This Flower, according to the Mythologists was white, till the Goddess in question happen'd to be torn by a Rose-Bush, as she was hastening to the Assistance of *Adonis*, whom a Wild-Boar, at the Instigation of *Mars*, was tearing with his Tusks The Blood which issued from this Wound, ting'd the Rose of a red Colour.—'Tis also feign'd that *Cupid* presented *Hyppocrates*, the God of Silence, with a beautiful Rose, the first that had ever been seen by Mortals, in order that this Deity might not reveal the secret Intrigues of *Venus*, the amorous God's Mother. Hence ('tis said) arose

Form, return'd from the nuptial Banquet; when perceiving the Dispatch with which this stupendous Task had been compleated. Curs'd Wretch (says she) this Work was not perform'd by thy Hands, but by his whose Fancy thou happen'dst to strike, to his Ruin as well as thine. Saying which, she threw † her a Piece of brown Bread ||, and retir'd to Rest

During this Interval *Cupid*, now alone, and confin'd to a Bed-chamber situated in the most retir'd Part of the House, was strictly guard'd; to keep him from the Company of his Soul's Delight, and for fear lest his too fond Dalliance might inflame his Wound. Our two Lovers, being thus separated, tho' under the same Roof, pass'd. very sorrowfully, the Night. But now *Venus* sent for *Psyche*, and spoke in manner following.

Seest thou yon Wood, stretching along the rocky Banks of that River, whose whirling Waters seem

arose the Custom of hanging up a Rose, in the Room where Friends and Relations were making merry, in order that no One might scruple to speak whatever might occur to his Thoughts; firmly assur'd, by the Sight of the Rose, that nothing utter'd on those Occasions wou'd be divulg'd Hence the Expression *sub rosa*, "under the Rose" One very pretty Figure, in the *French* Tongue, is, when instead of observing that a Girl has lost her Virginity, 'tis said, that she has lost the finest Rose in her Chapel — The Antients us'd to be crown'd with Roses, and other Flowers, in their Banquets, and the Crowns worn at those times, were often wove with great Art and Delicacy, and compos'd of the choicest Flowers

† In the *Design* (No. 22) which *Raphael* has given us of this Incident, he represents *Psyche* kneeling, and the Goddess putting a small Loaf into her Hands, which seems to express more Condescension than the Goddess is said, in *Apuleius*, to have shewn on this Occasion, he telling us, *Et primo cibaru panis ei projecit*, that is, "throwing her a Piece of Household bread," which denotes such an Air of Indignation, as is not express'd in *Raphael's Design*; nor is the Goddess there represented in the elegant Dress which our Author gives her here, after her Return from the Nuptials

|| *Panis cibarius*, signifies coarse or Household-bread.

to contemn those of the adjacent Fountain † ³ In that Solitude, Sheep, whose Fleeces glitter like Gold, stray, unguarded, up and down the Meads, and brouze the tender Grass. Bring me instantly (by any Means thou canst employ) some Locks from those invaluable Fleeces *Psyche* withdrew willingly; not with an Intention to obey the Goddess's Commands, but in order to put an end to her Woes, by rushing headlong from the Rock which hung over the Flood. As she was fix'd in this Resolution, a verdant Reed (the Nursery of sweet Music) being divinely inspir'd by the soft Breath of a whisp'ring Zephyr, spoke thus from the River:

Psyche ||, thou whom so great a Variety of Afflictions have tortur'd, pollute not my sacred Stream, by ending thy miserable Life in it; nor yet venture among those dreadfully cruel Sheep, which feed on yon Bank; for know that the meridian Sun-beams fire them with barbarous Rage, at which time they with their sharp-pointed Horns, their stony Foreheads, and sometimes with their venomous Teeth, make a dire Havock among Mortals. But thou mayst lie hid beneath this lofty Plane-tree §, which

† The Latin is, *cujus imi gurgite, vicinam fontem despicunt*, which may also signify, "whose Whirlpools behold (or are opposite to) the neighbouring Fountain"

|| Raphael has express'd this Image in a pleasing manner, in his *Design* (No. 23) viz by a kind of Nymph, who seems to speak to *Psyche*, from the Center of a thicket (if I may be allow'd that Expression) of Reeds.

§ The Plane-tree rises to a great Height, and its Branches spread very wide, like those of the Walnut-tree, whence the Romans were exceedingly delighted with its tufted Shade, under which they us'd to carouze in hot Weather. This is observ'd by *Virgil*, *Georgic* IV. ver 146.

Mimifrantem platanum potantibus umbras.

Horace likewise, *Ode* XI. Book II.

which (like myself) is fed by this River ; till such time as the Sun, declining from the Zenith, will have abated his Ardours ; and that the River-breeze shall have calm'd the wild Fury of the Flock. Thou then mayst visit securely the adjoining Grove *, and there gather the golden Fleeces of Wool, which thou wilt find hanging up and down on the Shrubs. Thus the gentle, the compassionate Reed taught the distracted *Psyche* to provide for her own Safety The Fair-one, revolving the salutary Admonition now

Cur non sub alta vel platano,

Potamus.

Quid. Metamorph. X. speaks also of this Tree as inspiring Mirth :

Et platanus gemalis,

Herodotus, Book VII informs us, that *Xerxes* marching a mighty Army into *Lydia*, and being struck with the wonderful Beauty of a Plane-tree, presented to it a kind of Necklace (of Gold) ; and committed the Tree to the Care of his Immortals ; a Body of select *Persian* Soldiers (consisting of ten thousand) so call'd, because, whenever any one of them died, another was taken in to compleat the Number According to *Pliny, Book I Ch. 12* the Tree in question was had in so much Veneration by the *Romans*, that they us'd to refresh it with Wine *Tantumque postea honoris increvit, ut mero infuso enutriantur.* On this Occasion, *Pliny* rallies his Countrymen very agreeably ; saying, that they had taught even Trees to drink Wine : *Docuimus etiam arboribus vina potare* There were Walks of these Trees about the celebrated Academy near *Athens*, where *Plato* first gave out his Lessons *Pliny* relates also, that a *Roman* saw a Plane-tree, of so stupendous a Size, that even its Branches look'd like so many Trees ; and that at the Foot of it was a hollow, eighty Foot long, within which was a kind of Table (made by Nature) of Pumice-stone, and cover'd with Moss, and that he himself, and seventeen Persons more, had frequently feasted round it, and laid there.--- The Naturalist above-cited, is justly accus'd, of often giving too much into the Marvellous

* I have omitted *percussis frondibus* (shaking the Leaves) as only confusing the Image.

given her, was not idle ; but observing it punctually, had an easy Opportunity of stealing the golden Locks ; when filling her Lap with them, she carried the soft Burthen to *Venus*. However, this second perilous Task, exactly perform'd, cou'd not extort the least Praise from the Goddess, who, on the contrary, knitting her Brows, and smiling scornfully :—Be assur'd (says she) I know perfectly well who it was that assisted you clandestinely on this Occasion : but I myself will make a Trial, and that very diligently, both of your Prudence and Fortitude of Mind †. See you yon Rock's craggy Summit, standing on a very high Mountain ? Thence flows a black Source, whose troubled Rills falling into the neighbouring Valley, afterwards descend to the Fens of *Styx* ‡, and feed the hoarse-murmuring Waters

† *Raphael* has not given us a *Design* of this Incident, imagining, probably, that it would not make a pleasing Picture.

‡ This was a Spring issuing from a Rock, on Mount *Nonacris* in *Arcadia*. Its Waters were said to be fatal to Animals of every kind ; and so excessively cold, that to drink of them, or eat any of the Fish which came from those Streams, was certain Death : Likewise, that its Waters corroded such brazen and iron Vessels as they were put into : and farther, that nothing could hold them except a Mule's Hoof ; they splitting every other kind of Vessel. See *Pliny*, *Lib* XXX. *Cap* 16. No doubt but some of these Circumstances are fabulous 'Tis related that the Gods us'd to swear by this River ; which Oath, if any of them violated, he was refus'd Nectar during a Year and nine Days ; and denied Access to the Table of the Immortals. According to *Virgil*, it encompass'd Hell nine Times. Mr *Pope* hints at this Circumstance in his *Cecilian Ode*, speaking of *Eurydice*.

*Tho' Fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine Times round her,
Yet Musick and Love were victorious.*

Hesiod declares in his *Theogony*, that those who violated an Oath, sworn by *Styx*, continued without a Soul during a Year. A French Commentator on Part of *Apuleius* relates, that about

Waters of *Cocytus*†. Go you to the Top of that Spring-head, and filling this little Pitcher from the gelid Stream, bring it me instantly.

Saying which, she gave her a chrystal Vase, the Workmanship of which was exquisite, threatening her terribly at the same time.

Psyche set forward, with hasty Steps, towards the Top of the Mountain; hoping to meet, there, with some Opportunity of ending her wretched Life. However, no sooner was she arriv'd at some Distance from the Summit of the Rock, but the Difficulty and Danger of her Attempt appear'd in all its Horrors. From the Center of the craggy Rock, which was amazingly high, slipp'ry, and inaccessible, burst forth frightful Streams; and these, rushing thro' the narrow Clefts they had scoop'd, fell (invisible to the Sun) into the neighbouring Valley. In the Cavities of the Rock, to the right and left, stood fierce Dragons, stretching forth their long Necks; and who, watching in those Places Day and Night, never suffer'd Sleep to close their Eyes ||. The mur-

two Leagues from *Sens*, within Musket-shot of the Road which leads to *Joigny*, is a Spring, the Waters whereof are so cold, that they kill in a few Hours, all who drink of them. Likewise, that they petrify every Thing they touch; insomuch, that they have form'd to themselves a Stone Basin.

† *Cocytus* was fabled to be a River in Hell, and to flow with a sadly-murmuring Sound, imitating the Groans of the Damn'd. Some derive *Cocytus* from the Greek *κνώω*, to weep; because the Poets declare, that the Waters of this River are form'd by the Tears shed by the unhappy Spirits. All the Geographers place *Cocytus* and *Acheron* in *Epirus*, which joins to *Arcadia*. *Homer* had fix'd them in the Country of the *Cimmerii*, a People of *Italy* inhabiting Vallies, so very deep, that the Inhabitants seldom see the Sun. The Depth of these Vallies, and their being illuminated so little by the Sun, was, doubtless, the Cause why the Poets feign'd that these Rivers, and Hell, were situated in those Parts.

|| The Original, *incontinuae vigiliæ luminibus additis, & in perpetuam lucem pupulis excubantibus*, is heightened in my Translation.

muring Waters likewise kept guard ; and being indued with the Faculty of Speech, they, at Intervals, utter'd the following Words :—Begone ! what art thou about ! Consider the Place ! Beware ; fly, or Death will be thy Lot.

Psyche, perceiving it wou'd be impossible for her to execute the Goddess's Orders, was insensible thro' Surprise *, and seem'd transform'd into a Statue †. The Reflexion on the dreadful Dangers to which she was expos'd, oppress'd her to such a Degree ‡, that she had not Power to burst into Tears, the last Consolation to afflicted Minds §.

But the Anguish of our guiltless Fair did not escape the piercing Eye of gracious Providence : for lo ! the rapacious Eagle ||, the royal Bird of mighty
Love,

* The Original is, *Psyche, quærens præsentem corpore, sensibus tamen aberat*, i. e. "*Psyche*, tho' present in Body, was absent " in Mind " But I thought it better to leave out the former part of the Antithesis in my Version

† The Latin is, *in lapidem*, i. e. " into a Stone or Rock "

‡ The Latin is, *inextricabilis periculi*, i. e. " of the inextricable Danger "

§ *La Fontaine* has describ'd, as the Reader may see in his *Cupid and Psyche*, the sad Luxury, (if I may so term it) which some Persons find in shedding Tears

|| The Eagle is call'd the Bird of *Jupiter*, because none of the feather'd kind fly so high in the Air, whither he seems to go for Orders ; and likewise from his being suppos'd to be never struck with the Thunder-bolt He is the largest, the strongest, and swiftest Bird of Prey He builds his Airy on high Rocks, feeds his Young till they are able to fly, and then drives them from his Airy A French Jesuit (Father Ange) observes, in his Optics ; that the Reason why Eagles, tho' the fibres of their Eyes are no stronger than those of other Animals, can yet look more stedfastly on the Sun, is, from their having two Eye-lids ; they, with the one, shutting their Eyes entirely, and with the other, which is thinner than the former, and under it, covering their Eyes whenever they gaze on any luminous Body In *SpeAcle de la Nature*, Vol I Pag. 192. & seq London printed, 1739, 12mo. We are told that Eagles serve as Caterers to many Gentlemen living near Mountains, and that in manner following : The Shepherds climbing up to an Airy, (when their

Jove, recollecting the good Offices which *Cupid* had formerly done him, when, conducted by that God, he brought the Thunderer his *Phrygian* Cup-bearer; being desirous of testifying his Gratitude to that Deity, by assisting his afflicted Wife §, expanded his broad Wings, and descending instantly from the sublimest Sky, flew near to *Psyche**, and thus address'd her.

the Young are in them) the Instant the old Birds are gone out of it upon a Progress, they there meet with Partridges, Woodcocks, Fowls, Ducks, Lambs, Kids, Pigs, Hares, young Fawns, &c. all which they carry off; and leave in their stead, the Entrails of certain Animals. The whole Relation is very pretty. We are also told, that a wooden Eagle of *Regiombertanus* flew aloft in the Air, and coming a considerable Way out of the City in order to meet an Emperor, saluted him; and then waited upon him back to the City Gates. According to the fabulous History, the Eagle is called the Bird of *Jove*, because He carried the Thunders of that God, in his Wars with the Giants.

|| *Ganymede*, was the Son of *Tros*, King of *Troy*, afterwards call'd *Ilium*. Being exceedingly handsome, he was either carried off by *Jupiter's* Eagle; or the God himself, disguis'd in the Shape of that Bird, forc'd him away, when he was hunting on Mount *Ida*. The Antients, whenever a great Person (as *Romulus*, &c.) was snatch'd from them by Death, or otherwise, us'd to publish that he had been carried off by the Gods. 'Tis related, that *Hebe* attending on the Immortals, at a Banquet which *Jupiter* gave them in *Ethiopia*, happen'd to slip, and fell in such a Manner as displeas'd that God, who, to punish her, drove her away, and took *Ganymede* in her stead. *Lactantius* thinks, that *Ganymede* was suppos'd to be carry'd off by an Eagle, because the Person who forc'd him away, march'd with a Standard, in which an Eagle was represented; or else, because his Ship was so call'd. There also was a Goddess call'd *Ganymede*, *Hebe*, or the Goddess of Youth, who had a Temple among the *Phrygians*, which (according to *Pausanias*) was an Asylum for all sorts of Criminals. He adds, that these taking off their Chains, us'd to hang them up on the Trees which stood before the Temple.

§ The Original is, *Deique numen in uxoris laboribus percolens*, i. e. "Honouring or worshipping the God, in the Sorrows of his Wife."

* The Latin is, *alti culminis Diales vias deserit*, i. e. "He leaves the ætherial Paths of high Heaven."

Canst thou be so very simple, so utterly unacquainted with these Solitudes, as to fancy, that it will be possible for thee even to approach, much less to carry off, from this sacred, and at the same time dreadful Spring, a single Drop? Heard'st thou never that the *Stygian* Waters are formidable to the Immortals, and even to *Jove* himself? And know'st thou not that the Deities swear by the Majesty of *Styx* †, as Mankind swear by the Divinity of the Gods? But give me the Pitcher; when seizing it ‡, he spread his Wings, and positing himself in the Air, shap'd his Course to the right and left, amid the Dragons, who grinn'd horribly with their Teeth, and darted their three-forked Tongues at him. He then fill'd, instantly, the Vessel with the reluctant Waters, which cry'd out to him:—Fly this Place, if thou valuest thy Life But feigning that he had been sent by the Command of *Venus*, and was her Attendant, he thereby obtain'd the easier Access.

Psyche, overjoy'd to see the Pitcher fill'd, hasted with it to *Venus*, who still continuing cruel and inexorable, and menacing her with Dangers more difficult and dreadful than those she had hitherto combated, spoke thus to her, smiling balefully at the same time—Thou certainly must be a Sorceress, a powerful Hag, otherwise thou cou'dst never have executed so resolutely my Commands However, (sweet Creature) I have one more Commission for thee. Take this Box (saying which, she put it into her Hands;) descend to the infernal Regions, to the

† *Orpheus*, in his *Theogony*, relates, that *Victory*, the Daughter of *Styx*, having accompanied *Jupiter* in his War against the Giants; the God ordain'd, out of Gratitude to this Source, that the Immortals should swear by its Waters.

‡ *Apuleius* says here, *completamque festinanter*, “and filling it immediately” (the Pitcher) but I presum'd it proper to mention this Circumstance lower, as it was necessary for the *Eagle* to fly first by the *Dragons*, &c.

gloomy Palace of *Pluto*; and presenting the Box to *Proserpine*, speak thus:—*Venus* intreats you to send her a little of your Beauty-wash, just enough to serve her for one Day; the Goddess, during her Attendance on her Son, when sick, having us'd her whole Stock of Cosmetics. But make all the haste possible back; it being necessary for me, the Instant I have improv'd my Complexion, to go to the Assembly of the Gods.

'Twas now, especially, that *Psyche* found herself completely wretched; and saw evidently, that (all Disguise being laid aside) she wou'd be hurried to certain Destruction. It indeed was impossible for her to be insensible of this, since she was commanded to descend on Foot to *Tartarus* ||, and wander

|| This was suppos'd to be the lowest Part of Hell That of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, its Lake, its Rivers, its *Charon*, and the *Obolus* given him, were all borrow'd from the Funerals of the *Egyptians*. In *Hebrew*, the Word, which signifies Hell, implies likewise the Grave *Diodorus Siculus* describes, in his first Book, these *Egyptian* Funerals, brought by *Orpheus* from *Egypt* into *Greece*, which were afterwards copied by *Homer*. *Mercury* (says he) the Guide of Souls, us'd to conduct the dead Body, till he had deliver'd it into the Hands of the Person who represented *Cerberus*. The Corps was put into a Boat, the Pilot of which was call'd, in the *Egyptian* Language, *Charon*; and as the burying Place was opposite to *Memphis* (the Nile flowing between) they cross'd the River, entered the Lake *Acherusia*, beyond which were the *Elysian* Fields. They stopp'd in this Lake; when all Persons were permitted to bring any Accusations against the Deceas'd. If the Crime was prov'd, the Body was sentenc'd by the Judges, to be depriv'd of Sepulture; but in case the Accuser cou'd not make good his Assertions, he himself was punish'd. In the latter Case, the Relations of the Deceas'd us'd to lay aside their Mourning, and sing his Praises. They did not celebrate his Extraction, but his Virtues and Piety, beseeching the infernal Deities to admit him among them; after which they carried the Body into the Cavities cut in the Rock, and deposited it there. 'Tis well known that these Bodies (which had been embalm'd) were call'd Mummies; and are now found in several Cabinets of the curious. *Porphyry* informs us of the Harangue which us'd to be made to the Sun,

and

der among its flitting Spirits. She therefore hastens towards a very high Tower, in the fix'd Resolution to throw herself from it; imagining that she thereby wou'd have a direct and commodious Passage to Hell; when the Tower § spoke thus.

Ill-fated Creature! why wou'dst thou end thy Life by rushing down a Precipice? Why dost thou ingloriously suffer thy Resolution to be conquer'd by this last, tho' so dangerous Trial? Shou'd thy Soul be once separated from thy Body, thou'lt inevitably descend to the deepest Abysses of Hell, whence there is no Return But listen to what I say.

Not far from hence stands the renown'd *Sparta**,

and the other Deities, whilst a Body was embalming, after the Bowels had been taken out The Deceas'd was suppos'd to speak, who declar'd; that he had rever'd the Gods, and obey'd his Parents; that he had never offended or deceiv'd any Person; that, in case he had sinn'd, with respect to eating and drinking, the Guilt ought to be imputed to his Bowels, and not to himself. This being done, the Vessel, containing his Bowels, was cast into the River, and they continued to embalm the Body. Mr *Rollin* observes, Vol I of his *antient History*, that Kings themselves were not exempt from the public Inquest above-mention'd

§ *Raphael*, in his *Designs* (No. 24) has represented a Woman, as the Nymph or Goddess (I suppose) of the Tower The upper Part of her Body seems to project from that Edifice, and the rest to be incrust'd, as it were, in it The Painter supposes the Voice to issue from this Nymph At a Distance is a Prospect of the City of *Sparta*, as I imagine

* Call'd also *Lacedæmon*. This City was the Residence of *Menelaus*, Consort of the beautiful *Helen*. *Sparta* was afterwards one of the most considerable Republics of *Greece*, and gave Birth to many great Men. *Lacedæmonia* was the Name common to the City and the Territory round it, and *Sparta* the Name proper to the City. *Agessilaus*, one of its Kings, being ask'd why *Sparta* was without Walls? Don't you see them? (replied he) pointing to its Inhabitants, who were the bravest of all the *Greeks* They are remarkably valiant to this Day; and 'tis with great Difficulty they are restrain'd by the *Turkish* Government.

a City

a City of *Achaia* †. Seek thou, at a little Distance from that City, for *Tænarus* ‡, situated in a hidden and almost inaccessible Tract. There is found the infernal Cavern, thro' whose wide Mouth we discover a pathless Road; venturing down which, thou'lt proceed directly to *Pluto's* Palace. However, go not unprovided to this Gloom; but carry in each Hand a Cake made of Barley-meal ||, Wine and Honey; and the like Number of Pieces of Money in thy Mouth §. After having travell'd a considerable Way down this Road of Death, thou'lt meet * an Ass, and an Ass-man, both lame, and carrying Wood. The latter will intreat thee to give him up some Sticks †† which fell from his Load; but go thou on without once opening thy Lips.

Thou'lt come, a little after, to the baleful ** River

† There were two Countries so call'd, one of them between *Macedonia* and *Peloponnesus*, (now call'd the *Morea*) and the other in *Peloponnesus*, which is suppos'd to be the true and first *Achaia*, wherein *Sparta* was situated.

‡ A Promontory and Town of *Peloponnesus*. In these Parts is a large Cavern, where a great Noise is heard, whence the Poets feign'd it to be one of the Inlets to the infernal Regions. *Hercules* is said to have return'd from thence (by this Passage) dragging *Cerberus* in Chains.

|| See *Æneus's* Descent into Hell, *Virgil*, *Æneid* VI.

§ The Pieces hinted at on this Occasion were the *Obols*, or Half-pence.

* Or, "Thou'lt follow" The Latin is, *continuaberis*.

†† 'Tis in some Editions, *qui te rogabit, decidente sartina fumenlos aliquot porrigas ei* i. e. "Who, his Load falling, will desire thee to hand some Cords to him" Certain Commentators imagine, that *Apuleius* hints, here, at some Tale or Story well known in his time, the Memory of which has been since lost.

** *Acheron*, or *Cocytus*. Milton takes Notice of this, and other infernal Rivers, *Paradise Lost*, Book II.

— — — — — Along the Banks
Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge
Into the burning Lake their baleful Streams :

Abhorred

ver of the Dead, over which *Charon* presides †, who will presently call aloud for his Fare, which being given him, he conveys the Passengers in his leathern-boat ‡, to the opposite Shore; a Proof that even the Dead are not exempt from Avarice §. Neither *Charon*, nor *Pluto*, that potent Deity, indulge the least Favour without being first paid their Fees · and therefore every Mortal, how poor soever he may be, is oblig'd, before he expires, to procure Money * for his Passage; since, shou'd he come pennyless

*Abhorred Styx, the Flood of deadly Hate ;
Sad Acheron, of Sorrow, black and deep ;
Cocytus, nam'd of Lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful Stream ; fierce Phlegeton
Whose Waves of torrent Fire inflame with Rage.*

† The noted Ferryman of Hell, whom *Virgil* (*Æneid* VI) describes thus, as translated by *Dryden*.

*There Charon stands, who rules the dreary Coast.
A sordid God ; down from his hoary Chin
A length of Beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean ·
His Eyes like hollow Furnaces on Fire :
A Girdle foul with Grease, binds his obscene Attire.
He look'd in Years ; yet in his Years were seen
A youthful Vigour and autumnal green*

‡ 'Tis *sutili cymbâ*, " his sew'd or stitch'd Boat," which I have translated *Leathern-Boat*; many Nations using Boats fram'd of Hides; tho' probably this Adjective *sutili* may be here employ'd metaphorically, to signify a Boat built of Wood

§ This is by way of Interrogation in the Original *Ergo & inter mortuos avaritia vivit ?* But I have chang'd it to a moral Reflexion.

* The Original is *Viaticum*, (properly the Things necessary for a Journey) and which, among the *Romans*, signify'd the Presents made by the Commonwealth to such Officers as were sent into the Provinces, there to exercise an Employment or Commission This *Viaticum* sometimes imply'd not only the Money given to the Officers, but also the Clothes, the Ring, the Baggage, the Tents, &c. bestow'd upon them by the Republic on those Occasions. Among the *Romanists*, *Viaticum* is the Money given a Friar, to defray the Expence of a Journey

pennylefs, he wou'd not be permitted to crofs over†. Thou muft give this filthy old Wretch one of the Pieces of Money for thy Passage; obferving that he take it out of thy Mouth with his Hand. Farther, as thou art ferrying over thefe lazy Waters, the Ghofth of * an antient Man‡, floating up and down, will lift up his rotting Hands||, and conjure thee to take him into the Boat; but be not thou mov'd to unmerited Compaffion§.

Having crofs'd the River, and advanc'd a little forward, fome old Women, who are weaving**, will befcech thee to juft lend them a Hand; but that

or Miffion; and, figuratively, the Sacrament adminiftr'd to expiring Perfons, fuch excepted as die by the Hands of an Executioner — Some will perhaps think this laft Exception unkind, in thus denying the *Viaticum* to unhappy Wretches, who may be imagin'd to ftand in greateft Need of it.

† The Original is, *nemo eum exfpiare patietur*, “No one will permit him to die,” which makes a kind of Blunder, as 'tis fuppos'd that fuch a Perfon died before he came down to this River; for this Reason I alter'd the Circumftance in my Verfion.

* 'Tis in the Latin, *Senex mortuus* (a dead old Man) which, join'd to the Context, has very much the air of a Bull. But we muft fuppose this Expreflion as us'd by the Antients, to fignify a Man, who, being dead as to our upper World, his Soul was withdrawn to the infernal Regions. Otherwise, we fhould be apt to recollect that Paflage in the *Rehearfal*, where *Smith* asking Mr *Bayes*, “How all his dead Men could go off?” *Bayes* replies: “Go off! why, as they come on; upon their Legs -- How fhould they go off? Why, do you think the People don't know they are not dead?”

‡ 'Tis obferv'd, that no Mention is made of this old Man in any of the antient Authors, neither of the Afs-man or Afs, carrying Wood.

|| *Raphael*, in his 25th *Design*, does not follow this Defcription; he representing the old Man kneeling on one Knee, and not with Hands uplifted, but holding a Staff.

§ The Original is, *illicitâ---pietate*, “unlawful or forbidden Compaffion.”

** 'Tis obferv'd, that Thefe may be fuppos'd to be the fatal Sisters, who yet are faid to fpin, not to weave, the Thread of Man's Life. *Raphael*, in his *Design* (No. 26.) has not reprefented them fpinning.

also is forbid thee; for know that this Stratagem, and many more, will be employ'd by the insidious *Venus*, to induce thee, if possible, to give away one of thy Cakes; but thou must not consider the Loss of a Barley-cake (which in itself, indeed, is worth little) as a Trifle on this Occasion: since, shouldst thou even part with one of them, thou'lt never be permitted to return again to the Light of this upper World †; for before the Threshold of *Proserpine's*

† Thus, in *Virgil's* fourth *Georgic*, *Orpheus* was to possess his *Eurydice*, and convey her back to Earth, upon Condition that he shou'd not give her so much as one Look, in their Journey from the infernal Regions *Psyche* was more prudent with regard to these Cakes (tho' Curiosity prov'd afterwards fatal to her) than *Orpheus*; he losing, for ever, his sweet *Eurydice*. *Virgil* makes *Eurydice* speak with excessive Tenderness on this Occasion; and her Words breathe no less Passion, in the Version of the late Duke of *Buckingham*.

*Why hast thou thus undone thyself, and me?
What Rage is this? Oh! I am snatch'd from thee!
(She faintly cry'd) Night, and the Pow'rs of Hell
Surround my Sight. Oh Orpheus! Oh farewell!
My Hands stretch forth to reach thee as before,
But all in vain, for I am thine no more;
No more allow'd to view thy Face, or Day!
Then from his Eyes, like Smoak, she fleets away.*

I have often found singular Pleasure in comparing together, with the Original, two or three different beautiful Translations of a fine Passage from some antient Writer. Here follows *Eurydice's* Words, as translated by *Mr. Dryden*

*Then thus the Bride What Fury seiz'd on thee,
Unhappy Man! to lose thyself and me?
Dragg'd back again by cruel Destinies,
An iron Slumber shuts my swimming Eyes,
And now farewell - involv'd in Shades of Night,
For ever I am ravish'd from thy Sight
In vain I reach my feeble Hands, to join
In sweet Embraces; ah! no longer thine!
She said, and from his Eyes the fleeting Fair
Retur'd like subtil Smoak dissolv'd in Air.*

gloomy Palace, lies a terrible triple-headed Dog †, of a monstrous Size, whose barking is like Thunder; and who keeps eternal Watch before *Pluto's* Ghost-inhabited Palace ||; for ever terrifying the Shades, tho' he cannot hurt them. Now throw but one of thy Cakes to this Dog, and he'll be pacified, and let thee go forward. Thou then wilt have immediate Access to *Proserpine*, who, receiving thee in a courteous and friendly Manner, will intreat thee to repose thyself on a soft Seat, and partake of a delicious Banquet. However, do thou sit on the Ground, and desire a Piece of brown Bread. This done, set forth the Cause of thy coming, and accept of what will be offer'd thee. Then shape thy

† *Cerberus* Naturalists suppose him to imply the Earth, as this devours all Bodies interr'd in it

|| The Original (*vacuam Ditis domum*) is imitated from *Virgil*, *Æneid* VI. Verses 268, 269, where *Æneas* is descending to Hell

*Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram,
Per que domos Ditis vacuas, & inania regna.*

That is

“ Obscure they went thro' dreary Shades, that led
“ Along the waste Dominions of the Dead.” DRYDEN.

Here Mr *Dryden* translates the *domos Ditis vacuas, & inania regna*, by *waste Dominions of the Dead* But a French Translator of part of *Apuleius*, renders the *vacuam Ditis domum*, by *vide palais de Pluton*, i. e. *empty Palace of Pluto*, which, indeed, answers exactly to the *Latin*, but I imagin'd that an empty Palace, inhabited by Ghosts, or any other Beings, to have much the turn of a Bull, and therefore substituted Ghost-inhabited Palace Our Author calls them *domos vacuas*, because this Palace was suppos'd to be frequented only by unembod'y'd Shades or Ghosts The antient Philosophers declar'd that Man is compos'd of Body, Soul, and Shade, that after the Dissolution of this compounded Being, the Soul return'd, on high, to the Place whence it came, the Body to the Earth, which had supply'd it with Food, and the Shade to the infernal Regions.

Course back again ; and throwing the Dog the remaining Barley-cake, his Fury will be sooth'd. Thou, afterwards, must give the other Piece of Money which thou hast reserv'd, to the greedy Ferry-man, and he'll waft thee over the River ; when, returning the Way thou cam'st, thine Eyes will again behold the Stars that glitter round us. But take care, above all Things, not to open, or pry into the Box thou carry'st, nor be any way solicitous with regard to the Treasure of celestial Beauty conceal'd in it. In this Manner the sagacious Tower ended its kind Exhortations.

Immediately *Psyche* set out for *Tenarus* ; and, having taken the little Pieces of Money, with the Cakes, pursuant to the Directions given her, she struck down the baleful Road which leads to *Tartarus* ; proceeding silently by the limping Afs-driver ; paying *Charon* for her Passage, disregarding no less the Supplications of the floating Ghost *, than the fraudulent Intreaties of the Female-weavers † ; and soothing the Fury of the dreadful Dog, by giving him a Barley-cake, she enter'd *Proserpine's* Mansion. The subterraneous Queen ‡ offering *Psyche* a soft Seat, and an exquisite Repast, she refus'd both ; but sitting humbly at the Goddess's Feet, and contenting herself with a Piece of brown Bread, she then related the Commission brought by her from *Venus*.

Immediately *Proserpine* deliver'd her a Box, that had been secretly fill'd, and which was cover'd close. This done, *Psyche* took her leave ; when, silencing

* *Supernatantis mortui desiderio*, " The Request of the floating dead Man ;" but I chang'd the Expression in my Version, as being otherwise ridiculous

† The fatal Sisters.

‡ These Words, *subterraneous Queen*, are not in the Original.

the barking Dog *Cerberus*, by throwing him || the remaining Barley-cake; and giving the Boat-man the other Piece of Money §, she return'd from the infernal Regions with much greater Chearfulness than she descended.

Being thus return'd, and hailing the clear *, and beautiful Light of our Skies, *Psyche*, tho' impatient to finish her Commission, yet, being fir'd with a rash Curiosity, spoke thus to herself — How silly shou'd I be, when intrusted with a celestial Beauty-wash, not to take a little of it to heighten my own Charms, since I thereby may ingratiate myself with the sweet Idol of my Affections †. Saying these Words, she open'd the Box, but, alas! no Beauty-wash was there; nor indeed any thing else, except a deadly, infernal, soporific Vapour ‡, which, when she took off the Cover, seiz'd her, and diffus'd itself instantly throughout her whole Frame. She now stood motionless, and was bound so fast, by the Chains of Sleep, that sinking down in the Path, she lay extended as dead **.

In the mean time *Cupid* being restor'd to Health, and his Wound clos'd, bore with Impatience this long Absence from *Psyche*. He now found Means to escape thro' the narrow Window of the Bed-

|| The *Latin* is stronger, *offulæ sequentis fraude* “ by the “ Artifice of the other little Cake ”

§ I presume there is too much repetition, here, of the same Particulars

* 'Tis in some Editions, *odoratâ candidâ istâ luce*, which must be an Error of the Press.

† The Original says only, “ with my handsome Lover ” *amatori meo formoso*

‡ 'Tis in the Original, *infernus somnus* “ an infernal Sleep ”

** The *Latin* is *dormiens cadaver*, “ a sleeping Carcase,” which, not to mention the Impropriety of it, conveys no very pleasing Image. The Reader will afterwards see, how finely *La Fontaine* has improv'd this Incident, he supposing that *Psyche*, by opening the Box, became instantly like a Negro, which gives occasion to a Variety of pleasing Circumstances

chamber in which he had been confin'd, and his Wings, by Repose, having recover'd their former Strength, he flew with unusual Swiftneſs towards his *Pſyche*. And now, gathering up carefully the ſoporific Vapour, and turning it into the Box exactly as before, he then wak'd his ſleeping Charmer §, by thruſting, as gently as poſſible, the Point of one of his Arrows into her Shoulder *. Unhappy Creature! (ſays he) Curioſity had like to have undone thee a ſecond time. However, execute, with all imaginable Diſpatch, my Mother's Command; and leave the reſt to me. Saying theſe Words, the ſitting Lover ſtretch'd his Wings, and left her; when *Pſyche* inſtantly carried *Venus* the Preſent ſent by *Proſerpine*.

In the mean time *Cupid*, whoſe Complexion was faded, and his Body emaciated through the Violence of his Paſſion, dreading the Conſequence of his Mother's ſending ſo ſuddenly for *Sobriety* †, has recourſe to his uſual Arts ‡; when flying, with a ſwift Wing, to the ſublimeſt Heaven, he there addreſſes

§ The Original ſays only, *Pſychen* “*Pſyche*.”

* This is conformable to *Raphael's Deſign* (No. 28) but not to the Original, which makes no mention of *Pſyche's* Shoulder. *Raphael* has drawn our Fair-One extended on the Ground, and *Cupid* flying down upon her. I ſhall venture to obſerve, that the Subject of this Incident does not ſeem diſtinctly enough expreſs'd in the Drawing in queſtion; *Cupid* being there repreſented as flying from the narrow Window; and, in another part of the Deſign, as returning the Box to *Pſyche*. whence one would imagine, at firſt ſight, that they did not repreſent the ſame *Cupid*.

† This Paſſage is difficult, *motus ſue repentinam ſobrietatem ferturſcens*. I have render'd it in the moſt intelligible Manner in my Power, by ſuppoſing *Sobriety* to be a Goddeſs; and that *Cupid* was afraid, by his Mother's ſending ſo ſuddenly for her, that ſhe (*Venus*) would be ſtill more exaſperated againſt both him and *Pſyche*, for which Reaſon, he flew with all poſſible Speed to *Jupiter*.

‡ *Ad armile redit*. This may alſo be render'd, “has Recourſe to his Storehouſe or Magazine of Stratagems.”

the

the mighty *Jupiter* ||, who heard him graciously.
And now *Jove*, snatching *Cupid's* Cheeks, and join-
ing

|| The antient Philosophers understood, by *Jupiter*, the Soul of the World The first historical *Jupiter* was the *Belus* of the *Babylonians*, and most Nations had their *Jupiter* *Lactantius* tells us, that a King of that Name, having travell'd over most Countries of the Earth, and won the Friendship of the severall Monarchs he visited, prevail'd with them to dedicate Temples to him, after his Departure, as a Monument of their Hospitality and Alliance *Vairo* (according to *Tertullian*) relates, that there were three hundred *Jupiters*, that is, so many Kings thus nam'd *Jupiter* was the principal Deity of the *Romans*, who often stil'd him, Father of the Gods and King of Men. *Jupiter* had a Multitude of Surnames *Bel*, *Celus*, or *Baal*, was the *Jupiter* of the *Chaldeans* and *Phœnicians*

Jupiter, in Astronomy, is one of the Planets. 'Tis remarkably bright, seems to go round our Earth in about twelve Years, and is situated between *Saturn* and *Mars* Four little Stars, Moons, or Satellites, move round *Jupiter*, which must form a pleasing Spectacle to the Inhabitants of that Planet, in case there are any, for sometimes the four Satellites rise together, sometimes they are all at their Meridian, one above another, at other times they appear together in the Horizon, at equal Distances, and they frequently eclipse one another

Jupiter, according to the *Alchymists*, signifies the Philosopher's Gold These Men apply, to their Art, whatever Mythologists relate concerning *Jupiter*, and affirm, that the antient Fables or Fictions must be understood in a figurative Sense For Instance, as *Jupiter* is the Sovereign of the Gods, Gold is the first and most precious of all Metals *Mercury* is *Jupiter's* Embassador, which denotes the Facility wherewith *Mercury* pervades all Things *Jupiter's* Scepter is the Thunderbolt, which hints at the external Sulphur employ'd in Projection *Jupiter's* usual Abode is the Heavens, which implies him to be volatile, hot and dry The Riotous Pranks of that God, who chose our lower, but prolific and delicious World for the Scene of his Pleasures, alludes to the great Fertility of the Earth; and suggests, that the skilful may make Gold from it To conclude. *Jupiter* is the Son of *Saturn*, which implies the resemblance found between some of the Qualities of Gold and Lead --How idle are all these Applications! and yet many have been inveigled by them, to the utter Ruin of their Fortunes! a Proof what Wileacres certain Men are

Some with a Noise, and greasy Light
Are snapt, as Men catch Larks by Night;

ing Lips to Lips, gives him a tender Kiss, and speaks thus.

Tho' thou (great Son §) hast never paid me the Honours decreed by the Immortals; but, on the contrary, hast frequently wounded my Heart; and disgrac'd it, by the leud, terrestrial Amours, in which thou engag'dst even me, who command absolutely over the Elements, and direct the Motions of the Planets: Notwithstanding that thou, in Opposition to the Laws (the *Julian* in particular *) and to all Decorum, hast injur'd my Fame by adulterous Acts; thou engaging me to change, ignominiously, my celestial Form † into those of Serpents,

*Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the Soul,
As Nooses by the Legs catch Fowl.
Some with a Medicine, and Receipt,
Are drawn to nibble at the Bait;
And tho' it be a two-foot Trout,
'Tis with a single Hair pull'd out*

HUDIBRAS, Canto III Part II

§ *Jove* makes him this Compliment, as knowing that he himself had been subject to *Cupid's* Power — We charge (perhaps too often) the *French* Writers with Pertness and Affectation: But a *French* Translator of *Cupid* and *Psyche*, may justly (methinks) be accused of the latter, when he translates, on the present Occasion, *Domine fili*, “*Monsieur, mon petit-fils*,” which images *Cupid* to us as a little Master with red-heel'd Shoes. The *Germans* run into the opposite Extreme; they sometimes representing (I am told) *Cupid*, as a stout, young Fellow of five and twenty

* Enacted by *Augustus Cæsar* against Adulterers Methinks 'tis whimsical enough for *Jupiter* to mention the *Julian* Law, as tho' it cou'd affect him

Horace is suppos'd to hint at this Law, Book IV Ode V.

*No base Adultery stains our Race;
Strict Law has tam'd that spotted Vice.
The Child can show his Father's Face
Pain waits on Sin, and checks its Rise* CREECH.

† The Original is, *Serenos vultus meos sordide reformando*, &c “By shamefully, or scandalously transforming my serene Face”

Flames,

Flames, Birds, and Beasts of various Kinds †; I yet will be so indulgent, as thou wast brought up in my Arms, to gratify thy utmost Wishes, provided thou canst but guard against Rivals On the other hand, if there now be any exquisitely beautiful Maiden upon Earth, 'twill be but grateful, in return for the Services I shall do thee, to wound her Heart in my Favour ||.

These Words ended, *Jupiter* commanded *Mercury* to summon instantly together all the Deities,

† These Transformations of *Jupiter* are mention'd by *Ovid*, among other Writers, Book VI of his *Metamorphoses*, and are thus translated by Dr. *Croxall*.

*Arachnè drew the fam'd Intrigues of Jove,
Chang'd to a Bull to gratify his Love,
How thro' the briny Tide all foaming bore,
Lovely Europa on his Back he bore
The Sea seem'd waving, and the trembling Maid
Shrunk up her tender Feet, as if afraid,
And looking back on the forsaken Strand,
To her Companions wafts her distant Hand
Not she design'd Asteria's fabled Rape,
When Jove assum'd a soaring Eagle's Shape:
And show'd how Leda lay supinely press'd,
Whilst the soft snowy Swan sat bow'ring o'er her Breast.
How in a Satyr's Form the God beguill'd,
When fair Antiope with Twins he fill'd.
Then, like Amphytrion, but a real Jove,
In fair Alcmena's Arms he cool'd his Love.
In fluid Gold, to Danae's Heart he came.
Ægina felt him in a lambent Flame
He took Mnemosynè in Shepherd's Make,
And for Deois was a speckled Snake.*

|| The Original is *Per eam mihi repensare te debet* "That you ought to recompence me by her". 'Tis whimsical enough in *Jupiter*, (as a French Commentator observes) after he has been exclaiming against Intrigues, to desire *Cupid* to help him to a Girl. *Jupiter* had a numberless Multitude of Mistresses, a Vice common to most great Men, which this pretended Deity certainly was; these several Metamorphoses being so many real Amours, handed down to us under the Disguise of Fiction.

and to proclaim a heavy Mulct §, with regard to such as should absent themselves from the sacred Assembly. The Dread of incurring the Penalty in question, wrought so powerfully on the Deities, that they all hastened to their Council-house; when mighty *Jove*, now seated aloft on his Throne, made the following Speech.

Ye Deities! inroll'd in the Records * of the Muses: Ye all must know that I myself nurtur'd this Stripling, whose first juvenile Sallies, finding they wanted a Curb, I restrain'd. Now, as his Reputation suffers greatly by the Reports spread concerning his adulterous Pranks, and his corrupt Practices of every kind, all Opportunities for his indulging any more in them should be taken away, and his youthful, unchaste Impetuosity be check'd by the hymeneal Fetters. Know that he has already fix'd his Choice on a Nymph, with whom he has indulg'd in the utmost Familiarities†. Let him therefore take *Psyche*: Let him possess, let him clasp his darling Fair-One, and be for ever happy in her Love.

Then turning to *Venus*.—Grieve not, Daughter, (says he) nor fancy that your high Descent, your

§ The Original is, *in pœnam decem millium nummum*. “Up-
“ on the Penalty of ten thousand Pieces of Money” But the
specifying a Sum of Money on this Occasion, seems, to me,
meer Burlesque. The Mulct or Fine mention'd here, alludes, I
believe, to that which those *Roman* Senators, who did not come
to the Senate House on certain stated Days, were oblig'd to
pay; of which *Varro* speaks, in an Epistle to *Appianicus*. *Se-
neeca* observes, that all Senators turn'd of three-score, were not
subject to this Penalty, but might come to the Senate-house
whenever they thought proper.

* *Musarum albo*, “The Registers or Records of the Muses”
Album was a whited Table, on which Names were writ. This
seems to hint at the Table or Roll of the Senators, appointed
by *Augustus*, in which the Names of the Conscript Fathers were
set down. The Register or Records of the Muses are justly in-
troduc'd on this Occasion, as 'tis chiefly, in the Writings of the
Poets, that the Deities are celebrated.

† The Original is much stronger. *Virginitate privavit*

sublime Condition, will be fullied in any Manner by your Son's espousing a Mortal. The Nuptials (as I myself will order Matters presently) shall not be unequal, but congruous, and exactly conformable to the civil Laws †.

Immediately he commanded *Mercury* to waft || *Psyche* to the Skies, which being done, *Jove* presented her a Goblet fill'd with Ambrosia §. Drink this, (says he) O *Psyche*! and be immortal. No Rupture shall ever happen between you; you shall never be divorc'd One from the Other; but both be link'd eternally by the Bands of *Hymen*.

Soon after this a splendid *, nuptial Banquet was serv'd up. The Bridegroom †, clasping his Bride,
who

† These enacted, that the Parties married together, should be equal in every Respect, a Freeman with a Woman who also was free; a *Roman* Citizen with a Woman who likewise was a *Denizen*. In unequal Marriages, the Children springing from them adher'd, not to the Father, but to the Mother. 'Tis whimsical enough to hear *Jove* speaking of the Civil or *Roman* Laws, as being of Force in the Skies

|| The Original says, "that *Mercury* was commanded to seize or carry off *Psyche*," per *Mercurium arripit Psychen*

§ 'Tis well known that this was, usually, suppos'd to be the Food, as Nectar was the Drink of the Gods; and that all such as had eat and drank of them, were no longer subject to the Laws of Death. There is a Plant call'd *Ambrosia* (growing on the Shores of the *Tuscan* Sea) the Fragrancy of which is so delicious, that the Antients imagin'd it was sought for by the Deities. This Name is likewise given to certain pleasant Medicaments, which may be taken without the least Inconveniency.

* Nuptial Banquets, in every Age, were, of all Kinds, the most magnificent. The sumptuary Laws, which restrain'd Luxury and immoderate Expence in Entertainments, did not extend to those made at Weddings, which might be as magnificent as the Parties thought proper

† In *Raphael's Design*, (No 31) *Cupid* is seen standing by *Psyche*; and so little in Stature, compar'd to his Fair-One, that in this, as well as some other of the Designs in question, he looks in no manner qualified to be her Husband. The Table, (that of *Raphael*) at which the Deities are feasting, is not after the Manner of the Antients, (the *Triclinium*, with three Beds

who reclin'd fondly on his Bosom, was seated at the upper End of the Table † · next sat *Jupiter* with his *Juno* ; and afterwards the rest of the Immortals, according to their Rank.

And now *Jupiter's* Cup-bearer || (late a Swain) serv'd the God with Nectar ; as *Bacchus* § did the rest

about it) ; but in the modern Taste, and the Guests seem to sit on Clouds. *Cupid* is not seated, but standing (as was before observ'd) by *Psyche*, whom one might suppose to be the Mother, and *Cupid* her little Son The *Hours* (perhaps the *Graces*, as only three are drawn) are represented spreading Flowers over the Deities.

† The Antients did not seat themselves at Table (as was hinted at in the Note above) after our Manner ; their Tables being surrounded, instead of Chairs, by a sort of Beds for their Bodies to lie upon, and a kind of Bolster on which their Arms rested A Draught of a *Roman* Table, fill'd with Guests, is seen in the very beautiful Edition of *Horace*, Vol II Page 91 given us by Mr *Pine* The most honourable Seat, among the Antients, was rather in the Middle, than at the upper End, as appears from *Virgil*, *Sallust*, and *Xenophon's* *Cyropædia* The next honourable Place was that on the left, (as at this Day, in most Parts of the East) contrary to our Custom, according to which that at the Right-hand is more honourable

|| *Ganyrede*, who before had been a *Trojan* Shepherd

§ *Bacchus*, as is declar'd in a Hymn ascrib'd to *Orpheus*, was Son to *Jupiter* and *Proserpine* ; but *Homer*, and other Poets, make him the Son of *Jupiter* and *Semele* According to the Poets, *Bacchus* had a double Birth ; *Semele* (say these) having been kill'd, when pregnant, by a Thunder-bolt, hurl'd by *Jupiter*, the Child was taken out of her Womb, after which the God caus'd his Thigh to be open'd, and put the Child into it, where it continu'd till the nine Months during which it was to have been in its Mother's Womb, were completed, and then came into the World. There were several *Bacchus's* ; one of *Arabia*, whom *Vossius* imagines to be *Mosis*, another of *India*, whom he takes to be *Noah* ; a third, a *Theban*, call'd *Dionysius* ; and a fourth, an *Egyptian* *Vossius* supposes *Bacchus* to be the same with the *Sun* and *Osiris*. The *Greek* and *Latin* Poets have given various Names to *Bacchus*, such as *Dionysius*, *Bromius*, *Lyæus*, *Lenæus*, *Evoe*, *Eleuthernus*, or *Liber* He is sometimes represented under the Figure of a beautiful young Man, sitting in a Chariot, drawn by Tygers or Panthers, and holding a *Thyrus* *Bochart* endeavours to prove that he was *Nimrod*, the Son of *Cush*,

rest of the Deities. *Vulcan* * got ready the Banquet ;
the *Hours* † strew'd Roses and other Flowers round
the

Cush ; and thinks that the Victories gain'd by *Bacchus* in *India*, were those of *Nimrod* and his Successors *Quintus Curtius* declares, that the Poets feign'd *Bacchus* to spring from *Jupiter*'s Thigh, because *Bacchus* built a City call'd *Nysa*, on the Declivity of a Mountain in *India*, call'd *Megor*, signifying *Thigh*

* 'Tis Word for Word (in the Original) "*Vulcan* cook'd the Supper," *Vulcanus cœnam coquebat*. On this Occasion I shall venture to take notice of the false Delicacy (as it appears to me) of an ingenious and learned *French* Translator of Part of *Apuleius*. This Translator thinks it injurious to *Vulcan* to suppose him a Cook, for which Reason he dubs him at once Clerk of the Kitchen ; *Vulcan* faisoit la Charge de Maître d' Hotel. His Note on these Words, is as follows : *Apulée fait Vulcan Cuisinier, apparemment à cause que c'est le Dieu du Feu. J'ai cru qu'il seroit plus honnête de l'élever d'un Degré plus haut. Je l'ai fait Maître-d'Hotel, dont le Cuisinier dépend.* 1 e "*Apuleius* makes *Vulcan* a Cook, probably because he is the God of Fire. But I judg'd it more decent to raise him a Degree higher, and therefore have made him Clerk of the Kitchen, " to whom the Cook is subordinate " *Les Amours de Psyché* &c. de *Cupidon*, tirez de la *Métamorphose*, ou de l'*Asne d'Or*, &c. page 285. *A Rotterdam 1719, 12mo*. Methinks this is deviating (with idle Gravity) from the true Simplicity of Nature, (of which we accuse the *French*) merely for Affectation sake. *Vulcan* is imag'd to us as so vulgar and unamiable a Deity, that the introducing him as Cook, (and especially to the Immortals) does not seem (to me) in any manner derogatory to him.

† The Poets feign these to be Goddesses, Daughters of *Jupiter* and *Themis*. *Homer*, Book V of the *Iliad*, calls them the Portresses of Heaven

*Swift at the Scourge th' ethereal Coursers fly,
While the smooth Chariot cuts the liquid Sky.
Heav'n Gates, spontaneous, open to the Pow'rs,
Heav'n's golden Gates, kept by the winged Hours ;
Commission'd in alternate Watch to stand,
The Sun's bright Portals and the Skies Command,
Involve in Clouds th' eternal Gates of Day,
Or the dark Barrier roll with Ease away*

MR. POPE.

Ovid, Book II. of his *Metamorphoses*, describes the Hours as taking out the Sun's Horses.

H

the celestial Salon ; the *Graces* shed Perfumes ; the tuneful *Nine* warbled in the sweetest Strain. *Apollo* sung to his Lyre, whilst *Venus* danc'd gracefully, and in exact Cadence to the harmonious Sounds. The Music was so regulated, that the *Pierian* Maids warbled in Concert ; a *Satyr* † play'd on the Pipe, and an Attendant on *Pan* accompany'd the Flute with his Voice ‖. Thus was *Psyche* married, with the requisite Ceremonies, to *Cupid* § ; and some Months being

*He * bid the nimble HOURS, without Delay,
Bring forth the Steeds ; the nimble HOURS obey*

MR. ADDISON.

* Phœbus

The *Hours* are call'd *Phœbus's* or the *Sun's* Attendants, because they arise from its Motion, and are measur'd and distinguish'd by that Planet. At first the *Hours* signified the four Seasons, and not the several Portions of the Day.

We are told, that there is a Temple in *China*, sacred to the *Hours* ; and that 'tis never shut, to denote that we ought to attend to Time, who flies, and that nothing can check its rapid Course.

† *Satyrs*, among the Heathens, were fabulous Demi-Gods, who, with the *Faun* and *Sylvani*, presided over Forests. They were represented as half Men and half Goat : Men upwards, with Horns on their Heads ; and downwards, with a Tail and Goat's Feet, and their Bodies all over hairy. Poets frequently confound the *Satyrs*, *Silens*, *Sylvani*, *Fauni* and *Pansci*. *Nennius* supposes that the *Satyrs* sprung from *Mercury* and a Nymph.

It has been observ'd, that most of the mythological Fictions, were thrown, as so many Veils, over the Sciences, merely to render them more august, by increasing the Difficulty of acquiring them.

‖ *Paniscus ad fistulam diceret*, does not signify, that this *Paniscus* (one of *Pan's* Train) play'd on the Pipe or Flute ; but that he sung to, or accompanied it, as above ; “ *Apollo* sung to his Lyre :” *Apollo cantavit ad Cytaram*.

§ There were three Kinds of Marriages among the *Romans* ; I. (*Usu*) when the Parties had cohabited, (with the Consent of the Woman's Friends) together a Year, without being join'd by the Laws. II. (*Farre*) with solemn Sacrifices, and Offerings of burnt Cakes, by the *Pontifex Maximus* and the *Flamen Dialis*. III. (*Coemptione*) by Purchase, when each bought, as

being elaps'd, she brought him a Daughter, whom we call *Pleasure* *.

it were, the other, by giving and taking a Piece of Money — See *Kennet's Roman Antiquities*

Raphael, in his last Design, puts the Bride and Bridegroom to Bed, in which he has gone a stretch further than the dramatic Poets, (and even *Apuleius* on this Occasion) who only tie the Marriage-knot, but leave the Parties to consummate behind the Scenes I shall observe, that the thirty-two Designs of *Raphael*, so often mention'd in these Notes, have each eight *Italian Verses* under them, Those under the 32d (the last) where we see *Cupid* and *Psyche* lying together, are not over chaste, but quite in character with the Draught

*Dopo la cena, i disiosi amanti
 Corcansi alfin nell' odorato letto,
 E ristorano quivi i lunghi pianti,
 Giungendo cosce, ventre, e petto à petto
 Godansi pure, E non sia chi si vanti
 D' haver d'ambidui lor maggior diletto,
 Che lor cotanto quel diletto piacque,
 Che'l Diletto d' Amor poscia ne nacque.*

* Or *Delight*; the *Latin Word voluptas*, conveys a stronger Idea than either the *English Words Pleasure* or *Delight*

End of the VERSION from the LATIN.

THE
L O V E S
O F
CUPID and *PSYCHE*.

Written originally in FRENCH,

By Mr. *de la* FONTAINE,

AUTHOR of the CELEBRATED

TALES and FABLES:

Now first translated into ENGLISH,

By Mr. LOCKMAN.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXLIV.

To Her HIGHNESS the
Dutchess of *BOUILLON*.

M A D A M,

* **T**IS with some sort of Confidence that I dedicate this Work to you ; not from a Supposition of its being perfect, (for it doubtless has Faults) or that the intrinsic Merit of the Offering I now make is so great, as may justly free me from Apprehensions : But as no One can be more equitable than your Highness, I am persuaded you will at least approve of my Intention. The Great shou'd be touch'd, not with the Value of the Presents made them, but with the Zeal that accompanies such Offerings ; and which, with Souls exalted as those of your Highness, have no other Value. But I shou'd not, Ma-

* Many Persons may probably think a Version of such Dedications quite needless : But not to observe, that the smallest Fragments of so fine a Genius as *la Fontaine* are valuable ; methinks 'tis but barely doing Justice to the Memory of great Persons, under whose Patronage an eminent Writer flourish'd, to spread the Praise of his *Mecænas* as much as possible ; since, had it not been for the Liberality and Munificence of such, the World wou'd very often have been depriv'd of Compositions, which are the Object of their Admiration and Delight.

dam,

DEDICATION.

dam, give the Name of Present to what is barely an Act of Gratitude : Duke *de Bouillon* has long heap'd Favours on me, which are so much the greater, as I have very little Merit to plead. I was not born to follow him in Dangers ; this Honour being reserv'd for Persons whose Destiny is more illustrious than mine. All I can do is, to offer up the most ardent Prayers for his Glory, and share it in my Closet, whilst he is displaying his Valour in the most distant Provinces ; and treading in the Footsteps of his Uncle and his Ancestors, in a hostile Field, where they appear'd with Splendor ; a Field which will long echo with their Name, and their noble Atchievements. I image to myself the Heir of all these Heroes, hasting eagerly in search of Perils, at a time that I enjoy a State of Inactivity, out of which the Muses only draw me. 'Tis certainly an uncommon Felicity, with regard to me, that a Prince who is so passionately fond of War ; so great an Enemy to Softness and Ease, shou'd yet behold me with a most indulgent Eye ; and be as graciously liberal to me, as if I had hazarded my Life in his Service. I confess, Madam, that these Things strike me : happy in that his Majesty has given me a Master whom it is impossible to love too much ! unhappy in being of so little Use to him ! I imagin'd that it wou'd be very agreeable to your Highness, to see
I your

DEDICATION.

your Applauses blended with those of a Consort who is so dear to you. The hymeneal Tye renders your Advantages reciprocal, and multiplies, as it were, their Glory. Whilst you listen with Transport to the Relation of his renown'd Actions; he is no less delighted to hear, what a whole Kingdom proclaims concerning the Excellency of your Nature, the Vivacity of your Genius, the Sweetness of your Temper, and the Friendship you have contracted with the *Graces*; a Friendship so very strong, that 'tis judg'd indissoluble. These are only part of the Encomiums bestow'd upon you. I wou'd gladly select the most exquisite Touches, such as might be worthy of finishing the Panegyric; and of discovering more perfectly than I have yet done, with how much Zeal and Devotion I am,

M A D A M,

Your Highness's most humble,

and most obedient Servant,

De la FONTAINE.

H

P R E F A C E.

I Found greater Difficulties, in writing the following Work, than in any yet publish'd by me; a Circumstance which will doubtless surprize my Readers. They will be scarce able to conceive, how it was possible for a Fable, related in Prose, to take up so much of my Time; for, as to the chief Article (the Conduct) it was impossible for me to go astray, the Matter being furnish'd me by *Apuleius*. There remain'd only the Form, that is, the Words; and to work up Prose to some kind of Perfection, seems no very hard Task, as 'tis the natural Language of all Men. I yet will confess, that Prose costs me as much Pains as Verse; and if ever Prose gave me Trouble, 'twas here. I was at a loss what kind of Style to make choice of: there is too great a Simplicity in that of History; that of Romance is not florid enough; and that of Poesy is too much so. The Characters or Persons of my Work are of such a cast as requir'd a gay, sprightly Style; and many of their Adventures being intermix'd with the *Marvellous*, it was necessary for me to employ also a more heroic, and more exalted Turn of Words. To use different Styles, on the different Occasions, wou'd not have been allow'd me, no Rule being so strictly enjoyn'd as Uniformity in that Particular. I therefore wanted a new kind of Style; one compos'd of the abovemention'd: It was proper for me to reduce this Style to a just Medium, which accordingly I have endeavour'd very carefully to do; but whether with Success, is submitted to the Public.

My chief Aim always is to please, and to succeed in this Particular, I consider the Taste of the Age.

P R E F A C E.

Now it appears to me, after a Variety of Trials, that this Taste is turn'd for the gay and humorous. 'Tis not that passionate Touches are dislik'd : so far from it, whenever they are not found in a Romance, in a Poem, or in a dramatic Piece, the want of them is complain'd of ; but in a Tale like the following, which indeed is full of the *Marvellous*, but of the *Marvellous* intermix'd with Chit-chat, such as is fit to amuse Children with, I was forc'd to wanton from Beginning to End ; I was under a Necessity of searching for gay and humorous Strokes. Tho' I had not been oblig'd to seek for those Strokes, my Inclination led me naturally to them ; and they perhaps may have been employ'd improperly by me on many Occasions.

Thus much may suffice for my manner of Writing. I now come to the Invention of the several Incidents. Most of these are from *Apuleius*, I mean the principal and the best. Some Episodes are wholly my own, such as the Adventure of the Grotto, the old Man and the two Shepherdesses ; the Temple of *Venus* and its Origin ; the Description of the infernal Regions ; and all that beset *Psyche* during her Journey thither, and at her return, till the Conclusion of the Work. The Cast of the Narrative is likewise mine ; together with the Circumstances, and the several Particulars spoke by the Characters. The Things borrow'd by me from the Author, are, the Conduct and the Fable, which indeed are the chief, the most ingenious, and much the most valuable part of the Composition. However, they have been alter'd by me on many Occasions, this being a Liberty I always take. *Apuleius* declares *Psyche* to be attended by Voices, in a Place where all Things shou'd administer to her Delight ; I mean, he makes the Fair-One taste these several Delights, without seeing a living Creature. But such a Solitude wou'd be irksome, and even dreadful.

P R E F A C E.

ful. What hungry Hero or Knight, how valiant soever, wou'd dare to eat of Viands that shou'd present themselves spontaneously? Was a Lute to play of itself, I, tho' quite enchanted with Music, shou'd be scar'd, and run away from it. For this reason I cause *Psyche* to be waited upon by Nymphs, who dress the Heroine, amuse her with agreeable Discourse, and entertain her with Plays and Diversions of every kind.

'Twould be tedious, and even unnecessary, to animadvert on the several Places in which I have departed from my Original, and the Reasons for my so doing. 'Tis impossible to introduce Pleasure into a Reader's Mind by Force of Argument: His Sensation, or the manner in which he is affected, will justify me, what Liberties soever I may have taken; or condemn me, should I alledge ever so many Reasons in my own Justification. The right Way of judging is, to consider my Work abstractedly from that of *Apuleius*; and *Apuleius's* singly in itself, and then pronounce.

By the way, I will own, that instead of rectifying the Oracle, wherewith that Author opens *Psyche's* Adventures, and which partly constitutes the Plot *, I have

* The French is, *qui fait en partie le Nœud de la Fable*: "which partly constitutes the Plot of the Story." This Term *Nœud*, is falsely render'd in almost all the Translations from the French, which have come to my Hands. *Boyer*, in his Dictionary, translates this Term *Nœud* (for so he spells it) *the Knot or intricate Part of the Plot of a Play*; and 'tis also call'd *Knot* in the learned Mr *Chambers's Cyclopædia*. This *Nœud* is thus defin'd by an ingenious French Author "By *Nœud* (says he) is meant the *Intrigue* (Plot) of a Romance, or Dramatic Poem, or that Part where the Characters are in the greatest Perplexity, or an Assemblage of Circumstances, the unravelling or Issue of which cannot easily be foreseen." In a late English Version of *Telemachus*, printed with the Original, and revis'd by the learned Mr. *Des Maizeaux* (an excellent Edition for Schools) Page vi. of the *Discourse on Epic Poetry*, the *Nœud* is

P R E F A C E.

I have exhibited it in a still worse Light, by not giving this Oracle in ambiguous and concise Terms ; two Qualities requisite in the Answers pronounc'd by the Deities : But it was impossible for me to order this Matter otherwise. I have apologiz'd but ill for want of the latter Quality, by observing, that the Oracle in question included likewise the Gloss given it by the Priests ; these not understanding the meaning of the Words which the God puts into their Mouths : however, he might have inspir'd them both with the Paraphrase and the Text ; and thus being suppos'd, no Objection can be made to me. But to wave these Refinements : whoever reflects on the

is falsely translated *Intrigue* ; but in Page viii, we find the Term *Plot* as English for the Word *Nœud*, in which he is right. Our Translators from the *French* seem to have had a very imperfect Idea of the Meaning of this Term *Nœud* (*Nodus*) which ought (or I am greatly mistaken) to be understood agreeably to the Definition given of it by *Aristotle*, who calls this *Nœud* ; “ All the Incidents of a Tragedy, from the Beginning of it, to that Part where the Catastrophe or unravelling begins,” and this answers, in a great Measure, to our word *Plot* ; by which Word, both the Terms, *Nœud* and *Intrigue*, ought to be render'd in *English* ; the Terms *Knot* and *Intrigue*, when meant of the Drama, being barbarous. Had the Word *Nodus*, in the following Passage from *Horace's Poetics*,

*Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.* —————

been translated by two ingenious *English* Writers, it might have directed our Translators from the *French* to the true Expression of the Word *Nœud*, or *Nodus*, in *English* ; but both the Translators in question have pass'd over that Term, as appears from their Versions of the above *Latin* Passage

*Never presume to make a God appear,
But for a Bus'ness worthy of a God.* LORD ROSCOMMON.

*No God * appear to mend an ill-wrought Scene,
Unless some weighty Cause shall force him in.* CREECH.

* *Must* is understood.

P R E F A C E.

Thing, will find that neither *Apuleius* nor myself are wrong. I confess that the Mind, in Compositions of this sort, as well as in Dramatic Pieces, ought to be kept in Suspence. The Conclusion of Events should never be discover'd. They ought to be prepar'd, but not anticipated. I likewise agree, that *Psyche* should be apprehensive her Husband is a Monster. All this seems, at first sight, contrary to the Oracle in question, but is not so in reality: For first, the keeping the Mind in suspence, and the Artifice of the Fable, does not consist in preventing our being made acquainted with the real Condition of *Psyche's* Husband: 'Tis enough that *Psyche* does not know who it is she is to marry; and that the Reader be desirous of discovering whether she will ever get a Sight of her Husband; by what Means she will see him, and the Agitations of her Soul, after her Curiosity has been gratified in that Particular. In a Word, the Pleasure which this Fable should give the Reader, is not from his own Uncertainty with regard to the Condition of this Husband, but the Uncertainty of *Psyche* only. 'Tis not to be suppos'd, for one Instant, that so exquisitely beautiful a Woman has been abandon'd to the wild Passion of a Monster, or even is firmly perswaded she shall be so given up; for this wou'd necessarily fill the Reader with Indignation. Our Fair-One shou'd be delighted with the Conversation and Endearments of her Husband; and yet suspect, every now and then, that he is some Dæmon* or Necromancer; but the less Time she entertains this Fear,

till

* The Antients gave this Name to certain Spirits or *Genii*, who were suppos'd to reveal themselves occasionally to Men, to do them Service or annoy them. *Socrates* was said to have his *Dæmon* or familiar Spirit. The *Chaldeans* first started the Notion of *Dæmons*; and it was afterwards receiv'd by the *Persians*, the *Egyptians*, and *Greeks*, to the last of whom *Pythagoras* and *Thales* the *Milesian* first brought it. *Plato* has been

P R E F A C E.

till it be necessary to prepare the Catastrophe, the better. Let it not be objected, that the Oracle prevents her harbouring any such Suspicion: I own that this Oracle is extremely clear with regard to us; but it might be otherwise as to *Psyche*: She liv'd in an Age of so much Innocence, that the Inhabitants at that time might not know *Cupid* under the several Characteristics now ascrib'd to him. This Circumstance shou'd be particularly attended to; and then no farther Objection can be made to me on that Head.

I doubtless shall be charg'd with many other Imperfections. These will be readily acknowledg'd by me, I not imagining my Work to be perfect. My Aim, however, was to make it useful, as well as entertaining. For this reason I introduc'd Verses on many Occasions, and some other Embellishments;

more particular on this Subject than the rest of the Philosophers. By *Dæmons* he understood Spirits inferior to the Gods, but superior to Mortals, familiar Spirits, who inhabit the middle Region of the Air, and are employ'd to carry on the Correspondence between Gods and Men. The *Israelites* borrow'd these superstitious Notions from the *Chaldeans*.

Geni or *Dæmons*, according to the Oriental Writers, are Beings whose Bodies are form'd of Matter more subtle than ours, such as the Element of Fire. These *Genni*, according to the Eastern Mythologists, were created Beings, and govern'd the World before *Adam*. Among these *Genni* are rank'd the good and bad Angels, and even the Giants, who, in the first Ages wag'd War against Mankind. They have since been confin'd to a Country call'd, from them *Girristan*, which is the Fairy-Land of our old Romances; wherein were said to be many wonderful Cities. The *Persian* Magi ascribe, to every Day and every Month of the Year, a particular Genius, as presiding over it; as also, one to every Star, Mountain, Mine, River, Tree, &c. The *Mohammedans* seem also to ascribe *Genni* to Men. See *d'Herbelot's Bibliothèque Orientale*, Articles GENN, and GIAN. 'Tis related, under the latter Title, that the Fairies having govern'd the World two thousand Years, God sent *Eblis* to drive them away, and confine them, because of their Rebellion, in a very far-distant Country.

such

P R E F A C E.

such as the Journey of the four Friends, their Dialogue concerning Pity and Laughter, the Description of the infernal Regions, and that of part of *Versailles*. The last mention'd does not agree exactly with the present State of Objects there; I having represented them as they will appear two Years hence.

Possibly my Composition will not be so long-liv'd: but how uncertain soever an Author may be of his one Day entertaining Posterity, he ought to keep it stedfastly in View, and endeavour to write for its Use.



THE

THE
LOVES
OF
CUPID and PSYCHE.
BOOK I.

FOUR Friends, whose Acquaintance began by the Muses, form'd a kind of Society, which I shou'd call academical, had their Number been greater, or had Letters been as much their Object as Pleasure. The first Rule they prescrib'd to themselves, was, to banish Disputations of a regular kind, and all that might have the Air of an academical Conference. Whenever they were met, and had expatiated on their several Amusements and Diversions; if the Conversation led them, accidentally, to some Point, either of Science or polite Literature, they made a proper Use of the Opportunity. However, they never dwelt long upon any Topic, but rov'd from one to another, like Bees, who, in their Flight, shou'd meet with a sweet Profusion of various Flowers. They were utter Strangers to Envy, Malice, or Faction. They lov'd the Works of the Antients even to Adoration, never refus'd those of the Moderns their due Praise, spoke modestly of their own; and gave each other the most candid Advice, whenever any of them happen'd to catch the
Disease

Disease of the Age, and write a Book, which was but seldom. *Poliphilus* (a Name whereby I shall distinguish one of these four Friends) was most subject to this. He had imagin'd that the Adventures of *Psyche*, if properly told, wou'd form a very pleasing Story; for which reason he employ'd a long time upon it, without saying a Word to any Body. However, he at last open'd his Design to his three Friends; not with a View of asking them whether he shou'd go on, but the Method in which they wou'd have him proceed in it. One advis'd this, another that; but, among their several Hints, he follow'd such only as pleas'd himself best. His Work being finish'd, he desir'd them to appoint the Time and Place for him to read it. *Acanthus* did not fail, according to his usual Custom, to propose their taking an airing to some Solitude, at a Distance from *Paris*; observing that they shou'd not be interrupted, and consequently might listen silently, and with greater Pleasure, to the Composition. He delighted excessively in Gardens, Flowers, and Shades, in which he was like *Poliphilus*; but the latter might be said to love all Things. These Passions, which fill'd their Souls with a certain Tenderness, spread even to their Writings, and form'd the principal Characteristics of them. Both had a Genius for Lyric Poetry, but with this Difference, that *Acanthus's* Verses had something more of the pathetic, and those of *Poliphilus* were more florid. The other two Friends I shall call *Aristus* and *Gelastus*, the former of whom was serious, but not severe; and the latter very jovial. *Acanthus's* Proposal was approv'd of; upon which *Aristus* observ'd, that as several noble Additions had been made to the Palace and Gardens of *Versailles*, the best they cou'd do wou'd be to take a Turn thither, and go out early, that they might have time to take a Walk, after hearing the Relation of *Psyche's* Adventures. This

being immediately resolv'd upon, they all set out † the very next Morning, the Season being then exceedingly beautiful, and the Days of a considerable Length Our four Friends arriving very early at *Versailles*, were desirous of seeing, before Dinner, the *Ménagerie* ‡; a Place stock'd with several Sorts of very singular Birds and Quadrupeds, brought from far-distant Countries. They reflected with Admiration on the many Species's into which a single Species of Birds is multiplied, and applauded the Artifice and Fancy of Nature, which sports itself no less in Animals than in Flowers But they were most delighted with the *Dottrel* ||, and with certain Fisher-birds,

† This was probably in 1668; the first Impression of *Les Amours de Pſyché & de Cupidon*, being at *Paris*, in 1669, 8^{vo} according to Father *Niceron's Hommes illustres*, tom. xviii pag 342, *Paris* 1732 12^{mo}. *Versailles*, till the Reign of *Louis XIV.* was only a Country-seat, in which *Louis XIII* kept his hunting Equipages The magnificent Palace of *Versailles*, as now seen, was begun under the former Monarch, in 1661, consequently, about seven Years before *La Fontaine* first publish'd his *Cupid and Psyche*

‡ This is a small Palace, wherein are several elegant Rooms, the Furniture of which is very splendid The Consort of the Dauphin, Son to *Louis XIV.* us'd to retire frequently thither. This Edifice stands in the Garden of *Versailles*, at a considerable Distance from the great Palace The Quadrupeds are in Dens built about the Edifice, in the Center of which is a noble Dome, and the whole is call'd the *Ménagerie*.

As I was one Day surveying the wild Creatures there, with several other Persons, a *French* Servant belonging to a Nobleman, stood with his Back against a Den, which was tenanted by a large Baboon The Fellow, who wore a huge Bag-wig, stood gaping, and with his Eye fix'd on a Creature in an opposite Cell But on a sudden, the *Frenchman* roaring, gave a great Leap, when the Company turning about, we saw the Baboon tearing the Peruke and its sable Appendage The Countenance and Attitude, both of the Plunderer, and the Person plunder'd, had a very whimsical Effect, and made a Picture that was truly *Hogarthian*.

|| I give it this Name, because a learned *French* Author informs me, that the *Demoiselle de Numidie* (the Name of the Bird in my Original) is thought to be the same with the Bird call'd

birds §, having a vastly long Bill; and a Skin below, which serves them as a Pocket. Their Plumage is white, but of a white brighter than that of Swans; and yet their Feathers, when we come near them, are of a bright red, and rosy-colour'd towards the Stump. Nothing can appear more beautiful to the Eye. They are a kind of Cormorants.

Our Travellers having Leisure enough, took a Turn to the Green-House*. Words cou'd never describe the Beauty and Number of Orange-Trees, and other Plants, preserv'd in it. Some of those Trees have resisted the Inclemency of an hundred

call'd by the Antients *Scopes*, and which *Littleton*, in his Dictionary, translates *Dottrel*. The Turn of its Plumage is very singular 'Tis call'd *Demoiselle* in French, from its seeming to imitate the Gestures of a Woman, who affects a Grace in her Gait, her Curtzies and Dancing. These *Scopes* were Night-Birds, a Sort of Owls The *Demoiselle de Numidie* is a very rare Bird.

§ I have met with the Description of a Bird, which answers partly to that hinted at by our Author "There is an excellent beautiful Bird at the Cape [of Good Hope] call'd by the Dutch *Flamingos*; and by Mr Ray, *Phœnicopterus*, larger than a Swan, and its Head and Neck as white as Snow "The upper Part of the Wings are of a Flame Colour, "and the lower black; the Legs longer than those of a Hern, "and web-footed like a Goose They fish in Ponds and Rivers in the Day-time, and at Night retire to the Hills, "They are frequently kill'd by the Europeans at the Cape, "their Flesh being esteem'd very good." *Salmon's Modern History*, Vol III pag 40 London 1739, 4to.

* This Green-House, which perhaps is as noble a Piece of Architecture as can be seen of the Kind, is after the Designs of *Mansard* 'Twas begun in 1685, and finish'd about the End of 1686 'Tis compos'd of three Galleries, that at the Head of the other two being four hundred and eighty Foot in length, with a Statue of the French King in white Marble in the Center. The other two Galleries are three hundred and sixty Foot long. These Galleries are decorated with Columns of the *Tuscan* Order This Green-house, in Summer, seems to be a Grove of Orange, Myrtle, and Lawrel Trees. The whole is adorn'd with beautiful Iron-Work, Statues and Vases of Marble, &c. The Descent, on each Side, to this Structure, is by a surprizingly-magnificent Stair-case,

Winters

CUPID and PSYCHE. III

Winters. *Acantbus* perceiving that no One was near him except his three Friends, (their Conductor being withdrawn) cou'd not forbear repeating a few Stanzas, which his Companions remember'd to have seen in a Work of his.

*Sure these are Gallia's southern Plains,
So green the tasted Groves appear ;
So gayly Spring unrival'd Reigns ;
No Snows nor Blasts intruding here.*

*Ye Jasmins, which spread Odours round ;
Unfollied by the slightest Storm ;
Fairer than you my DELIA's found,
And you recal her spotless Form.*

*Ye Orange-Trees, that deck the Glades ;
You, who with Sweets embalm the Air ;
What Tree, in Flora's fav'rite Shades,
Can with your mingled Charms compare ?*

*Your Fruits, which beauteous Rinds enfold,
A bright, substantial Treasure yield :
For you, not Apples fram'd of Gold,
Alcides † a fierce Dragon kill'd.*

*In you, blithe Autumn's Wealth we find,
And Spring in all her wanton Pride :
Fair Hope, with fond Enjoyment join'd,
In Union sweet with you reside.*

*Your Flow'rs delicious Fragrance spread :
Still round your Sprays
Fond Zephyr plays,
Or on your Buds reclines his Head ‡.*

† See the Fable of the Garden of the *Hesperides* In this Garden were said to be Trees, bearing golden Fruit, which being guarded by a Dragon, *Hercules* slew it.

‡ This Line is added to the Original.

*Tbo' lowly be your Size,
In genuine Worth you oft surpass
Trees that o'ershade a Rood of Grass,
And whose proud Summits brave the Skies.*

Our Travellers wou'd not have left this enchanting Place, had they not been forc'd to it by Hunger. They pass'd the whole Dinner-time, in discoursing on the various Things they had seen ; and on the Monarch ||, for whose Entertainment so many noble Objects were assembled. After applauding his principal Virtues, his intelligent Mind, his heroic Qualities, and his Skill in War, they return'd to their first Subject ; and observ'd, that *Jupiter* only is able to apply himself perpetually to the Government of the Universe ; but that Men must have some Relaxation.—*Alexander* us'd to carouze, *Augustus* lov'd gaming, *Scipio* and *Lælius* wou'd divert themselves with making ducks and drakes ; but our Monarch delights in raising Palaces, an Amusement worthy of a King. Thus likewise is of general Benefit, as it gives Subjects an Opportunity of sharing, with their Sovereign, in his Pleasures ; and of admiring Wonders, form'd for his Use only. So great a Number of beautiful Gardens and sumptuous Palaces are the Glory of a Nation. Then, what do not Foreigners say ? What Elogiums will not Posterity bestow on these Master-Pieces in all Arts §' — The Reflexions of

|| *Lewis XIV* No Monarch was ever more flatter'd. To speak impartially ; as many of his Actions deserv'd the strongest Censure, others (I presume) merited all the Elogiums that the greatest Genius's could bestow upon him

§ These latter Reflexions are very just, the Palace and Gardens being ever open to Persons of all Conditions ; and Strangers, at the Sight of their Beauties, entertaining the noblest Idea of the magnificent Spirit of *Lewis XIV*. A Circumstance which surprizes a thinking *Englishman* is, to see the lowest Plebeian, how meanly soever cloth'd, in *France*, (a despotic Country)

of our four Friends ended with their Repast. They now return'd to the Palace, and view'd the inside of it, which I shall not describe, as this wou'd be an endless Task. They spent a long time in surveying, among other curious Objects, the Bed, the Tapestry, and Chairs, with which his Majesty's Bed-Chamber and Cabinet are furnish'd. The above-mention'd Ornaments were all wove in China, and consisted of Figures descriptive of the whole Religion of that Empire, which our Travellers cou'd not decypher, for want of a *Brachman* *. From the Palace they went into the Gardens, when they desir'd the Guide to leave them in the Grotto †, (where
Seats

Country) allow'd the easiest Access to the Palaces and Gardens of their Sovereign, whilst the Court of his own Monarch, (in a free Country) is open to such Persons only as are dress'd genteelly.

'Tis certainly good Policy in the *French* Government, to gild (if I may use the Expression) as much as possible the Chains of the People, by permitting them to share with the Monarch in such Pleasures, as put him to no particular Expence. This, among other Things, must endear them to him; and may probably contribute to that strange Enthusiasm with which his Subjects, in general, are fir'd in his Favour.

* Philosophers or Sages in *India*, famous among the Antients, for their very great Austerity of Life. They still subsist, in that Country under the Name of *Bramins*, so call'd, as some imagine, from the Patriarch *Abraham*; or rather from *Brama*, one of their principal Deities.

† This Description is the more valuable, as the Building, after which it was copied, is pull'd down, a Circumstance I was told in *France*, by an ingenious, learned, and most communicative Friend, the late *Abbé du Bos*, perpetual Secretary to the *French* Academy, &c. That Gentleman inform'd me, that the Grotto in question had been built before the Palace of *Versailles*; but standing too near it, was taken to Pieces, to prevent its hiding several Beauties, which were thought of greater Consequence. I have before me a Print of the Outside of this elegant Grotto, which stood very near the Palace, as the abovementioned *Abbé* had been pleas'd to observe to me. There is now a Grotto (which I have seen) in another Part of the Garden at *Versailles*, but infinitely less splendid than that represented here. Many of the Statues and other Orna-

Seats had been brought them) till such time as the Heat shou'd be a little abated; which Favour, as they were so well recommended, was granted; and presently after the Waters were order'd to play, to cool the Grotto. In the Front of it are three Arcades, which compose so many Iron-Gates, and in the Center of one of them is a Sun, whose Rays are Bars, which form the Doors. Art never shew'd itself in such Perfection, nor so much to the Purpose, as on this Occasion. Above are three Basso-Relievos.

*SOL seem'd in his mild, Evening Glories drest :
Those Streams of Light the Sculptor had exprest ;
The Rays, whose Splendor darting thro' the Skies ;
Paint the Hesperian Gates with heavenly Dyes.
On either Side, the wing'd Idalians † play,
Or mount swift Dolphins to prepare the Way.
The Loves all hail th' approaching God, whose Charms
For Thetis destin'd, soon will fill her Arms.
Aloft in Air, the Zephyrs wanton round,
Whilst, thro' the Waves, the busy Tritons bound ||.*

ments of the first Grotto, have been remov'd to different Parts of the Garden, as I took notice The Raptures I felt, the first Time I entered this terrestrial Paradise, (the Garden) and compar'd many of its Beauties with the Description which *La Fontaine* has given of them, are inexpressible, Raptures, with something like which every Reader of Taste could not fail of being inspir'd, had I the happy Talent of exhibiting the Images drawn here by our Author, in correspondent Colours in our Language 'Twould then (in my humble Opinion) appear how much the Description of this Grotto, exceeds that (tho' a beautiful one) given in the *Spectator*, Vol VIII. No 632, but *La Fontaine*, indeed, had an infinitely finer Original to copy after

† The little *Loves*, so call'd from *Idalus*, a Mountain of *Cyprus*, dedicated to *Venus* The Original is, *Le Peuple d'Amatonte* (the Inhabitants of *Amathus*) a City of *Cyprus*, sacred also to *Venus*; so that the Image is the same in my Version as in the Original

|| There is but one Break in all this little Poem in my Original.

The

*The Grot itself is such, the wond'ring Eye
Can't fix, but must at random sweetly fly.
Struck with such various Charms, where Each might
please,*

*The Palm, alternately, it now decrees
To Sculpture ; now, to th' Art which thus with Grace,
Enrich'd, with Ocean's Treasures, all the Place.*

*Of choice Materials are the Roof and Floor :
Shells, by the Waves disgorg'd along the Shore ;
Or Pebbles, which in Earth's deep Womb are found,
Dispos'd in gay Compartments, glitter round.*

*High o'er six Columns, similar in Size,
Six rustic Masks (their Aspect furious) rise :
Phantasms of Art, with Eyes cast wildly down,
They, from a Niche, on all who enter, frown.
Beauties unnumber'd in the Niche appear :
There shines a Triton, and a Syren here ;
Swift thro' their sounding Trumps the Waters play ;
And, flying far, in Murmurs break away.*

*High, in each Niche, a Mask a Torrent pours ;
The sparkling Rill full in a Basin roars :
In Sheets then falls ; a silver Texture weaves :
A second Basin the bright Flood receives.
The Din and Glitter of the bursting Streams,
(A crystal Veil the liquid Image seems)
Raise a Delight, where countless Pleasures mix,
Which, the whole Soul, in sweet Attention fix.*

*The Waters vanish'd, and the Fountains dry,
Coral and Mother o' Pearl their Place supply.
Shell-Work, with every petrified, dank Weed,
(Effects, which from the Sea and Chance proceed)
Mingle so happily their varying Rays,
The Eye is lost in the delightful Blaze.*

*Deep in the Grot, within a proud Arcade,
Are Statues seen, which Art has breathing made.
The God of these white Rocks, by Sleep confin'd
In gentle Bands, seems on his Urn reclin'd:
The Urn a Torrent pours; the Grot it laves;
Then rolls away, a Flood, in foaming Waves.*

*The humid Palace, thus, in artless Lays,
I've partly sketch'd, and ev'n presum'd to praise:
Its other Beauties soar above my Lyre:
Phœbus! who canst the humblest Reed inspire;
Parent of Light and Verse! assist my Song,
Whose noblest Numbers, now, to thee belong.*

*To rest with THETIS, swift descends the Sun,
His Steeds unharnes'd, and his Progress run.
Fann'd LEWIS, thus, unbends from Toils of State,
And all the Splendors which on Grandeur wait.
If equal were my Skill, this King I'd draw,
Widening his Realms, and giving to Princes Law;
I'd paint him, thund'ring, from his awful Seat,
And captive Nations prostrate at his Feet.
But, to Parnassians, I these Themes resign;
And whilst our Monarch, hail'd by all the Nine
A second Mars, makes lofty Pindus ring;
To me he's Phœbus, and his Praise I'll sing.*

*Beneath these humid Roofs, the God § reclin'd
'Mid six fair Nereids, seems to Rest inclin'd:*

§ This Groop is now in a *Bosquet*, or Grove, call'd *Les Bains d'Apollon* (Apollo's Baths) in the Garden of *Versailles*. It consists of seven Statues, as is observ'd in the Text. The Figure of *Apollo*, and those of three of the Nymphs, are by the famous *Guaradon*, and the other three Nymphs by *Regnaudin*. The Drapery (as a French Writer observes) of these Nymphs, is so excessively delicate, that we seem to see all the Charms and Graces of the human Body underneath it. These even Figures are very finely groop'd, and the whole is consider'd as a Master-piece.

Tho'

*Tho' each a Venus shines in ev'ry Part,
His Eye they strike, but cannot reach his Heart.
Thetis * he only loves, whose Flow of Charms
The rest excelling, all his Soul alarms.*

*O'erjoy'd, the Nereids fair, before him bend,
And, like new Graces, his Commands attend.
Whilst Doris pours the Water o'er his Hands,
Chloe, to catch it, with a Basen stands :
Lefbia obsequious waits, to bathe his Feet ;
Drax holds a Vase, improv'd with ev'ry Sweet.
Fast by the God, Delia oft breathes a Sigh,
But, mix'd with Winds, they all unheeded fly.
She blushes now, and now casts down her Eyes ;
Blushes, as much as Stone can change its Dyes.
(These fond Emotions I wou'd here impart,
To aid the Failures of the Sculptor's Art.)*

*'Mid such fair Nymphs Apollo's Heart is free,
His Soul, bright Thetis, ever fix'd on thee ;
He thinks with Rapture on thy Blaze of Charms,
And longs to clasp thee, smiling, in his Arms.
But O ! what Bard cou'd in Pindaric † Lays,
Draw the God's Mein, and Majesty of Rays ;
That awful Air, 'mid Mortals never found,
And, in whose Honour, Altars first were crown'd.*

*With fiery Nostrils, each of Phœbus' Steeds,
In neighb'ring Grottos on Ambrosia feeds.
Tritons are Grooms : carv'd with peculiar Grace,
Each seems to totter, wearied with his Race ‡.*

* Here our Author, very possibly, intended to pay a Compliment to the Favourite Mistress of his Sovereign ; probably to *Madam de Montespan*, to whom he dedicated the second Part of his Fables, in 1679

† 'Tis, in the French, *en Langue du Parnasse*, " Parnassian Language or Lays "

‡ On each Side of the great Groop abovementioned, are the two Groops in question (of the Horses and Tritons). That on

*Within the Grot two beauteous Figures strike ;
Full at each End, in Niches plac'd alike :
The first is Acis, as the Day-Spring fair,
His Pipe wakes Love with ev'ry warbling Air.
Pensively leaning, in the magic Shade,
His Accents seem to draw the list'ning Maid ;
If not his Sounds, at least his lovely Form,
With fond Impulses all her Bosom warm.*

*Along the Roof the trembling Accents fly ;
Exult harmonious, and harmonious die.
The Birds, surpriz'd such Harmony to hear,
Pour their full Concert on the ravish'd Ear.
Fond Philomela claims her Share of Praise,
And chants, by Water, which thro' Conduits plays :
Ev'n lonely Echo, pining Nymph, replies ;
Echo, who breathes in Rocks and Caves her Sighs.
The Water warbles ; thus a Concert's fram'd
Of Pipe, Bird, Water : all that can be nam'd §.*

Lustres

the right was carv'd by *Guerin* ; and the other (on the left) by *Mirfy*. The latter Groop is so wonderful a Piece of Art, that Nature only can surpass the Figures which compose it. These three Groops are cover'd with the like Number of splendid Canopies, of gilt Metal, the workmanship of which however is not thought equal to that of the Statues.

|| This Statue now stands in an enchanting Grove (call'd *Les Domes*) in the Gardens of *Versailles*. This Grove has its Name from two beautiful little marble Edifices which stand in it. 'Tis also decorated with several Statues, various Water-works, &c. Among these statues is that spoken of above, (*Acis*) and *Galetea*, the Maiden hunted at in my Text. Both were carv'd by *Baptist Tuby*, and that of *Galetea*, especially, is thought to be exceedingly graceful. The Sight of these Figures recall'd to my remembrance, our delightful Musical Drama (entitled from their Name-) which Mr *Handel* has set, with the greatest Propriety and Energy, to Music.

§ This was not the only Place where Harmony arose from Water. " In the Gardens of *Pratolino* (says the learned and ingenious Mr *de Blainville*, in his *Travels thro' Holland, Germany, Switzerland, but especially Italy*) " a rural Palace belong-

" ing

*Lustres of Shell-Work from the Roof depend:
 Their Arms in liquid Chrystal, wide extend.
 Streams form a Torch, (a Use unknown before.)
 Streams serve, by Art, for countless Uses more.*

*A Fountain from a Jasper-Table flies;
 Falls back in Drops; in Dew, or Vapour dies.
 The spouting Chrystal 'gainst the Ceiling plays
 With such a Force, the Eye is in Amaze
 Th' Explosion of the whizzing Ball is less
 The Waters which (so weighty) Pipes repress,*

ing to the Grand Duke of *Tuscany*, is seen and heard the
 " God *Pan* playing (merely by Water) on his Flute, Birds
 " sweetly answering the Sounds --- Two of the prettiest and
 " most remarkable Things (in my Opinion) here, are Mount
 " *Parnassus*, and *Cupid's Grotto*. The former is in a little Lawrel
 " Grove, where that famous Mountain is represented, with *Apol-*
 " *lo*, the nine Muses, and *Pegasus* The Deity, and the *Pierian Si-*
 " *sters* play on their Instruments Hydraulic Organs are likewise
 " heard, and *Pegasus* causes Water to burst from that Part of
 " the Rock which he strikes with his Hoof In *Cupid's Grotto*
 " stands the brazen Statue of that little God, which turns
 " round, and wets the Spectators, Water bursts from his
 " Torch, instead of Flames Farther, the Instant a Person sits
 " down, he is water'd by an hundred little Streams, which fly
 " from the Cupola, and many other Parts of the Grotto." There
 are a numberless Multitude of learned and entertaining Particu-
 lars in these Travels of *Mr de Blainville*

The ingenious *Mr. Wright*, in his *Observations made in travel-*
ling through France, Italy, &c Vol II. pag. 366 mentions
 various Hydraulicks, of the above kind, about *Fiescati in Italy*.
 " By the same hydraulic Method (says our Author) a great
 " Marble Statue of *Polypheme* sounds his Pipes, and a Centaur
 " his Horn And by a like Expedient, in a Fountain between
 " these Statues, (which they call the *Girandola*, from its shoot-
 " *ing out Water in the Manner of the Fire-works which bear*
 " *that Name*) is produc'd a tumultuous Sound, like Thunder
 " and Tempest" *Mr Wright* observes, " That the original
 " Invention of these Hydraulicks, according to *Pancuoli*, is
 " very antient, some ascribing it to the *Egyptians*, others to
 " *Archimedes*" Father *Knicher*, in his *Musurgia universalis*,
five Ais magna Causam & Diffoni, treats concerning Water-
 Organs.

*Rush with a Din, fierce-foaming as they run ;
Still more delightful, as the more they stun*

*A Maze of Fountains burst so sudden round,
Th' astonish'd Gazers dread their being drown'd :
Now Care or Heedlessnefs are both the same ;
Alike the Spouts †, to all, direct their Aim.*

*The Spouts when most confus'd, most pleasing show,
The Waters cros, touch, part, together flow ;
Break, rush down Rocks, compose a foaming Rill ,
And, as Alembics, thro' the Roof distil.
A wish'd for Shelter, Niches, Nooks deny ,
Haste where they will, none can the Deluge fly.*

*Scarce wou'd an Age suffice the Eye, to trace
The various Charms of this enchanting Place.*

As our Travellers did not care to have their Clothes wetted, the Conductor was desir'd to reserve that Diversion for some Country Lout * or German † ; and to place them in a Corner, where they might be shelter'd from the Deluge. Their Request was complied with. The Guide being gone, they seated themselves round *Philophilus*, who took out his Papers ; and hemming, to clear his Voice, open'd with the following Verses.

*The God of Love has felt the Smart
With which he thrills the human Breast ;*

† These may also be call'd *Jets*.

* The French is, *pour le Bourgeois*, " for the petty Shop-keeper, (or something like it) " a Phrase us'd at *Paris*

† The French consider the Germans as a heavy People, for which Reason they are frequently the Subject of their Ridicule But there is no Love lost on either Side ; for, whilst the French look upon the Germans as a witless People, the latter take the former to have little or no Judgment ---All national Reflexions of this kind are too injurious See some excellent Reflexions of Mr *Cœste*, to this Purpose, in his Edition of *Montagne's Essays*, Tom. I page 309. London 1739 12mo

His

*His own bright Torch has fir'd his Heart,
 Has griev'd his Soul, and broke his Rest.
 Since Pluto and Alcides found
 The Shafts of Cupid deeply wound,
 Tho' both oppos'd his Arts ;
 Well may this God, rash, heedless, blind,
 A cruel Pain oft leave behind,
 By handling his own Darts.
 That this may be, I easily conceive ;
 Witness fair Psyche's Story,
 Her Sufferings, her Glory,
 Which Apuleius tells, and who but must believe ?
 This wond'rous Story you shall bear :
 Attend :—it well deserves your Ear.*

Poliphilus hemm'd once more, after this Preamble ; when his Companions having again prepar'd themselves, in order to listen with the greater Attention, he began his Story as follows.

At the Time when the Cities of *Greece* were still govern'd by Kings, there liv'd One, whose Reign being very prosperous, he was not only belov'd by his Subjects, but likewise courted by the several neighbouring Princes. They were all very solicitous to gain his Friendship, and live in the most perfect Harmony with him, and that because he had three maiden Daughters to dispose of in Marriage. These were more celebrated on account of their Charms, than for Wealth, or the Extent of their Father's Dominions. The two eldest might have pass'd for the loveliest Creatures under the Sun, had not a younger Sister stood in their Way, but this Sister did them great Prejudice. This was their only Imperfection, which it must be confess'd was a capital One, for *Psyche* (such was their younger Sister's Name) possess'd all the Charms that Fancy can possibly paint ; and even such as are out of the reach of Fancy. I shall not trifle away Time, in applying

applying to the Stars for Similes, to give you a more advantageous Idea of her Beauty ; 'twas something superior to all this , something not to be imagin'd by Lillies, Roses, Ivory, or Coral. In a word, she was such, that the greatest Poet would be scarce able to form her Like. Thus adorn'd, 'tis no Wonder she should raise Jealousy in the *Cyprian Queen*. This Goddess was afraid, and not without Reason, that she should be forc'd to resign, after being dethron'd, the Empire of Beauty to *Psyche*. For as Mankind are ever fond of Novelty, they all crouded to this new *Venus*. The *Cyprian Queen* saw her Power confin'd barely within the Limits of her own Islands . Not to mention, that a considerable Number of the little Loves, the antient Inhabitants of those blissful Seats, left her Service to enter into that of her Rival. Her Temples, which not long before had been so much crouded, were now over-run with Grass. No more Offerings were carried, no Worshippers were seen, nor were any Pilgrimages undertaken in her Honour. In short, Matters were carried to such Lengths, that she complain'd about it to her Son ; observing, that he himself wou'd, at last, suffer by these Abuses.

My Son, says she; (kissing his Eyes,)
A mortal Nymph defies my Power :
Has vow'd to make those Realms her Prize,
Where, at my Shrines, the Slaves adore.
Flush'd with these Hopes, and vainer grown,
Her Arrogance may still increase ;
May think to seize the radiant Throne,
Where, 'mid the Stars, I reign in Peace.

Paphos, sweet Seat, delights no more ;
The Graces, Smiles, from me are fled :
And the gay Loves, who charm'd before,
Now round her their fond Pinions spread.

If

*If bolder yet, our Crown she claim,
 The envy'd Gems we must resign.
 In Greece, where all invoke her Name,
 Your Office she performs, and mine.*

*From her, a Cupid soon will spring,
 More fam'd than you for am'rous Arts ;
 Whose Glance will leave a sharper Sting,
 And conquer more than all your Darts.
 The sweetest Youth of mortal Race,
 Will wed, without your Aid, the Fair ;
 Thus on your Arrows bring Disgrace,
 And, from your Brow, the Myrtle tear.*

*Weigh well my Words ; and, timely wise,
 Distress her :—In her Parents spite
 Match her to One she must despise ;
 Some vagrant Wretch, who shuns the Light.
 Frightful in Face : in Temper worse,
 That she no Comfort may enjoy :
 Thus will her Beauty prove her Curse,
 And Fears, no more, our Peace annoy.*

The Indignation and Rage which the Goddess discover'd, on this Occasion, express perfectly the natural Temper and Spirit of the Fair-Sex. The Advantage of Beauty is a Thing for which they very rarely pardon one another. And I shall observe, by the way, that no Crime is thought by the Fair so heinous, as for one Woman to eclipse another in a large Assembly ; a Crime, for which the like Vengeance is commonly taken, as for black Perjuries and Assassinations. To return to *Venus* ; her Son protested that he would revenge those Injuries. Flush'd with this Promise, she went to *Cythera* in Triumph. Instead of being wafted through the Air, and using her Chariot and Doves, She (attended by
Neptune's

Neptune's whole Court) entred a mighty Shell of Mother-of-Pearl, drawn by two Dolphins. This is properly a Subject for Poetry. 'Twou'd ill become Prose, to attempt the Description of a Cavalcade§ of Sea-Gods: Not to mention, that it were perhaps impossible to draw, in the ordinary Language of Men, the numberless Charms which then shone round the Goddeſs.

*In Verse we'll therefore tell, that Neptune's Train
See her, with Transport, gild the liquid Plain.
Th' august Proceſſion Tritons head, with Joy;
And, to divert her, all their Skill employ.
Some round her ſport, for Coral others haſte,
Or draw new Treasures from the wat'ry Waſte.
One holds a Glaſs, in which her Beauty plays;
Another ſcreens her from the ſolar Rays.
Her Guide, Palæmon, ſbuns each Rock with Care,
Whilst Glaucus' * Shell loud echoes thro' the Air.
Syrens, by Thetis coll'd, delight her Ear;
The Winds, to Silence charm'd, can only bear;
All but Favonius †, who breathes am'rous Sighs
Round the bright Queen, and through each Ringlet flies
Whilst in her fluttering Veil he ſeems to dance,
To touch her, Waves o'er bearing Waves advance:
Each joyful Surge, in Murmurs, ſtrives to greet
The ſmiling Goddeſs, and to kiſs her Feet.*

This muſt have been fine, ſaid *Gelaſtus*, but I had rather have ſeen your Goddeſs in a Foreſt, drefs'd ‡ no otherwiſe than when ſhe pleaded her Cauſe before a Shep-

§ *La Fontaine* muſt have employ'd this Term figuratively here, *Cavalcade* ſignifying, properly, a Proceſſion of Perſons on Horſeback

* One of the Sea-Gods

† The Weſt-Wind

‡ The French is, *Habillée comme elle étoit, quand elle plaidoit ſa Cauſe devant un Berger* “ Drefs'd as when ſhe pleaded
“ her

Shepherd || They all smil'd at the Thought, when *Poliphilus* proceeded thus.

Venus had scarce resided a Month in *Cythera*, when Advice was brought that the Sisters of her Rival were married, that their Consorts, (neighbouring Kings) were vastly fond of them; in a Word, that they might justly think themselves happy. But that their younger Sister, tho' once happy in an almost numberless Multitude of Admirers, had not One left, they having all abandon'd her (miraculously as it were); whether this was owing to the Will of the Gods, or to the immediate Vengeance of *Cupid*. The Men indeed still retain'd a Veneration and Respect for her; they even consider'd her with Admiration, but she no longer excited what we call Love; and yet this is the true Touch-stone by which we usually judge of the Charms of that enchanting Sex. So total an Absence of Wooers, with regard to a Person of *Psyche's* Perfections, was look'd upon as a Prodigy, whence the several Nations of *Greece* were apprehensive that some sad Calamity would befall them. There indeed was something very astonishing in all this. *Cupid's* Empire, like that of *Neptune*, has been subject to Revolutions, but none had ever happen'd like that in question, at least in *Greece*. This, however, had *Psyche* been merely beautiful, would not have surpriz'd very much, but besides her possessing, as was before observ'd, Beauty in its supreme Perfection, she also was adorn'd with every Grace necessary to raise the fondest Passion. A Million of Loves were seen hovering round her, but not a single Admirer sighing at her Feet.

“ her Cause before a Shepherd ” As these Goddesses (according to antient History) were naked when they appear'd before *Paris*, *La Fontaine* must use the Participle *habillée*, in an ironical Sense

|| *Paris*

After

After Mankind had reflected seriously, and offer'd their several Conjectures with regard to this Miracle, *Venus* declar'd that she was the Cause of it. She added, that her Son had been the Instrument of her Vengeance, that *Psyche's* Parents might prepare for other Calamities, inasmuch as her Indignation would be as lasting as the Life, at least as the Charms of their Daughter, that it would be to no Purpose for them to fall prostrate before her Altars; and that the Sacrifices they might offer up to her would avail nothing, except *Psyche* were the Victim. But this was not intended, so far from it, some Persons observ'd to the Fair-One, that this Jealousy of *Venus* was highly glorious to her; and that a Nymph who excited Envy in a Goddess, and in a Goddess like *Venus*, could not be very unhappy. *Psyche* would have been extremely well pleas'd, had a Lover address'd her with these fond, flattering Expressions. Tho' Pride wou'd not let her discover any Symptoms of Uneasiness (outwardly) yet Tears dropt from her in secret. Wherein, have I injur'd (would she often say to herself) the Son of *Venus*? and what can my Sisters have done for him, that they are so happy? They had Wooers sufficient, and to spare; whilst I, who fancied I excell'd them in Beauty, have not a single Suitor left. Of what Use are my Charms to me? The Gods, in bestowing them, have not made me so mighty a Present as is imagin'd: Freely will I give back the greatest part of them, provided they'll leave me but one Lover; for, surely, no Maiden is so wretched as not to have One. *Psyche* only has it not in her Power to make any Man happy. Those Hearts which Chance threw in her Way, her Demerits have lost. How will it be possible for me, after such an Insult, ever to show my Face again? Ill-fated *Psyche*! fly to some Desert, and there hide thyself in its deepest Solitudes. The Gods cou'd never intend

tend thou shouldst be seen, since they did not form thee capable of inspiring Love.

Whilst *Psyche* was thus venting her Complaints, her Parents were under no less Affliction ; and being resolv'd, if possible, to procure her a Husband, they were forc'd to address the Oracle Here follows the Answer, together with the Comment of the Priests, which they receiv'd from it.

*A Monster she must wed (thus speak the Fates)
To mortal Hearts inhumanly severe :
Who ruins Families, perplexes States ,
Feeds on sad Sighs, and bathes himself in Tears.*

*To the whole Unverse he threatens War ;
Flying, with Torch upheld, from Pole to Pole :
Thro' Earth, thro' Heav'n, Amaze he spreads
and Fear ,
Nor can ev'n Styx, his Sov'reign Pow'r controul.*

*A Pois'ner, an Incendiary he is ;
A Tyrant, who throws young and old in Chains :
To him give Psyche , him must Psyche please .
Thus Fate and Love, thus ev'ry God ordains.*

*The Nymph must to her Monster-Spouse be led,
High on a Rock whose Brow invades the Sky :
Funereal be the Pomp, for lo! 'tis said,
For you, and for her Sisters, she must die.*

Judge what Astonishment and Grief such an Answer must necessarily create Give up *Psyche* to the wild Desires of a Monster ! Was there any thing like Justice in this ? And indeed her Parents were long in suspense, whether they shou'd obey. Besides, the Oracle had not specified the Place whither they were to conduct her. What Mountain cou'd the Gods mean ? Was it in the Neighbourhood of Greece or

Scythia? Was it situated under one of the northern Constellations *, or in the sun-burnt Climes of *Africa*? For Travellers inform us, that this Country abounds with Monsters of every Kind. How cou'd they prevail with themselves to leave the tender and delicate Fair on a Rock, between Mountains and Precipices, expos'd to every Thing most tremendous in Nature? In a word, how shou'd they find out this fatal Place? Thus the good People sought for Reasons to justify the detaining of their Daughter, but she herself represented to them the Necessity they were under, of complying with the Oracle. I must die, said she to her Father, and 'tis no ways fitting that a meer Mortal (like me) shou'd enter in Competition with the Mother of *Cupid*? What Advantage cou'd you gain by opposing her? Alas! Disobedience wou'd only increase your Punishment. Whatsoever may betide me, 'twill yet be a Consolation to reflect, that being then far remov'd from your Presence, I shall draw fewer Tears from your Eyes †. Rid yourself of *Psyche*, who alone makes your old Age unhappy. Let Heaven chastise an Ingrate, for whom you've discover'd but too much Tendernefs, and who so ill rewards the many Disquietudes and Cares which her Childhood brought upon you.

Whilst *Psyche* was speaking thus to her Father, the old Man gaz'd wishfully upon her with Tears, and answer'd her only by Sighs. But all this was faint in comparison of her Mother's Sorrow. Now she wou'd run (her Hair dishevell'd) from Temple to Temple; now she wou'd vent blasphemous Im-

* 'Tis, in *French*, *sous l'Ours*, " Under the great Bear, or *Ursa major*."

† The Original is, *J'aurai lieu de me consoler quand je ne vous serai plus un sujet de larmes* Literally. " It will justly be a " Comfort to me, when I shall no longer be the Subject of " your Tears " But I have ventur'd to change a little the Sense in my Version

precations against *Venus*; then, clasping her Daughter, wou'd vow to lose her Life, rather than abandon the innocent Fair-One to a Monster. Nevertheless, it was absolutely necessary she shou'd obey the Injunction. In this Age all Things were subject to the Oracles. People ran blind-fold to their Destruction, for fear the Answers pronounc'd by them shou'd be found false, so mighty an Ascendant had Superstition in these early Times over the Minds of Men. The only Difficulty therefore now remaining, was, to know what Mountain *Psyche* shou'd be led to, but the ill-fated Maiden clear'd up this Doubt likewise. Put me (said she) in a Chariot, without either Coachman or Guide, let the Horses go on at random, Fate will certainly direct them to the appointed Place. I will not pretend to say that our lovely Nymph, in thus hitting upon Expedients of every Kind, was like many of her Sex, who chuse to have a bad Husband rather than none at all. Probably Despair only suggested these sad Expedients.

However this be, 'twas resolv'd they shou'd set out. Accordingly all Things necessary on this sad Occasion were prepar'd with the requisite Pomp; that they might comply, in every respect, with the Commands of the Oracle. At last *Psyche*, conducted by her Parents, began the Journey. Behold her seated on an Ebony Chariot, an Uin plac'd by her Side, and reclining her Head on her Mother's Bosom. Her Father walk'd by the Chariot, sighing at every Step. Next follow'd a long Train of Mourners, with Funeral-Officers, and Priests, the last mention'd carrying Vases, and sounding very dolefully on brazen Instruments. The neighbouring Nations, astonish'd at the Novelty of such a Spectacle, knew not what to conjecture. The People thro' whose Country the Procession pass'd, accompany'd it, by way of Honour, to their respective

Frontiers; chaunting Hymns in praise of *Psyche*, their young Goddess, strowing the whole Way with Roses, tho' the Master of the Ceremonies cry'd aloud, that *Venus* wou'd be offended; but the good-natur'd People cou'd not forbear giving these Testimonies of their great Affection

After travelling in this Manner several Days, when every One began to doubt the Truth of the Oracle, they were surpriz'd (passing round the Foot of a very high Mountain) to see the Horses, tho' no ways tir'd and but lately fed, stop on a sudden; and refuse to go forward, spite of all the Endeavours which were us'd for that Purpose 'Twas now that the Wailings broke out afresh, this being thought the Mountain hinted at by the Oracle

Psyche alighted from the Chariot, when placing herself between her Parents, and being follow'd by the Procession, she struck into a Wood, which was pleasant enough, but of no great Extent. They had scarce gone a few Miles, (ascending continually) but they found themselves among Rocks, inhabited by Dragons of every kind This Place, if we except the Tenants just mention'd, might be call'd a Solitude, and the most dreadful Solitude in the Universe Not a single Tree, not a Blade of Grass were seen, nor was any Shelter found but these Rocks, from some of which sharp Points projected (suchwise) forward; and hung so very loose, that our Travellers survey'd them with Horror, expecting every Instant to be crush'd to Pieces Others were scoop'd, in several Places, by the Fall of Floods, and these were the Haunts of Hydras †, Animals often found in this Country.

† Hydras are well known to be feign'd Monsters with many Heads, one of which being cut off, another rose up instantly in its place The real Hydras are said to be a Species of Water Serpents.

The whole Company were seiz'd with such Dread,
that they wou'd have return'd back, had they not
been under a Necessity of obeying the Oracle. They
therefore were forc'd to proceed towards the Sum-
mit, spite of their Reluctance. The farther they
advanc'd, the more steep and craggy they found
the Way. At last, after a Variety of Windings,
they arriv'd at the Foot of a stupendous Rock, si-
tuated on the Top of the Mountain, and thus they
imagin'd to be the Place where the ill-fated Maiden
was to be left. 'Twou'd be impossible for me to
describe the Affliction which now prevail'd.

*Here Eloquence is mute, and thro' Surprise
Her sweetly-moving Faculty denies
Silence, mysterious Pow'r, alone must show ||
The solemn Parting, and the bitter Woe.
Faintly my Verse wou'd represent each Groan ;
The Tears of Psyche, or her Mother's Moan,
Which, from the Rock, rebounding to the Skies,
With dismal Echo thro' the Desert flies .
She weeps the Ruin that on Psyche falls :
On ev'ry Star, the Sun, and Nature cells ;
And whilst she hopes her Cries will Pity move,
Is torn from Psyche, Darling of her Love.*

*This cruel Scene, what Eye cou'd, tearless, view ?
The Sun, amaz'd, his trembling Beams withdrew,*

|| The French is,

C'est au Silence seul d'exprimer les adieux .

Which signifies, literally

“ Silence alone the Farewell can express ”

But I imagin'd, that *Silence's* expressing a Farewell, was much
too strong a Figure, and for that reason have endeavour'd to
loosen it in my Version

*And driving down the Sea, with swifter Force,
To happier Climes directs his circling Course.
New Horrors, with the Gloom, around are spread :
Night hastens on her Car, by Silence led .
Pale Fear attends him §.*

Psyche shar'd not a little in it. Figure to yourself a Virgin left alone, and in the Dead of Night, in frightful Defarts Every Story she had heard concerning Spirits and Apparitions now presented itself to her Imagination , infomuch that she scarce dar'd to open her Lips to bewail her Fate. In this deplorable Condition, and almost dying with Fear, she found herself ascending towards the Clouds. At first she gave herself over for lost ; imagining that some Dæmon was conveying her to Places, whence she wou'd never return. But *Zephyrus* was her Conductor Immediately he sooth'd her Terrors, by acquainting her with the Orders he had receiv'd ; to convey her, in that manner, to the Husband (in whose Service he was) hunted at by the Oracle *Psyche* was sooth'd by these Words of *Zephyrus* , he being a very amiable Deity This Minister, who obey'd his Master's Commands with equal Fidelity and Dispatch, waisted her to the Summit of the Rock Our Fan-One, after being carried thro' the Air with a Pleasure which wou'd have been exquisite on another Occasion, arriv'd in the Court-Yard of a magnificent Palace.

Our Heroine, to whom Adventures of a marvelous Kind were now become more familiar, had the Courage to survey the Palace, by the light of the Tapers plac'd round it , all the Windows being fill'd with them. Such was their Splendor, that the

§ These Verses don't end with a Hemistich, in the Original, but I presum'd that such a Close would be more emphatical, in *English*.

Firmament, the Abode of the Gods, never was so luminous

Whilst *Psyche* was gazing on these Wonders, a Company of Nymphs advanc'd beyond the Bottom of the Steps, leading from the Door, to receive her; when all curtzying very low, the chief Nymph made *Psyche* an unexpected Compliment, which our Fair-One however return'd *à propos* enough. The first Thing she enqui'd after, was, the Name of the Owner of these delicious Scenes, and we may presume, that she also desir'd to see him. The Nymphs answer'd *Psyche* in a very random manner, and then led her to a sort of Porch, whence was a View (on one Hand) of the Courts, and on the other of the Gardens. *Psyche* found the Porch correspond to the Grandeur of the Edifice. From thence she was conducted thro' a Sett of Apartments, which Magnificence herself had adorn'd; and whilst she mov'd from Room to Room, the last always improv'd on the former. And now our Fair-One enter'd a little Apartment where a Bath was prepar'd, when immediately the Nymphs began to undress and wait upon her. She made some Resistance at first, but afterwards gave up her whole Person to them. Being come out of the Bath they array'd her in Bridal-Garments. Let the Reader figure to himself what they were; and judge whether the richest Jewels were spar'd on this Occasion. The whole Suit indeed was the Work of Fairies, who commonly do Things of this kind in a Trice.

'Twas not a little Pleasure to *Psyche* to see herself so very fine, and to survey herself in the Mirrors*, which glitter'd round

During

* This is agreeably to the present Taste of the *French*, who fill their Rooms with Looking-Glasses. Poets, Painters, and other Imitators, generally copy the Customs, &c. of their native Country (as being most familiar with, and liking them best) in Works of their own Invention, thus *Virgil*, in his *Æneid*,

During this Interval a Table had been spread in an adjoining Apartment Ambrosia, dress'd every way, was then serv'd up, and as to Nectar, the little Loves attended as Cup-Bearers; but *Psyche* eat very sparingly. The Repast being ended, from a corner of the Ceiling a Concert of Lutes and Voices was heard, tho' neither Singers nor Instruments were seen, a Concert whose Accents cou'd not have been more ravishing, had *Orpheus* and *Amphion* || directed it. Among the various *Airs* then play'd, one delighted *Psyche* more than all the rest. The Words of it, which I have translated into our Language to the best of my power, are as follow.

*Fear Psyche yield to Cupid's Sway ;
The beauteous World reveres his Name .
Him ev'n the Deities obey ,
Their Power less soothing than his Flame
In Youth no Charm like Love we find .
All Pleasures are in Love combin'd .*

*Unblest by Love, the brightest Views,
Groves, Palaces, Streams, flow'ry Plains
Are languid, and their Beauties lose ;
Less sweet their Transports than its Pains.
In Youth no Charm like Love we find .
All Pleasures are in Love combin'd*

has given, to his *Trojans*, the *Roman* Manners The great Fault of the *French*, in their Decorations is, every thing is too gaudy and glaring. No doubt but that the Splendor of *Versailles*, and its Gardens, warm'd the Fancy of *La Fontaine*, and methinks the Imagination of a Poet must be very cold, not to be rais'd by them, especially in the beautiful Season of the Year

|| *Amphion* was so excellent a Musician, that *Mercury* was feign'd to have given him a Lyre, the Sounds of which drew together the Stones wherewith *Thebes* was built.

The Music ceasing, they told *Psyche* that it was time for her to go to rest. A slight Uneasiness now seiz'd her, a Palpitation like to that which Virgins feel, without their knowing why, on the Nuptial-Day. Our Fair-One, however, did every thing the Nymphs desir'd, and being put to Bed, they all withdrew.

A Moment after, he who was to possess *Psyche*, came and drew near to her. We know not what Expressions the blissful Pair employ'd on this Occasion, nor many other Particulars much more material. The only Circumstance told us is, the Nymphs giggled among themselves next Day, and a Colour came into *Psyche's* Cheeks when they smil'd. However, that was no great Pain to our *Psyche*, and she seem'd as chearful as usual.

To return to the hymenæal Night, the only Thing which puzzled her was, the Bridegroom's retiring before the Dawn; his declaring that, for a variety of Reasons, it would not be proper she should know who he was, and his conjuring her not to desire to see him. But this only increas'd her Curiosity.—What can these Reasons be? said the young Bride (in her own mind) and why does he hide himself so industriously from me? The Oracle certainly spoke Truth, when it represented him as something very terrible, and yet, to judge from his Touch or the Sound of his Voice, there's nothing monstrous about him. Nevertheless, the Gods don't publish Falsities. There must be some very remarkable Blemish in my Husband, and if so, how wretched must I be! These Reflexions allay'd, for some moments, the charming *Psyche's* Joy. At last, she resolv'd to think no more about the matter, since it was only throwing Poison into the nuptial Sweets.

The Instant the Bridegroom was gone, our Heroine threw open the Curtains, and finding it scarce

Day-break, began to ruminate on her past Adventures, particularly on that of the preceeding Night. 'Twas not but she had met with others as odd, and perhaps more so : But then her Husband insisted upon not being seen ! this she cou'd never get out of her Head.—*Psyche* was so taken up with these Thoughts, that she insensibly forgot her past Disquietudes ; the Terrors which had seiz'd her the Day before, the sad Parting with her Parents, and even her Parents themselves ; after which she fell asleep. Immediately a Vision brought her Consort before her, under the Image of a Youth of fifteen or sixteen ; a Youth beautiful as *Cupid*, whose every Feature seem'd expressive of the Deity. All in Raptures, our Fair-One threw her Arms round him ; when He, struggling, and endeavouring to escape, she call'd aloud, but in vain, for no One came near her :—Whoever you are (says she to him) and surely a Deity you must be, I now possess you ; now clasp you to my Soul, and will thus feast, at pleasure, on your numberless Charms.

But the Emotion she was in, breaking the soft Bands of Sleep, she started, when alas ! there remain'd nothing but the remembrance of a sweet Illusion. And now the luckless *Psyche*, instead of seeing a young Bridegroom, perceiv'd only a variety of gilded Furniture, and this not being what she sought, her Disquietudes broke out afresh

Morpheus once more took Pity of the Fair, when shedding his Poppies, she fell into the most delightful Slumbers ; and thus ended the bridal Night.

As it was now late, the Nymphs came into the Bed-chamber, and saw that her Eyes were still clos'd. Upon her waking, not one of them ask'd her why she had slept so long, nor how she had past the Night ; but only, whether she did not think proper to get up, and what Dress she would be pleas'd to wear. They then show'd her an hundred different

gent Suits, most of which were very rich. *Psyche* made Choice of the plainest; rose up; had her Clothes huddled on; and seem'd impatient to survey the various Curiosities of this charming Abode. The Nymphs then led her into all the Apartments; on which Occasion she pry'd into every Closet, not suffering the least Nook to escape her Researches; our Fair-One meeting every where with fresh Subjects of Admiration. She then proceeded to the Balconies, whence the Nymphs made her observe the Architecture of the Edifice, so far as a Person of her Age is capable of understanding it. *Psyche* then recollected, that she had not sufficiently examin'd a certain Suit of Hangings, for which Reason she ran back, like a Gull who wants to see every Thing at once, and is at a Loss where to fix her Eye. By this Time the Nymphs were almost out of Breath, Curiosity making *Psyche* fly from one Room into another, and only view, transiently, the several Wonders of this Palace; where, by a prophetic Enchantment, she saw Things which were not yet, nor ever wou'd, come to pass.

*With Marble, (snowy white) the Walls were rear'd,
Whilst shining Porphyry within appear'd.
Those Orders which from Greece to us were sent,
The Doric plain, th' Ionic elegant;
The proud Corinthian, with rich Foliage grac'd,
In just Proportion o'er each other plac'd,
High raise the Pile, where all Things charm the Eye,
Till the proud Edifice is lost in Sky.*

*To deck each Story, th' Architect had rang'd
The Forms (by Art almost to living chang'd)
Of Cleopatra, Phryne † (faultless Fair :)
Whose Beauty brought fam'd Heroes to despair.*

Belles

† A very beautiful Curtezian in Athens *Phryne* being accus'd of capital Crimes, and going to be condemn'd, was brought
by

*Belles far renown'd, whose Charms the Grecians
 sung ;
 Fictitious Nymphs, with whom Parnassus rung ;
 Those who, in Novels, elegantly drest,
 In Marble, here, were gracefully exprest.*

*Tb' Incbantrefs || Armida, with wily Mein,
 Close by the mild Angelica was seen :
 Near these, the fickle Helen's Image rose ;
 She who, for Paris, caus'd such lasting Woes.*

*Amid these Statues Psyche spies her own ;
 Above the rest its radiant Graces shone :
 She feels a secret Transport at the Sight,
 And scarce can leave it, ravisht with Delight.*

*Her various Beauties Sculpture can't confine ;
 As here in Stone, in Iv'ry there they shine :
 The Skuttle next, and next the Pencil tries,
 To catch her Image in delusive Dyes
 To charm her, here, the Smiles seem to advance,
 Whilst there, a Band of Loves around her dance.
 Yonder the Graces, with officious Care,
 Weave fragrant Flourets in her silken Hair.*

*The Fair-One, or in Tints or Sculpture, spies
 Her rapturous Face, where'er she turns her Eyes ;
 In Mirrours too, and in each chrystal Stream,
 Which, as her Form's reflected, brighter seem.*

But no Places employ'd our Fair-One's Attention
 so much as the Galleries. In these the Rarities, the
 Pictures, and Bustos, wrought, not by *Apelles* or † *Phi-*

by Hyperides (her Council) before the Judges The Advocate
 then rending suddenly *Phryne's* Robe, to show the Fair-One's
 Bosom ; her Charms were found so exquisite, and excited so
 much Compassion, that she was pardon'd for the Sake of them.

|| A Heroine of *Tasso*, as likewise *Angelica*.

† A celebrated *Grecian* Sculptor, famous particularly for
 Works in Ivory.

dias,

dias, but by Fairies, whose Disciples these great Men had been, compos'd an assemblage of Objects which, dazzling the Eye, pleas'd, and even charm'd her to such a Degree, that she was all Extasy and Rapture; so that *Psyche*, shifting from one Extieme to another, stood a long time motionless, and seem'd the most lovely Statue in this Abode. From the Galleries she return'd to the Rooms, in order to survey the rich Moveables, the Tapestry of every kind, and other Works, conducted by the Daughter of *Jove*. Above all, a vast Variety was observ'd in these Things, as well as in the Taste and Disposition of the Ornaments of every Room. The Columns in the Alcoves were of Porphyry. Be not surpriz'd at the Word *Alcove*: 'tis, I confess, of modern Date; but might not the Fannies have invented those little Recesses in the Age of which I write? And may not the *Spaniards*, or perhaps the *Arabians*, have copied them from the Description of this Place? To wave this Digression § most of the Capitals of these Columns were of *Corinthian* Brass. Add to these the golden Balustrades. As to the Beds, they either were of Silk embroider'd with Pearls, or of such exquisite Workmanship, that the Materials shou'd not be so much as mention'd. I shall not forget (as will be suppos'd) the Cabinets and Tables of precious Stones; or the Vases, equally remarkable for the Substances of which they were fram'd, as for the Delicacy and Artifice of the Sculpture. In a word, these Curiosities exceeded the whole Universe in Value. Were I to attempt to describe only a fourth Part of the marvellous Objects in question, I certainly should be found tedious; for Mankind grow, at last, tir'd of every Thing; of those most beautiful, as of the most ordinary.

§ These four last Words are not in the Original. There is a long Parenthesis, just before them, in my Author, which I have turn'd after another Manner.

I therefore shall mention only a Suit of Hangings heightned with Gold, which was pointed out more particularly to *Psyche*; not so much for the Workmanship, tho' this was exquisite, as for the Subject The Suit consisted of six Pieces. In the first,

*Things shapeless, rude, the Eye engag'd;
Chaos, where infant Seeds retire.
Here Billows War incessant wag'd
With flying rolls of forky Fire.*

*In a rude Mass, adjoining there,
Proudly the Earth the Air restrain'd;
Thus 'twixt Fire, Water, Earth and Air,
Eternal Discord fiercely reign'd.*

*These * Cupid views, and flying round,
The blended Mass he, sporting, clears:
The Order which the Boy thus crown'd,
Had cost a Sage unnumber'd Years.*

*To please a wav'ring, beauteous Fair,
A Cyclops rough we next † explore,
Curling his Beard and shaggy Hair,
A Task he ne'er perform'd before.*

*Scornful, away the Wanton flies;
Cupid o'ertakes her, when the Maid
Is seen to kiss the Cyclop's Eyes,
And clasp him in the woodland Shade.*

In the third, *Cupid* was seen sitting in a Chariot, drawn by Tygers Behind this Chariot, one of the little Loves was leading four mighty

* In the Original 'tis *Love*, which signifying both the Passion so call'd, and the Deity of it, has a prettier Effect in *French* than it can have in our Tongue

† In the second Suit of Tapestry.

Gods, *Jupiter*, *Hercules* †, *Mars*, and *Pluto* ; whilst other frolicksome Loves, driving these Deities forward, oblig'd them to move on at Pleasure.

The fourth and fifth exhibited, after a different Manner, the Power of *Cupid*. In the sixth this God, notwithstanding that he had Reason to pride himself in the Spoils won from the whole Universe, was yet kneeling before a Person exquisitely beautiful, and whose Air seem'd to speak her in the opening Spring of Youth. This was the only Judgment that cou'd be form'd of this pictur'd Fair-One, because her Face was not seen, her Head being turn'd, as tho' she wanted to disengage herself from a Multitude of little Loves who flock'd round her.

The Artist had imagin'd the God as struck with the utmost Respect and Veneration ; whilst the Smiles and Sports, who form'd his Retinue, were laughing at him in secret, and pointing with their Finger, as much as to say, *He is catch'd*

In the Frames of this Tapestry were represented numberless Boys, wantoning with Clubs, Tridents, and Thunderbolts, and in several Places a great Number of Bracelets, and other female Trinkets, were hanging by way of Trophies

Amid this Variety of Objects, nothing delighted our Fair-One so much, as to see, whithersoever she went, her own Picture, her Statue, or something of that kind, so that this Palace might easily have been mistaken for a Temple, and *Psyche* for the Goddess to whom it was sacred

However, lest the frequent Repetition of the same Object should tire her, the Fairies, whose Imagination you know is very fruitful, had varied it a Multitude of Ways. In one Room she shone in an *Amazonian* Habit ; in another, she was a Nymph, a Shepherdess, a Huntress, a Greek, a Persian ; in

† Some will, perhaps, not approve of our Author's ranking *Hercules* with these three powerful Deities

short, she was painted in a thousand different Characters, every one of which was so agreeable, that our Fair-One had the Curiosity to see herself in them all ; one Day in this, another Day in that, just as the Whim took her, and more out of Frolick, than from any Advantage she propos'd, her Charms not wanting any foreign Aid . . .

All this sooth'd her very agreeably ; procur'd her the finest Compliments from the Nymphs, and highly delighted the Monster, I mean her Husband, who had numberless Opportunities of surveying her unperceiv'd.

Thus would *Psyche* make herself an Empress, a Shepherdess, any thing at pleasure ; on which Occasions the Nymphs never fail'd to assure her, that she was charming in every Dress, which indeed *Psyche* thought, and thence would whisper, (being alone as she imagin'd) this fond Truth to herself — Was my Husband but to see me in this Attire ! — When, perhaps, at that very Instant, the invisible Husband was gazing on her Form ; and not only enjoy'd the Satisfaction of seeing her, but likewise often heard his Fair-One disclose her most secret Thoughts, and breathe the softest Wishes, which sprung as much (at least) from Love, as from the good Opinion she entertain'd of her own Perfections. In a word, scarce a Day pass'd but *Psyche* appear'd in a new Dress.

A new Dress every Day ! (cried *Acanthus* ,) I would desire no other Paradise for our Ladies. They smil'd at this Thought *, and not one Man in the Company but wish'd the same Felicity for some Nymph of his Acquaintance. After this Reflexion, *Poliphilus* continued in manner following.

Our Heroine spent the greatest Part of this first Day in surveying the Mansion. In the Evening she

* I have varied here a little from the *F. encô*, *On avoua qu'il avoit un jésu*.

took an airing in the Courts and Gardens, whence she view'd, for some time, the different Faces of the Edifice; its Majesty, its rich Ornaments, its Graces; together with the Proportion, the Regularity and Harmony of its several Parts. Was I better skill'd in Architecture, I would describe it to you. In lieu of this, figure to yourself *Apollidon's* Palace or that of *Armida*, which you please. As to the Gardens, see those of *Falerine* †: They may give you some Idea of the Scenes I am to draw.

Assemble, what we nearer see,

‡ Vaux, || Liencourt, *their Naiads too.*

Add

† A Desire of satisfying my Readers in all Particulars mention'd by *La Fontaine*, which might be ever so little obscure to many of them, made me introduce a considerable Number of Notes, which Persons who are conversant in this kind of Literature, will possibly think superfluous. What follows, relating to the *Palace of Apollidon* and the *Gardens of Falerine*, (for those of *Armida* are in *Tasso's Jerusalem*) excited my own Curiosity to find out the Description of them, as they seem to have been much valued by *La Fontaine*. For this reason, I consulted several Books, and address'd some ingenious Men of my Acquaintance, but in vain, till at last One of them, a Gentleman who not long since favour'd the Public with a *French Translation of Mr Gordon's Discourses on Tacitus, and the Life of Cervantes*, sent me an obliging Letter on this Occasion, of which I shall here give an Extract

" I send you back the five Volumes of *Durfee's Astrée*, without having found either the Palace of *Apollidon*, or the Gardens of *Falerine*. I visited a few Days since *M. Des Maizeaux*, with the Design of consulting *Abbé L'Englet's Bibliothèque des Romans*. *Mr Des Maizeaux* inform'd me, that the Palace of *Apollidon* is in *Amadis de Gaul* (which neither of us have,) and conjectures that the Gardens of *Falerine* (these he knows nothing of) may be in the same Book ---
" But meeting with *Signor Rolli*, he told me that the Palace of *Falerine* is in the *Orlando innamorato del Boiardo*

‡ A very fine Country Seat, in the Neighbourhood of *Paris* 'Twas first call'd (as I take it) *Vaux-le-Vicomte*, and at this Time, *Vaux-le-Villars*, from the Name of the present Possessor, *Duke de Villars*. 'Twas built by the famous *Monieur Fouquet*. Its Situation is delightful. The Edifice is magnificent, and embellish'd

*Add Ruel §, if Occasion be,
With its Cascades to cheer the View.*

Varying

bellish'd with *Le Brun's* Paintings 'Tis remarkable also for the Beauty of its Gardens, its Cascades, Jets, and Basons, as likewise for its Grotto, Terrass, Canal, Rock, Statues, &c.

|| *Liencourt* This noble House belongs to Duke *de la Rochefoucauld*. Its Cascades are beautiful, and the Sheets of Water, with the two large Basons, have an agreeable Effect on the Eye The largest of these Basons is in the Form of an Octagon The Water which rises from the middle of it, forms an Assemblage of Jets, which fall, circularly, in five Cascades, and four Tritons spout forth Water on so many Sides The Flower-Garden is well stock'd Here is seen a large Piece of Water, encompass'd with Trees, of whose Foliage Arcades are form'd In the Middle of this Water is an Island, to which Access is had by Boats In this Island is a round Salon form'd of Foliage, and there several Arcades are seen The Fountain-Meadow is quite surrounded with Water, with a great many Spouts; and, in the Middle, with a fine Assemblage of Jets, which rise to a great Height, and fall in different Cascades

There are many more Embellishments about this beautiful Seat, as the Tennis Court, the Oval-Bason, the Canal, the Water-Salon, the Lime-Tree Mead, the seventeen Fountains, &c See *Nouvelle Description de la France. par M. Piganiol de la Force; Tom III Page 55, 56 Paris 1722 12mo*

§ This Palace is remarkable for its magnificent Gardens, (in the *Italian Taste*) its Green-house, Arch, Fountain, great Cascade, Grotto, &c We have so pleasing a Description of these in the *Turkish Spy*, Vol IV that I cannot forbear giving an Extract of it here

“ At *Ruel*, the King of *France* has a Country-Seat, standing
“ in the Midst of a little Paradise This Palace is merely a
“ Bower, in Comparison of that of *S^t Germain en Laye*, but
“ what is wanting in the Grandeur of the Fabric, is supplied
“ by the Contrivance, and the Splendor of the various Orna-
“ ments As to the Garden, 'tis not far short of that of *S^t*
“ *Germain*, it being embellish'd with all Kinds of curious Wa-
“ ter-Works, Groves, Solitudes, Fountains, Statues, and what-
“ ever the Genius of these Western Artists could suggest, as pro-
“ per to make this Place suit the melancholy Temper of the
“ late Queen-Mother, *Mary de Medicis*, who possess'd it du-
“ ring Life

“ The Instant a Person enters this delicious *Eden*, his Eyes
“ and Ears are deceiv'd by the counterfeit Notes and Motions
“ of Birds, which sing perpetually, as the Water tunes then
“ Throats.

*Varying the Art, let's next descry,
Throughout this Eye-delighting Place,
Fountains that would invade the Sky,
Canals whose Flight no Eye can trace.
Throw, round their smiling Banks, a lofty Shade,
By Orange, Myrtle-Trees, and Jasmijn made *.*

*Be wide-spread Forests rais'd of these,
Where Philomel amid the Trees,
Shall, in all Seasons, sweetly sing ·
Chief Minstrel of the feather'd Choir,
Whose Reign, which wakes the Poet's Lyre,
Begins and ceases with our Spring*

"Throats A little farther, he perceives several beautiful,
"antique Statues, which adorn two Fountains He likewise
"spies a Crocodile, big as the Life, who, by the Harmony he
"makes, seems to have within him a Concert of Music, as
"sweet and regular as that of the Italian Society in Constantinople.

"As we leave this Scene, full of Admiration at the exquisite Imitation of Nature in these several Contrivances, we
"come, insensibly, into a Place exactly resembling Elysium,
"as describ'd by the Poets 'Tis a Grove, the Trees of which
"are so tufted at Top, that the Sun appears no otherwise
"through them, than as it were behind a Cloud, or in an Eclipse The Gloom of this Place, and the solemn Murmur
"made by the Winds on high, among the Tops of the Trees,
"fill the Mind with a sacred Horror, whence I have frequently conjectur'd, that this Wilderness was something like
"that which Historians describe, when they speak of the Avenues to the Temple of Jupiter Ammon in Egypt, for, in the
"direct Center of the Grove stands the House, which looks
"like a Convent rather than a Prince's Court At best, it appears like a Royal Hermitage, a Cell consecrated to kingly
"Melancholy "

I have sometimes chang'd, in the above Extract, the Diction of the Translator of the *Turkish Spy* I say Translator, it being very evident to me, that these Letters (at least such of them as I have compar'd with the *French*) were translated from that Language, notwithstanding the many Assertions, both in Print and otherwise, to the contrary

* The *French* of these two Lines is,

*Bordez les d'Orangers, de Mirtes, de Jasmins,
Qui soient aussi géants, que les nôtres sont nains.*

L

Let.

*Let each fond Warbler, from the Spray,
In Concert swell the Rival Lay.*

*Far from these blissful Shades divide
Ill-boding Birds, that shun the Morn :
The Riv'let-Banks let Flow'rs adorn,
And Cupid in the Grotts reside.*

*But, from these peaceful Grotts, exclude
Salacious Satyrs, rough and rude :
Wood-nymphs and Zephyrs here must meet,
And only they taste ev'ry Sweet.*

*Psyche from these soft Seats of Love,
Commands that Satyrs far be drove :
From her chaste Sight be such confin'd,
Nor once be imag'd to her Mind*

*Flora must with Pomona tie,
Who best their Treasures shall supply,
And in the brightest Dress appear :
Here, sweetly-smiling to the View,
Each Goddess must her Gifts renew
Four times, at least, each circling Year.*

*Spontaneously the Glebe must yield,
Perpetual Verdure crown the Field :
The Streams in lulling Murmurs flow,
And cooling Zephyrs gently blow.*

At first, *Psyche* us'd to walk only in the Gardens; she not daring to venture into the Woods, tho' the Nymphs assur'd her, that she would meet with none but Dryads, and not one Satyr. However, she afterwards had more Courage.

Being one Day attracted by the Beauties of a chrystal Rivulet, she wander'd, insensibly, along its Banks; and after winding round and round, she came at last to its Source. This was a spacious Grotto,

Grotto, where, in a Basin, scoop'd solely by the Hand of Nature, flow'd, along a Rock, a Silver Stream, whose Murmurs invited to the softest Slumbers. *Psyche* could not forbear stepping into the Grotto. As she was peeping into every Corner of it, the Light, which grew fainter as she advanc'd, at last was eclips'd on a sudden. She now had just reason to be under Apprehensions, but was not allow'd Time for it; a Voice, which was very familiar to her, (that of *Cupid*) suppressing every Fear. He then drew near to his *Psyche*, seated her on a mossy Bank; fell at her Feet, and, after kissing her Hand, he sigh'd and spoke thus.—Wherefore must I owe this delightful Meeting to the Beauties of a Rivulet? Why not rather to Love? Ah *Psyche*, *Psyche*! 'tis plain you are not yet far enough advanc'd in the Spring-time of Life, to be touch'd with that sweetest of Passions. If you Bosom indulg'd a Fondness, you would court Silence and Solitude more eagerly than you now shun them. You'd go in quest of lonely Caves; and soon find, by delightful Experience, that among the various Places where Sacrifices are made to the amorous God, none please him so much as those offer'd up in secret. But you are insensible to Love.—What wou'd you have me love? continued *Psyche*—A Husband, replied he, whom you may image to yourself as Fancy shall suggest, and lavish on him Charms at Pleasure—But I very possibly, replied the Fan-One, might mistake in the Likeness; it being well known that Whim and Caprice are very busy on these Occasions. I have been told, that not only Nations, but every Person has his particular Taste. An *Amazonian* would wish for a Husband adorn'd with such Graces as another Woman must shudder at, a Husband like *Mars*; but I myself should delight in one resembling *Cupid*. A Nymph of a melancholy cast, would draw this Husband with a serious Air, but I, who am

naturally blithesome, should represent mine chearful and gay. In a word, I should imagine I gave you Pleasure, in ascribing to you Beauties of a soft and delicate turn ; and at the same time I might injure them *.

However that be, (says *Cupid*) I find this is not the first time you have form'd to yourself an Idea of your Consort , be so good therefore as to describe him to me.

I have given you, replied the Fair-One, a Countenance equally kind and insidious : Your every Feature is delicate , your Eye vastly lively and pleasant , and you are young and plump ; two Circumstances in which I cannot be mistaken. But then I am quite at a Loss as to your Colour, I not knowing whether it be white or black . and when I have deck'd you in every Beauty which my Imagination can frame, the Thoughts of your being a Monster effaces them all instantly. In my Opinion, therefore, the shortest and surest Method will be.— You must reveal yourself.—At these Words her Husband squeezing her Hand, spoke thus, in the most tender Accents :—O *Psyche* ! that cannot be ; nor am I allow'd to tell you why it cannot.—'Twill then be impossible for me (replied she in a hasty Tone) to love you ; a Moment after which she was sorry these Expressions had dropt from her , especially, since she had not spoke as she thought. But alas ! the Error was committed ; and she endeavour'd, but in vain, to atone for it by endearing Caresses ; her Husband's Heart being so very full,

* How pleasing is all this Tittle-tattle ! And yet some Persons may have the same Idea of it, as a *Spanish* Princess had of a delicate Conversation between two fond Lovers in *Cleopatra* —*How much Wit* (said that Princess) *is employ'd here to little Purpose ! Of what Use are all these fine Words, now they are met together ?* —See *Oeuvres de Saint-Evremond*, Tom III. p. 211. *Amsterdam*, 1706, 12mo. Possibly, the Dialogue in *Cleopatra* might be as affected, as that in *Cupid* and *Psyche* is natural.

that it was some time before he could speak. At last, he broke from his Silence, but only by a Sigh, to which *Psyche*, the Instant she heard it, ecchoed, tho' with some little Diffidence. And now the Answer pronounc'd by the Oracle occur'd to her Mind. —How could she reconcile it with the passionate Tendernefs which her Charmer discover'd for her? He who was a Poisoner, an Incendiary, who sported with Tortures, to sigh at the Hearing of a single Expression? This seem'd a Mystery to our Heroine; and to confess the Truth, so much Tendernefs in a Monster was a Thing extraordinary. His Sighs were follow'd by Tears, and his Tears by Complaints. This was Extasy to our Fair-One; but as he spoke in too doleful a Strain, she could not bear to hear him go on so; and therefore, she first put her Hand hastily to his Mouth, then applied her Lips to his; and, by a Kiss, more pathetic than all the Powers of Language united, protested, that tho' he was invisible, and a Monster, she yet would love him —Such was the Adventure of the Grotto.

They afterwards had many more of the like Kind. Our Heroine did not forget what her Husband had observ'd to her. Sweetly lost in Reflexion, she often stray'd to the loneliest Recesses of this delicious Abode; on which Occasions Night wou'd come upon her unperceiv'd, and before she could reach home Immediately her Charmer (seated on a Chariot which Darkness encompass'd) wou'd come, when taking the young Bride by his Side, they then wander'd up and down, by the tinkling of Fountains. Let the Reader judge, whether our Pair (thus blest'd) repeated their Protestations, their Vows, their tender, fond Discourses; and (at Intervals) their Kisses; Kisses not like those dispens'd by Hymen, (for nothing can be more insipid, *) but such as are im-

* 'Tis no Wonder our Author should exclaim against nuptial Kisses, he, like *Milton*, being unhappy in a Wife.

printed by Lovers who have tasted that Bliss only *.

Nevertheless, something was still wanting to complete *Psyche's* Felicity. 'Tis plain that the sole Thing hunted at here, must be her Husband's odd Whim ; or, in other Words, his still persisting to continue invisible. This indeed has surpriz'd all Posterity. What could prompt *Cupid* to take so strange a Resolution ? 'Tis not unusual for ugly Persons to make a Parade of themselves ; but for those possess'd of Beauty to hide, is a Prodigy, and in this (perhaps) only our Husband was monstrous.

After enquiring into the Cause of it, I met with the following Particulars in a Manuscript which lately fell into my Hands —Our Lovers were engag'd, as usual, in fond Discourse, and the young Bride, who thought of nothing but how she might best get a Sight of her Inchanter, did not let slip one Opportunity of hinting this to him. As they were talking on a Variety of Subjects, they fell insensibly on the Wonders of this Palace, and the Solitudes round it. Our Fair-One, after specifying the various Pleasures she met with every where, declar'd that, in her Opinion, the principal Article was still wanting. Her Charmer knew but too well what she meant ; but as Contests betwixt an amorous Pair, sometimes serve to more Purposes than One, he was willing that she should explain ; and for this Reason, ask'd what this mighty Article could be ; especially as he had strictly order'd the Fairies to have an Eye to every Thing.

Pish, Pish, (cries *Psyche*) Fairies have nothing to do here. But come : Are you willing to make me perfectly happy ? If this be your Resolution, I can teach you a very short Way to do it. You

* The French is : *Et pour ainsi dire, de gens qui n'en seroient encore qu'à l'esperance* " And, as it were, of Persons who should be arriv'd no farther than Hope,"

need only—But I have mention'd this so often to no Purpose, that I dare not repeat it again.

Be firmly persuaded (replied the Husband) that nothing you can ever say to me on this Head, will give me Pain. Your Conduct towards me shall resemble that of Mortals with regard to the Deities. These take a Pleasure in forcing Mankind to implore the same Blessing an hundred Times Now, how do you know but that I may be like them?

Our Heroine, encourag'd by these Words, replied: Since you do give me leave, I'll be so frank as to declare; that all your Palaces, all your Moveables, all your Gardens, are trifling, in Comparison of the Pleasure I shou'd feel, was I indulg'd only a Moment's Glimpse of you, and yet, you still persist in refusing me your Presence, for I cannot give the Name of Presence to a Bliss in which the Eye has no Concern

How! says the Husband, am I not corporally with you at this Instant? Don't you touch me?

I do touch you, replied *Psyche*, and am sensible that you have a Mouth, a Nose, Eyes, a Face; every one of these in due Proportion; and, according to the Idea which I have of them, so exceedingly beautiful, that the Universe cannot show their Like, but then, till I shall be certainly sure of it, this bodily Presence will (to me) be no other than a mental Presence.

A mental Presence! continued our Husband—*Psyche* wou'd not let him proceed, but interrupted him:—Surely (says she) the least you can do, is to acquaint me with the Reasons why you are so very obstinate.—I will not let you into them all (replied her Charmer.) However, to content you in some Measure, weigh well this matter, and you'll be forc'd to confess, that 'twill be our mutual Advantage for Things to continue as they are In the first place, be assur'd, that the Instant all your Wishes

shall be gratified, you'll grow quite tir'd : And how shou'd you not be tir'd, since the Immortals themselves are so ; they being forc'd to seek, at Intervals, for Occasions of Desire and Disquietude ; so true it is, that complete Satisfaction and Dis taste tread close upon one another With regard to myself, 'tis a prodigious Pleasure to me to see you perplex'd ; especially as your Imagination forms few or no Monsters (I mean Images of my Person) but what are vastly agreeably. But a more particular Reason is this : You are firmly perswaded that there is something supernatural in me ; consequently, I must be a God, a Dæmon, or a Magician. Now, were you to find me a Dæmon, I could not but be the Object of your Hatred, and should I appear a God, you would cease to love me ; at least not love me with so much Ardour ; your Sex never entertaining so violent a Passion for the Deities as for Men. As to the third Article, you know that there are agreeable Magicians, and I may be one of them, and possibly all the three Your greatest Happiness therefore, will be to continue in Doubt, and, after Possession, to be still wishing for something more. This is a Secret which has not yet been thought of. Rest contented then (if I may advise) with what you do know. I am well skill'd in Love, and must necessarily be so.

Psyche was satisfied with these Reasons ; or seem'd satisfied, whether she really was so or not. She now invented a thousand Diversions to while away the Time The Parterres were stripp'd of their Flourets, and the Grass of the Meads was trod down. Nothing was seen but Dancings and Combats between Nymphs, who often divided into two Parties ; when, being distinguish'd by Scarves compos'd of the brightest Flowers, like so many Orders of Knight-hood, they would throw at one another the various Presents of *Flora* ; after which the victorious Band,

being

being crown'd with Pinks and Roses, fet up a Trophy, and danc'd round it.

At other times, *Psyche* us'd to divert herself with listning to a Musical Contest between Nightingales; with gazing either at a naval Fight betwixt Swans, or at Tilts and Tournaments between Fishes. Her greatest Delight was to throw a Bait to the last mention'd, and after they were hook'd, to restore them to their Element. The Nymphs wou'd imitate her in this Particular; insomuch that Wagers us'd to be laid, every Evening, who shou'd catch most; when she, who had had the greatest Success in Angling, was indulg'd some Favour by our Heroine; whilst a Penalty was inflict'd on the least fortunate Nymph, such as the making up a Nofegay, or the weaving a Garland of Flowers for each of her Companions. These Diversions ended with the setting Sun.

*He saw them in his airy Way,
(His awful Head in Gold array'd,)
For, hid in Clouds, each circling Day,
At Evening he his Face display'd.*

But how did he display it? Encircled with a Diadem of Gold and Purple; and in all the Pomp and Magnificence with which a King of the Planets can be array'd. The Palace also administer'd a Variety of Pleasures, which, sometimes, were mere Sports; and, at other times, consisted of more solid Diversions. And now *Psyche* began to leave off all childish Amusements, the Nymphs entertaining her with the Loves of the Gods, and the Metamorphoses caus'd by that Passion, great Source of good and Evil. Here were represented, in Tapestry, by the Prescience of the Faines, the Calamities which were to befall *Troy*, and our Fair-One made the Nymphs explain them to her. But now observe a marvellous Effect of Inchantment! Mankind, you know,

know, were then ignorant of that excellent Art which we call *the Drama*. But altho' this Art was not at that Time even in its Infancy, 'twas yet exhibited to *Psyche* in its utmost Perfection, and as left to us by *Menander* and *Sophocles*. Judge whether Machines, Music, rich Dresses, Interludes, antient and modern, were forgot on these Occasions

But *Psyche*, not satisfied with what was told her concerning the fabulous Ages, desir'd to be instructed in History; and enquir'd into the various Methods of making Love, practic'd by the several Nations of the World; and wherein consisted the chief Beauty both of the *Scythians* and *Indians*. Her Curiosity was gratified in every Particular, on this Subject, found in the Archives of the Universe, whether relating to Times past or future, if we except her own Story, which the Nymphs, spite of the Intreaties she us'd, could not be prevail'd upon to disclose. In a word, all Affairs which any way concern'd Love, in the four Divisions of the World, were brought before her, tho' she did not stn from her Palace. What more shall I add? The Nymphs taught her even the Secrets of Poetry. This Corrupter of the Heart, quite vitiated that of our Fair-One, and threw her into a Distemper call'd by the Physicians *Glucomery*, or *Sweet-Madness**, which disorder'd

* I have copied this Term, as coin'd by *La Fontaine*. 'Tis compounded of two *Greek* Words, Γλυκύς, *Dulcis* (*Sweet*) and Μωρία, *Stultitia* (*Folly*, or *Infatuation*)

Whilst I was uncertain with regard to the Turn I should give (in *English*) to this Word *Glucomerie*, and thought to render it *Sweet-Folly*, I mention'd my Doubt to the Gentleman who favour'd me with the Hints relating to the *Temple of Apollidon*, &c. introduc'd in Page 143 of this Work; and he very obligingly sent me a Letter also on the present Subject, of which the following is an Extract

"As to your rendring the Word *Glucomerie*, *Sweet-Folly*, in "*English*, I am not quite satisfied with it, and fancy that you
may

order'd all her Senses ; and stole our Fair-One, as
it

“ may translate it with still greater Propriety However this
“ be, you will see, in the following Lines from the fourth Satyr
“ of *Boileau*, the Manner in which he has render'd this Di-
“ stemper in *French*.

“ *Jadis certain bigot, d'ailleurs homme sensé,*
“ *D'un mal affez bizarre eut le cerveau blessé .*
“ *S'imaginant sans cesse, en sa douce manie,*
“ *Des Esprits bien-heureux entendre l'harmonie*

[Thus english'd .

In Days of yore,
A Bigot, otherwise judicious Man,
Struck suddenly, a Frenzy thro' him ran ;
He fancying (*sweetly mad*) his ravish'd Ears,
Were tickled with the Music of the Spheres]

“ This is borrow'd or imitated from *Horat Epist. ii. lib. 2.*
“ where the Poet speaks of a Citizen of *Argos*,

“ *Qui se credebat miros audire tragædos,*
“ *In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatri*

That is

“ An *Argive* Gentleman (as Stories say)
“ Did always fancy that he saw a Play ;
“ The Actors Dreis, and well-wrought Scenes appear,
“ And clap'd and finil'd in th'empty Theatre CREICH

“ I am struck particularly with the Words which this *Argive*
“ utters, after he had been cur'd by *Hellebore*

“ *Pol, me occidistis, amici,*
“ *Non servastis, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas,*
“ *Et demptus per vim mentis grætissimus error.*

That is :

“ He cry'd — Ah me ! my Friends I am undone,
“ You've ruin'd me, now all my Pleasure's gone ;
“ You have destroy'd, whilst you design'd to save,
“ I've lost the pleasant'st Cheat that Man could have.

“ Thus

it were, from herself. When alone, *Psyche* would break into Soliloquies, like Lovers, who,

*In Verse pour forth their am'rous Poin,
Or, wildly, in Romance complain ;*

She wou'd wander about the Margin of Fountains, and there stand musing ; wou'd vent her Complaints to the Rocks, and ask Counsel of lonely Grottoes, in which the invisible Charmer waited for her. *Psyche* entertain'd every Object in Nature with her Passion. Alas ! would she say to the Trees, I can engrave no Name except my own upon your Barks, for that of the dear Idol of my Wishes is not known to me. After conversing thus with the Trees, our Fair-One would direct herself to the Rivulets, she making these her principal Confidants, on account of the Adventure abovemention'd. Imagining that her coming to them was propitious, she would stop at every one, fondly hoping to come unawares upon her Adorer, and catch him sleeping on their Banks : And after she shou'd have thus discover'd the Monster, she thought 'twould be to no Purpose for him to conceal himself Thus wrapt delightfully in Thought, she wou'd address them, (and that too in Verse) in near the following Words.

*Tell me, ye Brooks, where can my Darling hide ?
O ! lead me to him, as ye gently glide.
In yon dark Bow'r does he soft-slumb'ring lay,
And there the Tribute to your Murmurs pay ?*

In

“ This is exactly the Case with Persons in Love . It would give them the greatest Uneasiness to discover, that the Object of their Passion, (a Passion which lulls them in delightful Visions) was far from being either amiable or estimable .
“ In short, 'twou'd be downright killing them ”

These Persons are Enthusiasts of the first Class, some of which are found in the Professors or Followers of all Arts. But among these

*In vain, to find him, I implore your Aid,
And tell my Longings to your bending Shade ;
His deep-bid Covert you must ne'er disclose,
Whence now he spies me, and derides my Woes.*

*When Night draws off, from me the Charmer flies ;
In vain I call him , still he mocks my Sighs :
He flies !—at random I these Words employ ;
My Soul's Delight may be a wingless Boy.*

*Frutless, for him, your mossy Banks I trace ;
And, sweetly tortur'd, rove from Place to Place.
In Grotts alone, he's kind as Love can be :
Thus, what I doat on, I must never see.*

However, don't imagine that these Pains which *Psyche* spoke of, were unmix'd with Pleasures. They sometimes ingross'd her to such a Degree, that not only Hours, but even Suns, wou'd slide away unperceiv'd ; and therefore it may be affirm'd, that the very Circumstance which was wanting to complete her Satisfaction, form'd part of the Sweets she found in loving ; happy, infinitely happy, would our Fair-One have been, had she follow'd her fond Husband's Counsel ; and known how advantageous it is for Mortals not to attain the Summit of Felicity ; because, the Instant they have reach'd this Height, they must necessarily descend ; Fortune never permitting her Wheel to stand still She is a Woman, (as *Psyche* was) that is, unable to continue long in the same State.

This was manifested afterwards in our Heroine. Her Consort, knowing that this fatal Moment was approaching, no longer visited her with his usual Gaiety ; a Circumstance which made his young

these several Enthusiasts, none can be more wretched than those of whom Mr. *Pope* says, very emphatically, that they are *be-mus'd*,

Bride suspect a Coldness in his Affection. To be certain of it (as we all want to know every Thing, not excepting such Particulars as may displease) she spoke thus to her Inchanter :—Whence is this Sadness, which, for some time, I have observ'd in all your Expressions ? Tho' your utmost Wishes are indulg'd, I yet hear you sigh ? But what wou'd you do were you in my Place ? Don't you begin to be tir'd of me ? Alas ! I am afraid so ; not from your supposing me less beautiful ; but only (as you yourself say) because I am yours more than before. But can it be possible, after your many fond, flattering Expressions, and your Oaths, that I should no longer be dear to you ? If such be my Unhappiness, I cannot, will not live

Scarce had she spoke these Words, when the Monster sigh'd , whether from his being struck with what she had said before, or from his having a Misgiving of what would happen. The Tears then trickled, in the most tender manner, down his Cheeks ; after which, yielding to his Grief, he sunk gently on the Bosom of his young Bride, who, in order that her Tears might mingle with those of her fond Partner, softly stoop'd her Head, so that their Lips met , when our Lovers, not having the Courage to sever them, continued silent a long Time*.

All these Circumstances are told at length, in the Manuscript hinted at above. I will be so frank as to own, that I am ever touch'd at the reading this Passage —What Man, indeed (said *Gelasius*) but would pity our poor Lovers ? Alas ! to lose all Power of Utterance ! We must suppose their Lips met very unluckily . This really merits our utmost Compassion.

You may laugh as much as you please, replied *Polipbilus* , but I cannot forbear pitying two Lovers whose Endearments are ruffled by Disquietudes and

* How delightfully picturesque is this ?

Fears. Shou'd two Persons in a City that was besieging, or on board a Ship that was threaten'd with a Storm, embrace in this Manner, would you think them happy?—Indeed should I, replied *Gelastus*, since Danger, on these Occasions, would be far distant. But tho' you express so much Concern for the Satisfaction of this fond Pair, and are mov'd to Compassion on their Account, methinks you are not very solicitous about taking them from the wretched State in which you left them. They'll die, if not restor'd to their Speech by you.—Let us restore them to it, continued *Poliphilus*

The first Thing *Psyche* did, at their recovering from this Extasy, was to steal her Hand over her Husband's Eyes, in order to feel if they were moist; she imagining that all this was mere Artifice. But finding them in right Order, and as she wish'd, she chid herself for harbouring any such Suspicions, and thought it would be unjust to doubt the Testimonies of a Passion, which were infinitely more to be depended upon than any Promise, Oath, or such like. For this Reason, she ascrib'd her Partner's Uneasiness to ill Health, or to some other Circumstance which no ways concern'd her. With regard to herself, she imagin'd her Charms, after such a Variety of Trials, had gain'd so powerful an Ascendant; and that the Monster lov'd her so excessively, that she had no reason to apprehend a Change. But her Inchanter, on the contrary, wish'd she wou'd entertain such Fears; this being the only Method to call up her Prudence, and restrain her Curiosity. He said many Things on this Occasion, betwixt Jest and Earnest; to which *Psyche* made proper Replies, and her Partner continuing to exclaim against over-curious Women.—What a Fuss (says she) you make about Curiosity! Is it possible for you to be displeas'd at my wanting to see you, after you have expatiated so much in praise of your own Beauty?

But

But tell me, (added she, in case I should get a Sight of you, what would follow from it ?—I shall forsake you, replied her Inchanter—That you shou'd not (continued the Fair-One.) I'd never, never part with you—But suppose (added he) I should have sworn by the *Styx*?—Who is this *Styx*? says our Heroine; tell me; is he more powerful than what we call Beauty? And granted he were so, cou'd you bear to let me wander up and down the World? Would you suffer *Psyche* to complain, that her Husband had forsaken her, upon Pretence of her having been too curious, and that he might not break his Oath to *Styx*? I cannot think you so unreasonable. Then, consider the Scandal, the Shame this would bring upon you—'Tis plain, replied her Partner, you don't know me, in thus talking of Shame and Scandal, these Things affecting me very little. Next, as to your Complaints, who'll listen to them? And what would you say? Which of the Deities wou'd be so rash as to take you under his Protection! But attend *Psyche* to my Words, and be assur'd that I am very serious.—O I love you to Distinction! but then, shou'd you get à Sight of Me, I shall cease that Instant to be your Friend. I am persuaded, that all you have said on this Article, was only out of Pleasantry, and not from any Design you have to put Me to so much Pain: And yet, I have Reason to fear, that you will be advis'd to it. However, the Nymphs will never offer at this; they won't attempt to betray me, nor do you so ill an Office. Being Demi-Goddeses, they cannot be fir'd with a Spirit of Envy; not to mention, that they are all bound to me by Tyes of too particular a kind. Your Apprehensions, therefore should be only from abroad. Two Persons, who are coming to make you a Visit, are now at the Foot of the Mountain. Both you, and myself, might very well dispense with their paying us this

Compliment.

Compliment. I hate them, and, for that Reason, should drive them far enough off, would the Fates, who have the Disposál of all Things, permit it. I won't tell you the Names of these two Persons, who now ramble up and down, calling after you. Should the Destinies waft their Voices to your Ear, (which it will not be in my Power to prevent) e'en let them cry on, don't offer to go down, but let them make their Way up to you as they can.—Saying these Words, her Partner glided away, without having been prevail'd upon to tell her who those Persons were, tho' the Fair-One protested, with the most solemn Oaths, that she would not go to them, much less believe any thing they should say.

'Twas impossible but *Psyche* must be greatly puzzled on this Occasion. A double Curiosity at one and the same Time! This was too much for any Woman to resist. She form'd a thousand Conjectures with regard to the last Article—I am astonish'd (says she to herself, walking at some Distance from the Nymphs) at this Visit. Possibly my Parents are come. Alas! 'tis cruel in my charming Partner, to envy two Persons, bow'd down with the Weight of Years, the sweet Satisfaction of seeing me. But they perhaps are no more: And should they be still living, 'tis scarce possible for them to be long so. Now, what a Consolation would it be for them to hear of the splendid Provision made for me; and to have a Glimpse, before they descend to the Grave, of the Delights I enjoy; in order to give some Description of them to the Inhabitants of the gloomy Regions! But if my Parents are advancing hither, why should my Partner be uneasy? Have they not always taught me Obedience? My Life on't, my Sisters are coming! But what can he apprehend from that quarter? Those good Creatures have no other Care than that of contenting their Husbands. Gods! with what Extasy should I lead

them through the several Parts of this enchanting Abode ; and above all, take them to my Play-house, and shew them my Wardrobe ! They must necessarily have little Ones before this Time, in case Death has not robb'd them, since our Separation, of those delightful Fruits of Wedlock. How pleas'd will they be to carry them a thousand little Trinkets, and rich Jewels not valued by me ; and which the Nymphs, as well as my self, trample upon, so common are they in this Palace !

Thus *Psyche* argued, being still unable to form any certain Judgment with regard to the two Persons in question. At Intervals she even imagin'd, that these might, perhaps, be some of her former Admirers. Whilst she was entertaining this Thought, she would say thus, in a softer Tone of Voice :—Let not this alarm thee, (engaging Partner,) let them come : Be firmly assur'd, that I'll sacrifice them to thee, and in the most cruel manner that ever enter'd the Mind of Woman. Should they be the Sons of Kings, thou yet shalt have this delightful Satisfaction.

These Reflections were interrupted by *Zephyrus*, whom she perceiv'd advancing with the utmost Speed, and all in a Heat. Coming up to the Fair-One with the usual Respect :—He declar'd that her Sisters were at the Foot of the Mountain ; and had frequently cross'd the little Wood, without being able to proceed further, terrified by the dreadful Dragons : That nothing could be more dismal than their Cries : That they sometimes had not Strength to utter a Word ; and that the Echos were perpetually repeating *Psyche's* Name.—The good-natur'd *Zephyr* imagin'd he had done very right. His Master, who strictly forbid the Nymphs to inform *Psyche* of this fatal News, had forgot to caution *Zephyrus* for that purpose. *Psyche* thank'd him very kindly for this,

this, as she did for every Thing else ; and said, that his Assistance might possibly be wanting.

No sooner was he retir'd, but the Fair-One, forgetting her Charmer's Menaces, was considering what Expedients she might use, to prevail with him to let her Sisters be wasted, as she herself had been, to the Summit of the Rock. She even studied a Speech for this Purpose, fail'd not to employ it in the critical Moment, and to enforce her Words with the most endearing Caresses. Be assur'd that *Psyche* omitted nothing which might contribute to her Ruin. I would gladly recollect the Harangue in question. It would display an Eloquence which indeed was not oratorical, nor yet that of a Person who had only listen'd, her whole Life-time, to Others. The Fair-One observ'd, among other Particulars, that her Felicity would be imperfect, so long as it should continue unknown.—To what Purpose was so great a Profusion of rich Clothes? He was very sensible that she could do without them. If he had thought proper to make her a present of such Finery, this must be with the Design that she might show it, rather than from her wanting such Things. Wherefore the numberless Curiosities of this Abode, if she might not be permitted to make a Parade of them? For they were no longer Curiosities to her. The Enamel of Parterres, of Meads, of precious Stones, began now to be alike to her; and their Difference arose wholly from the Eye of Others. 'Twould be unjust to censure an Ambition, of which Examples might be given in the greatest Things. 'Tis a Pleasure to Monarchs to display their Wealth, and to sometimes reveal themselves in all their Splendor and Glory. This is done even by *Jupiter*, and yet, so charming a Satisfaction is denied *Psyche*, tho' no one wanted it so much as herself. For, after the Words pronounc'd by the Oracle, what Idea could Mankind frame to themselves

of her Condition ? only this, that she was the Tenant of some savage Den, where she subsisted on the Prey brought by her Husband, and enjoy'd no other Society than that of Bears, if yet it could be suppos'd that this Husband had not devour'd her long before 'That Honour call'd upon him to destroy such a Persuasion ; and therefore, what she then suggested, was infinitely less for her own Sake, than out of Regard to him ; tho' she could not help owning, that it would be a great Mortification, should she excite Pity, after having been the Object of Envy. How did she know whether the Reflexion on these several Things had not brought her aged Parents to the Grave ; or, if they were still living, might not kill them ? In case her Sisters really lov'd her, why should she leave them in so much Uneasiness ! and if they hated her, could a better Expedient be found, than to make them Eye-witnesses of her Splendor ?—This is the Substance of *Psyche's* Discourse.

Her Charmer replied ; these Reasons are admirable ; and yet I would never comply with them, was it in my Power to do otherwise. You have fallen into the very three Errors which are commonly the most destructive to your Sex ; I mean Curiosity, Vanity, and Excess of Wit. With regard to your Arguments, I shall not undertake to answer them, they being too refin'd for me : And since both Fate and yourself conspire to your Ruin, I'll order Matters immediately, and command *Zephyrus* to waft your Sisters hither. But I wish he may drop them by the Way !—*Psyche* being a little nettled at these Words, spoke thus :—Since a Visit from my Sisters would be so very disagreeable, concern yourself no further about them : I love you too well, ever to desire any such Complaisance—You love me too well ! (replied *Cupid*) : You love me too well, say you ? How can I possibly

sibly believe this? Know that true Lovers disregard every Thing but their Passion? How much soever the World may tattle and argue: Whatever they may fancy; whether they may pity or envy them, 'tis the same to such Lovers, that is, they are quite indifferent about the Matter.

Our Fair-One declar'd, that she herself was of the same Opinion, but observ'd, that some Allowances should be made to young Persons; not to mention the Fondness she had always entertain'd for her Sisters. However (added she) I'll importune you no further about seeing them.

At the same time that *Psyche* declar'd she did not want to see them, she seem'd, by her Endearments, to request it earnestly, and at last, her Wishes were indulg'd. Her fond Partner told her, that she was at full Liberty to enjoy at pleasure, the Company of these darling Sisters, and that he would absent himself some Days, to give her the better Opportunity for it. Our Heroine asking whether she might make them any Presents:—Not only your Sisters (replied *Cupid*) but their Relations, nay their whole Family. Entertain them as you please: Give them Pearls and Diamonds. Give them every Thing, since all is at your Disposal. My only Request is, that you would not believe one Word they say —*Psyche* declar'd she would follow his Instructions, but forfeited her Promise.—And now the Monster fled, leaving his Charmer earlier than usual; so that, as 'twas still a considerable Time to Day-break, our Heroine spent Part of it in musing on the Visit she was going to receive, and the rest of those Moments in Slumbers; But how great was her Astonishment, the Instant she was got up, to see her Sisters, conducted by the Nymphs, coming forward!

Psyche was equally surpriz'd and overjoy'd, of which she gave all the Testimonies possible; she almost stifling her Sisters with Kisses, which they re-

turn'd with the best grace they could, they calling up all their Hypocrisy on this Occasion. Already their Hearts were inflam'd with Envy.—Very pretty, indeed! to make them wait till their Sister was awake! Was she of a different Blood? Was she so much superior to them in point of Merit? Their younger Sister was a Goddess; and they, what? Two insignificant Queens? The worst Room in this Palace was worth ten such Kingdoms as those possess'd by their Consorts! However, as to the Riches and Splendor of the Palace, that they could have borne with, but then her being a Goddess! this was intolerable. What! were not Mortals worthy of attending upon her: Her Toilet, nay one of her Buskins, must be surrounded with a Dozen Nymphs? But what Buskins? costly as the Clothes they had worn ever since their Infancy.—Such were the Reflexions made by these Women, or rather Furies, for they deserve no better Name.

However, this first Interview pass'd in due Form, Thanks to *Psyche's* Candour, and the Dissimulation of her Sisters. Our Fair-One was so eager to indulge them a Sight of her Beatitude, that she did but half huddle on her Clothes. She began by the most important Article, that is, by her Dresses and her Trinkets, these being inseparable from the Fair. They were lodg'd in Repositories, that stretch'd almost out of Sight: You know there is no End of these Trinkets. There was seen a Profusion, not only of whatever contributes to Neatness, but also to Delicacy; Implements for both Day and Night, Golden-Vases, and Bathing-Vessels, chac'd with wonderful Art, all these merely for Luxury, Laboratories, not for Washes, for these could have been of no Benefit to *Psyche*, as their Use was not then known; Artifice and Falshood not prevailing in that Age, as in the Present. At that time there did not live Women who had discover'd the Secret

of making themselves old at twenty, and young at threescore ; and who, by the Help of three or four Boxes, one for Plumpness, another for White, and a third for Red, endeavour to preserve the Vigour of their fleeting Charms *. *Cupid* is certainly oblig'd to them for the vast Pains they take. The Laboratories, therefore, in question, were only for Perfumes. These consisted in Waters, Essences, Powders, Cakes, and a thousand other Things, whose Names I know not ; and which, very possibly, never had any. Tho' the whole Empire of *Flora*, with both the *Arabias*, and the Places in which Balm grows, should be distill'd, they would not produce an Assemblage of Odours comparable to those in question. In another Quarter lay Piles of Jewels, Chains of precious Stones, Bracelets, Necklaces, and other Implements made in *Cythera*. The Nymphs brought forth their Mistress's Strings of Pearl, with her Robes thick set with Diamonds ; and of these there were enough to equip a Million of

* We here have an Instance of our Author's good Taste, he justly ridiculing the Custom which the Ladies (his Countrywomen) have of painting themselves, and that sometimes in a most disagreeable Manner. I have often been surpriz'd at seeing Women in *France*, to whom Nature had been lavish of her greatest Beauties, studiously endeavour to deface them by Cosmetics. Mentioning this one Day to a celebrated *French* Limner, and saying I wonder'd, (since the Ladies were so fond of painting themselves) that they did not apply to Men, whose Profession was the graceful Distribution of Colours, in order to learn to lay on their own with Art, he replied, that he had hunted this to several, but found them so greatly prejudic'd in favour of their old Practice, that there was no possibility of making them lay it aside. But the present Queen of *France* is (as she ought to be) superior to the Mode in this respect, she always appearing with her natural Face.

Some *French* Ladies, however, tinge their Cheeks with Red, but with so small a Quantity, that 'tis scarce possible to tell whether They had dipt in it or not. This Sort of dawning Blush is call'd *Soupgon*, or *Suspicion*, a Term as pretty as the Thing signified by it.

Fair-Ones from Top to Toe. *Psyche*, however, did not want such Things (as was before observ'd) she not being one of those triumphant Beauties, who require a little Aid; but her fond Partner would have all this merely for Grandeur and Form-sake. Her Sisters not only sigh'd at the View of these numberless Objects, but were tortur'd by them inwardly as by so many Snakes.

The two Women being come at last out of the Arsenal, were conducted into the Bed-chambers, and afterwards into the Gardens, they sucking in fresh Poison wherever they came.

One Circumstance which shock'd them most was, to hear our Heroine order, in their Presence, the Zephyrs to increase the usual Coolness of this Abode; to glide into the inmost Recesses of the Woods; to bid the Nightingales prepare their melodious Warblings; for that her Sisters (added she) would take an airing that Evening in a certain Place, which she nam'd.—To complete her Power (whisper'd the Sisters to each other) she need but command over the Seasons and the Elements.

All this Time the Nymphs had not been idle, they preparing the other Pleasures, according to their respective Posts; some getting ready the Collations, others the Concerts, and others again the theatrical Entertainments. *Psyche* had order'd the Nymphs who presided over the last mention'd, to form a Drama of her Adventures. Therein were exhibited her most considerable Lovers, her Husband excepted, who did not appear once upon the Stage; the Nymphs having been too well instructed to reveal the least Particular concerning him. However, as it was necessary for the Drama to have a Catastrophe; and since this could be nothing but a Marriage, they suppos'd our Fair-One to be espous'd by Ambassadors, and who should these be but the *Sports* and *Smiles*: But not a Word was
mention'd

mention'd of our Husband. This made the two Sisters first doubt the reality of his Beauties. They had enquir'd maliciously into his Qualities, from a Supposition that he was some antiquated Monarch, who amus'd his Consort with Baubles and Trinkets, for want of something better to offer her. But *Psyche* had drawn him in the sweetest Colours, and set him in a most enchanting Light. She declar'd, that he was scarce older than the youngest of them two; that he resembled, in his Air and Mein, the God *Mars*, and yet was exceedingly gentle; that his Features were agreeable, and of a most sprightly Turn. They themselves should be Judges of this; not, indeed at that time, he being absent upon a Journey; certain Affairs of Government detaining him in a Province, the Name of which had quite slipt her Memory. That, above all, they should be careful not to interpret the Oracle literally, for as to the Titles (Incendiary and Poisoner) given him by it, these were merely a Riddle, which she would take Care to explain to them, one Day or other, when the Circumstances of her Consort's Affairs would permit it.

Words could never express the Pangs these Sisters felt all the time *Psyche* was speaking. However, 'twas necessary they should put some Restraint upon themselves, both for Honour's Sake, and to feed their Sister's Credulity. All this was of absolute Use, towards promoting their intended Schemes. These Vixens had resolv'd to employ every Artifice which might make their Sister bring on her own Ruin; either by insinuating evil Impressions concerning her Husband, or by bringing to her remembrance One of her former Admirers.

A Week was spent in new and uninterrupted Diversions, these envious Creatures studiously avoiding to ask for the same Thing twice, since this would have pleas'd their Sister, who, on the other hand,

hand, shew'd them the utmost Kindness. They grew more tir'd the less reason they had for being so; and would have left her even the second Day, but for the Curiosity they had to see this Husband, whom they did not believe to be so handsome or so engaging as *Psyche* had describ'd him. Thus they suppos'd upon a variety of Accounts.—First, from the Words pronounc'd by the Oracle; then his pretended Absence, which happen'd just as they were paying their Visit, this Province, whose Name *Psyche* had forgot; the Confusion which the Fair-One discover'd, if she but mention'd her fond Partner, for she would falter in her Speech, whenever he was the Subject of her Discourse, *Psyche* being too young, and of too excellent a Disposition, to utter an Untruth with Confidence. Her Sisters took Advantage of all Things. Their Eyes were open'd by Envy, that Fiend who suffers nothing to escape her Glances, and who, as well as Jealousy, draws Inferences from every Transaction.

A Week being spent in this Manner, *Psyche* dismiss'd her Sisters, but not till she had heap'd Presents upon Presents, and insisted upon seeing them often, she declaring, that they should never wait again as they had done; that she would intreat her fond Partner to order the Dragons to be chain'd fast; that the Moment they came to the Foot of the Rock, they should be waded to the Summit of it, either by *Zephyrus* himself, or by his Breath; and that they need but resign themselves to him, when carrying aloft —The Presents which *Psyche* bestow'd on them, consisted in Essences and Jewels, in a great variety of curious Things for their Comforts; Play-things of every kind for their Children, and, to those who gave our Fair-One birth, two Phials of a certain Elixir, which had the Virtue to restore even old Age to the Bloom of Youth.

The

The two Sisters being gone, and *Cupid* return'd, *Psyche* told him all that had pass'd; and receiv'd her Partner with the Endearments which Absence usually produces between a Bridal Couple; so that, as the Monster did not find the least Diminution in his Charmer's Fondness, nor her Curiosity heighten'd, he imagin'd that he needed not to apprehend any Thing sinister from her Sisters, and of this *Cupid* was so firmly persuaded, that he consented to their visiting *Psyche*, and complied with whatever she desir'd, in that respect.

In the mean time, the two Vixens did not think it prudent to disclose the Wonders they had beheld, since they themselves would thereby be instrumental in raising the Glory of their younger Sister. On the contrary, they declar'd, that they had undertaken this Journey to no Purpose, they not having even seen *Psyche*; however, that they were in Hopes of being gratified in this Particular, by the Assistance of one *Zephyrus*, a young Man, who was winding perpetually round the Rock, and whose Favour they should certainly obtain, provided they would but give themselves the Trouble to win it.

But when they were alone, and could not be overheard, each complain'd to the other of her Sister's Felicity — If her Consort (said the One) is as handsome as he is wealthy, our younger Sister may justly boast, that the Wife of *Jove* is less happy than she. But why should the Fates exalt her Condition so far above ours? Is the Merit of that young, giddy Wretch so much greater than ours? And are not our Charms equal, and our Wit superior, to hers?

I wish you did but know (said the other) what an odd kind of Husband is fallen to my Lot. He is for ever surrounded by a Dozen Physicians. I'm surpriz'd he does not take them to Bed with him; for this is an Honour I myself am rarely indulg'd,
and

and that merely from political Views. He even is oblig'd to first consult *Esculapius* on this Occasion.

My Condition, continued the first, is more wretched than yours ; my Husband not only depriving me of due Caresses, but permitting other Women to share in them. If your Consort is surrounded by a Dozen Physicians, I can justly affirm, that mine is encircled by twice that Number of Mistresses, who all (Thanks to *Lucina*) are wonderfully prolific. The Royal Family is so numerous, that they alone would form a very considerable Colony.—Thus did these envious Creatures increase their Discontent, and confirm themselves in their intended Resolution.

Scarce was a Month elaps'd, but they propos'd to take a second Journey, which was highly approv'd of by their Parents ; and no ways displeasing to their Husbands, as these would be disengag'd from their Wives all that Time. Accordingly they set out, leaving their Retinue at the Entrance of the Wood. They arriv'd at the Foot of the Rock, without meeting the least Obstacle, none of the Dragons appearing. *Zephyrus* did not reveal himself, but took Care to waft them aloft, as before.

*Along with this ill-boding Pair,
Came Envy, with malignant Eye ,
Who laughs at others sad Despair * ;
Who weeps, to see another's Joy.*

However, Envy did not make them more ponderous ; on the contrary, as *Leanness* is inseparable from this Fury, the Burthen was lighter ; so that they arriv'd, in a few Hours, at their Sister's Palace. The Reception they met with here, was so exceedingly kind, that it very much increas'd their

* *This Line is not in the Original.*

Uneasiness. *Psyche*, in discoursing with them, did not remember that she had drawn her Husband, at their first Interview, in the most lovely Colours; and, from a defect of Memory, commonly found in those who swerve from the Truth, she struck off half his Years; and declar'd that his Beauty was of a soft and tender cast. He was no longer a second *Mars*, but like an *Adonis*, just come from under his Guardian's Wing.—The Sisters, amaz'd at these Contradictions, did not know, at first, what to think of them. One Moment they suspected that *Psyche* only jok'd; and the next, that 'twas merely to disguise the Imperfections of her Husband. They turn'd and winded her Expressions so much, that the hapless Fair-One, at last, blabb'd her whole Secret. And now was the time to infuse their Poison into *Psyche*, but in an imperceptible manner—Every virtuous Woman (said these Wretches) ought to be contented with the Husband (what kind of Husband soever he may be) whom the Gods have allotted her; and not attempt to know more than he himself thinks proper. Nevertheless, should you happen to have married a Monster, we shall pity you very much, especially as you may be pregnant by him; and what a shock would it be to you, to bring forth Children whom the Sun cannot behold without Horror; and at the Sight of whom, you yourself, and all Nature, must blush—Alas! (said the Fair-One, fetching a deep Sigh) I never once thought of this—The Sisters, after insinuating a variety of idle Reasons why she need not be concern'd about it, withdrew a little, to give their Poison Time to operate.

And now *Psyche* being alone, every Fear, every Suspicion return'd to her Imagination.—Ah Sisters! (cried she) what Tortures have you wak'd in my Breast! The Rich wish for Children; whilst I, who tread on Jewels, am forc'd to implore the contrary
of

of Heaven. How wretched must I be, to possess so vast a variety of Treasures, and yet dread the having Offspring!—Our Fair-One continued for some time buried, as it were, in this Reflexion, when Words broke from her with greater Vehemence than before—Shall *Psyche* people the World with Monsters! *Psyche*, who was so often told, that she should stock it with Loves and Graces! No: I'll die rather than run this Hazard any more. I'm determin'd, be the Consequence what it will, to get some light into this Affair, and if I find my Husband such as I suspect him, let who will be his Wife, I would not be married, tho' but for a Moment, to the richest Monster in the Universe.

Our two Furies, who had taken Care to keep near enough to perceive the Effect of their Poison, heard the above Words, tho' not very distinctly, and then walking up to *Psyche*, she ingenuously reveal'd to them the Resolution she had taken.

The Sisters, to strengthen her Resolves, oppos'd them strongly, and not contented with opposing them, had recourse to a thousand other Artifices, merely to excite the Fair-One's Curiosity, and increase her Uneasiness. They now whisper'd each other, shrugg'd up their Shoulders, and threw Glances of Pity on their Sister. This was too much for poor *Psyche*. These Creatures were so very urgent that, at last, after giving her a thousand pretendedly salutary Hints, they spoke thus, in a very low Voice.—We think it our Duty to inform you, that we saw, just at Day-break, a Dragon in the Air. He seem'd to fly very heavily, leaning on *Zephyrus*, who flew also beside him, and waisted him to the Mouth of a dreadful Cavern, and there left the Dragon, who stretch'd himself upon the Sand. Being not far off, we saw him feed on Insects of every kind, with which you know the Avenues of this Palace swarm. And after taking this Meal, and
roaring

roaring horribly, he crawl'd upon his Belly into the Cavern. As we now were seiz'd with Amaze, and trembling in every Joint, we stole away from this Place as silently as possible, and went quite round the Rock, for fear the Dragon might hear us when we should call to you; and accordingly we spoke in a softer Tone of Voice than at our former Visit. The Instant we open'd our Lips for that purpose, a gentle Breeze came and carried us aloft, *Zephyrus* not appearing once on that Occasion

However, these were so many Untruths, and yet *Psyche* credited every one of them. Persons, perplex'd in Mind, too easily believe all they fear. From that Instant our Heroine ceas'd to enjoy her Beatitude; and her Fancy was for ever tortur'd by an imaginary Dragon. This, in her Opinion, was the Consort whom the Gods had thought worthy of her, the Companion she had convers'd so tenderly with, and spent so many delightful Hours, and with whom she shar'd such exquisite Delights. *Psyche* no longer wonder'd that he shou'd dread the being seen, and concluded that all this argued a profound Judgment.

Nevertheless, Doubts would often arise, at Intervals, in the Mind of our Heroine. The Words pronounc'd by the Oracle did not seem to agree, in any manner, with the Description given of this Dragon. But then she reconcil'd them thus—My Consort is either a Dæmon or a Magician, who one Moment is a Dragon, another a Wolf, now a Poisoner and an Incendiary, but ever a Monster. He fascinates my Eyes, and makes me fancy that I am in a Palace, attended by Nymphs, and encompass'd with Magnificence; that my Ears are entertain'd with Concerts, and my Eyes with dramatic Entertainments, and yet the whole is a Dream. The only Thing real in all this is, I lie by a Monster, or
by

by some Magician : Both are equally my Aver-
sion.

Psyche's Affliction was so extreme, that her Sisters had the highest Reason to be satisfied, a Circumstance which those Wretches took Care to conceal from her. So far from it, they pretended to be very much griev'd They even studiously endeavour'd to console the Fair-One, that is, to increase her Sorrow; and to prove that, since she stood in need of Comfort, she must be wretched indeed.

Our Heroine, who was very ingenious in tormenting herself, did every Thing that lay in her Power to content them. A thousand Thoughts occur'd now to her Imagination, and as great a variety of different Resolutions, the least baleful of which was, to shorten her own Days without attempting to get a Sight of her Husband.—I'll descend, said she, to the Regions of the Dead, with the Satisfaction of having done Violence to my own Inclinations, merely to please him. Nevertheless, Curiosity triumph'd on this Occasion, not to mention the horrid Reflection, of her having administer'd to the Pleasures of a Monster—Could she possibly show her Face after this? 'Twas necessary, indeed, that she should die, but die with Honour, and she could not think any method so honourable, as that of murdering the Creature who had abus'd her Charms; and afterwards kill herself.

Psyche look'd upon this as the best Expedient she could employ, and therefore continued firm in her Resolution: But now, how should she execute it? Here lay the Difficulty.—For first: To get a Sight of her Consort? This would be impossible, as the Lights were carried away the Instant she was got to Bed. And then to dispatch him? that would be equally difficult, there not being found, in this blissful Abode, either Poison, a Dagger, or other self Instrument of Revenge or Despair. But the envious
Wretches,

Wretches, her Sisters, remov'd this Objection, by promising to bring her, with all possible Speed, a Lamp and a Poniard; declaring farther, that they would hide them both, till such time as *Morpheus* had taken Possession of this Palace, and charm'd the Monster and the Nymphs, the enjoying sweet Slumbers being one of the Pleasures of this enchanting Mansion. The Design being thus laid, the two Sisters left her

Psyche, during their Absence, was particularly careful to afflict herself, and still more so to dissemble her Sorrow. Our Fair-One did not omit a single Artifice employ'd by Women who want to impose upon their Husbands, she indulging him the fondest Caresses, and showing him the utmost Complaisance, to which she added Vows and solemn Protestations, not to do any Thing repugnant to the Inclinations of so fond a Partner. In short, she play'd off every Stratagem upon her Consort, and even upon the Nymphs, insomuch that the most discerning among them were deceiv'd

But the Instant she was alone, her Mind was sad and gloomy. One Moment she could scarce imagine that a Husband, whom, from Indications of every Kind, she might naturally suppose young and handsome; whose Skin was so soft, and his Temper so sweet; the Tone of whose Voice was so agreeable, and his Conversation so engaging; that a Husband who lov'd his Wife with the utmost Fondness, and treated her like a Mistress; that a Husband (I say) who was attended by Nymphs, and had all the *Pleasures* in his Retinue, was a Dragon. What our Fair-One had found so delightful to the Touch, so worthy of the sweetest Kisses, was merely a Serpent's Skin! — Did ever Woman impose so strangely upon herself?

At other times she would call to mind the funeral Pomp with which her Nuptials had been solemniz'd;

lemniz'd , the dreadful Tenants of this Rock , particularly the Diagon which her Sisters had seen, and who could be no other than her Husband, as *Zephyrus* supported him on that Occasion. This last Reflection ever banish'd all the rest, either from a peculiar Fatality, or because 'twas the worst , the human Mind seldom failing to fix upon that.

The two Sisters return'd five or six Days after. They had abandon'd themselves indolently to the Winds, as tho' they would have let themselves fall to the Ground. A delightful Breeze had carried them aloft instantly, and wafted them to the Summit of the Rock *Psyche* ask'd, the Moment she saw them, whether they had brought the Lamp and the Poniard.

*Behold (said they) two Gifts display'd :
A Lamp whence darts the clearest Light ;
A Poniard, whose swift-piercing Blade
Is, from celestial Temper, bright.*

*As all our Thoughts on you are bent ;
Our Study merely your Content,
We've poison'd the dire Instrument.*

}

*Dauntless on its Effects rely ,
How light so'er the Poniard fly,
If it but touch, he'll instant die.*

}

*These Words check'd all the Cruelty
Which, in her Breast, with Pity strove.
I'm much oblig'd to you (cries she)
For these kind Tokens of your Love.*

Psyche utter'd these Words with some Coldness, whence her Sisters were afraid that she had chang'd her Resolution ; but they soon found she was in the same Frame of Mind ; and that this involuntary

Sensation

Sensation of Pity is usually felt by Persons who are going to injure another.

Our two Furies having thus led their Sister into the high Road of Destruction, took their Leave, and did not stay long in the Neighbourhood of the Mountain. Her Consort return'd that Evening, his Soul oppress'd with a deep and unusual Melancholy, which might have been an Omen of the Snares laid for him ; nevertheless, his Wife's Endearments hush'd every Fear. He laid himself down by her, and fell asleep a Moment after.

But now how great was *Psyche's* Perplexity ! As a Person does not know the Importance of an Action till he is upon the point of executing it ; that which she was going to perpetrate, then display'd itself with all its horrid Consequences, so that her Bosom was tortur'd with a crowd of Passions, equally contrary and violent Fear, Indignation, Pity, Anger, Despair, and especially Curiosity ; whatever prompts to, or dissuades from Guilt, seiz'd at once our Heroine's Heart, and made it the Scene of an hundred different Agitations. Every Passion got Possession of her by Turns. However, it was absolutely necessary she should determine upon something. Our Fair-One declar'd, at last, in favour of Curiosity ; for as to Anger, it was impossible *Psyche* could listen to its Dictates, when she reflected, that she was going to murder her Husband. Persons entertain a great variety of Scruples, and numberless Struggles, before they can prevail with themselves to take so dire a Resolution. What Countenance soever they may put on ; whether they quarrel, separate, and vow an eternal Hatred, yet some Dregs of Love will still remain in the Minds of a Pair who had once been so closely united.

These Difficulties stopp'd the hapless *Psyche* for some time. At last she broke through them all ; rose up gently, took the Poniard and Lamp which

she had hid ; stole as softly as possible, towards that Part of the Bed where the Monster lay ; putting one Foot forward, then another ; taking Care to tread with the utmost Caution, as tho' she had been walking on sharp-pointed Flints † Our Fair-One even kept in her Breath, and was next to afraid that her very Thoughts would betray her. 'Twas almost upon her Lips to conjure her Shadow, not to make a Noise whilst it accompanied her *.

*With cautious, trembling, Step she steals ;
Comes where her Charmer slumb'ring lies :
But O what sweet Amaze she feels,*

*Such Beauty flashes on her Eyes !
'Twas Cupid ! Nature o'er his Frame,
Her loveliest Tints had lightly spread.
His snowy Hue wou'd Lillies shame ;
His Blush eclipse the Rose's red.*

*But Order bids us first survey
His Posture, as intranc'd he lay :—
All on his Breast his Head was prone.
Thus Morpheus, in his Grot confin'd
By Sleep's soft Bands, is seen reclin'd :
These various Matters should be known.*

*His half-uncover'd Arms reveal'd
Graces which must not be conceal'd.
Not such as in Alcides strike ,
Not Atlas †, Pan, or Faunus like ;
Nor other of the sylvan Race :
Not such as wou'd Thalestris || grace ;*

But

† The Original is, *sur de pointes des Diamans* : “ On the Points of Diamonds, which I did not think natural

* How exquisite the Painting ! How delicate the Thoughts !

† This was a King of *Mamitama*, who was feign'd to have been transform'd into a Mountain, which afterwards went by his Name : The Arms of this colossal Monarch must consequently be suppos'd to be none of the most delicate

|| *Thalestris*, call'd by some *Minuthea*, was Queen of the *Amazon*.

*But Beauties of the softest Kind,
Such as for Venus seem design'd.*

*His Hair that, curl'd with careless Grace
By Nature, wav'd his Neck around ;
Which Flora, mid a fond Embrace,
With Wreathes of breathing Fragrance bound,
Hid Charms Gods only cou'd descry ;
Charms wou'd oppress a mortal Eye.*

*But these inflam'd our Fair the more,
And wak'd new Raptures in her Breast :
For one she saw, a secret Store
Of Beauties, thence, she fondly guess'd.*

*His Ringlets fresh, Impulses raise :
United, now, they claim her Praise ;
Now, singly, she commends each Grace :
Yet fainter far their Lustre plays,
Whene'er th'astonish'd Fair surveys
The speaking Beauties of his Face.*

*O with what Colours shall I paint,
Where all Description wou'd be faint !
'Tis Fancy must the Picture draw.
Fruitless I shou'd the Day prolong
In painting, in this artless Song,
His Charms, who gives to Beauty Law.*

*How shall I sketch his rosy Cheek
Whose smiling Dimples seem to speak ? **

Amazons. According to *Strabo*, *Thalestris* travell'd with three hundred Women, during thirty Days through populous Nations, to meet *Alexander* the Great, then in *Hyrcania*, in order to have a Child by him ; and afterwards finding herself pregnant, she return'd to her native Country — Probably the whole may be a Fiction

* This Line is not in the Original, and very possibly will be thought too bold.

*His other Features how supply,
 Where Loves in wanton Ambush lie ?
 Or how, the Radiance of his Eyes,
 Whence fond, transporting Wishes rise ?
 His Lips that like the Scarlet glow,
 Blest Source whence countless Blessings flow ?*

Psyche was all transport at the Sight of her Confort. She judg'd, from the first Giance, that it must be *Cupid* ; for what other God cou'd have appear'd so amiable ? All that Beauty, that Youth, or the divine Charm which communicates to these Things the Gifts of pleasing ; all the sweet Sensations, the rapturous Emotions which the loveliest Creature Imagination ever fram'd can wake in an amorous Mind ; all these the Sight of our Heroine rais'd in *Cupid's* Breast

His Slumbers, like those of a Deity, were very sound. He reclin'd indolently on a Pillow, one Arm lying over his Head, and the other falling on the Bedstead, and he was half cover'd with a transparent Veil, such as is us'd by his Mother and the Nymphs, and sometimes by the Shepherdesses

Psyche felt great Joy on this Occasion, if we may give that Name to what is properly Extasy : This Word too is faint and inexpressive of the least Part of the Delight which then fill'd her Bosom. She blest'd, ten thousand times, the Imperfection of her Sex, and highly applauded her Curiosity, sorry only that she had not neglected, the very first Day, her Charmer's Prohibition, and forfeited her Oaths. In her Opinion, nothing sinister could happen from all this ; on the contrary, she had acted extremely right ; and what she saw, justified the Endearments which she imagin'd had, till then, been lavish'd on a Monster. Poor, hapless *Psyche* was only vex'd that she had not been still fonder. She was ashamed to think that her Love had been so faint, but was
 now

now ready to atone for her Fault, in case her Husband desir'd it, and even tho' he should not. 'Twas no little restraint to her to forbear throwing away both the Lamp and the Poniard, that she might give a Loose to her Transport. The Poniard indeed dropt from her Hand, but not the Lamp, this being but too necessary, and she had not yet view'd all that was to be seen. Such an Opportunity did not happen every Day, and consequently she ought to embrace it. *Psyche* did so, strongly urg'd to put an End to the Pleasure she then felt by plunging into it * Now her Consort's Lips seem'd to claim a Kiss, and now his Eyes; when the Fear of waking him made her draw back instantly. She could scarce believe what she saw, so would feel her own Eyes gently, being afraid that the whole was some Dream or Illusion; and the next Moment would contemplate his ravishing Form.—Great Gods! (said she to herself) are Monsters like what I now gaze upon! What sort of Being then must *Cupid* be? *Psyche*, how blissful is thy Lot! Enchanting Husband! Why didst thou conceal my Happiness from me so long? Didst thou imagine that I should die through Excess of Joy? Was this done to please thy Mother, or some One of thy Mistresses, for thou art too lovely to be merely a Husband. And would I have murder'd Thee? Did I ever harbour such a Design? Gods! I shudder at the Thought! Was it not enough (cruel *Psyche*) to exercise thy Rage on thyself only? The Universe had been no Loser by thy Death, but what would

* This Thought appears to me exceedingly delicate, and I cannot say that I am satisfied with the Turn I have given it in *English*. The Original runs thus, *Sollicitée* (speaking of *Psyche*) *de faire cesser son plaisir par son plaisir même*. The Difficulty of translating Works of Wit with Justness and Spirit, is known to those only who have made this Branch of Literature their particular Study.

become of it was thy Husband no more? How silly a Wretch am I! My Comfort is immortal, and I had like to have bereav'd him of his Immortality.

These Reflexions ended, she wanted to take a nearer Survey of him on whom she had feasted her Eyes but too much already. She now stoop'd a little the fatal Lamp, which, till then, had been of so much Service to her, when a Drop of the burning Oil spurring on his Thigh, the Pain awak'd the God, who (alas!) saw the unhappy *Psyche*, pale, trembling, and confus'd, with the Lamp in her Hand; and (the worst Circumstance of all) perceiv'd also the Poniard fallen down near him — Dispense with my going on farther The succeeding Particulars would call up too much Pity in your Bosoms.

*Here Psyche's Bliss, her Glory ends ;
And here your pleasure too might cease —
But I and Sadness ne'er were Friends :
I hate a Tragic-ending Piece.*

Go on, however, says *Acanthus*, since you promis'd to do so. You perhaps may have succeeded even beyond your Expectations.—Tho' I should have done this, replied *Poliphilus*, what Satisfaction could that be to you? I shall bring before you a distracted Beauty; and you yourself would melt into Tears, should any drop from me.—We'll all weep, pursued *Acanthus*. A mighty Matter indeed, when the Heroes of Antiquity were not ashamed of being catch'd in Tears! Don't therefore let this stop you Compassion has Charms which are noways inferior to those of Laughter. 'Tis even my Opinion, that they are superior to them, and I fancy *Aristus* thinks so too. How tender, how pathetic soever you may be, be assur'd that

both of us shall listen with the greater Delight on that Account.—But what (says *Gelasius*) must be done with me? Providence has indulg'd me the Faculty of hearing as well as you Should *Poliphilus* have some little Regard to my Ear, and not be quite so pathetic, he would find his Account in it, considering the Manner of Writing he has chose. *Gelasius's* Hint was approv'd, when *Aristus*, who till now had continued silent, turn'd to *Poliphilus*, and spoke thus.—I wish you could relate the Adventures of your Fair-One in so moving a Strain as might melt my Heart, 'twould be an infinite Pleasure to me to shed a few Tears by way of Tribute to her Memory *. Among the various Sensations rais'd

* Among the several Authors who have apologiz'd for shedding Tears at the Representation of a Tragedy, no one, I believe, has writ more to the Purpose than *La Bruyere* “What can
 “ be the Reason (says he) why we make no Scruple to laugh
 “ heartily, but are ashamed to weep in the Play-house? Is it
 “ less natural to melt at mournful Incidents, than to laugh at
 “ such as are ridiculous? Does the Change made in our Features
 “ restrain us? But this Change is greater in immoderate
 “ Laughter, than in the deepest Sorrow, and we turn away
 “ our Faces equally when we laugh as when we weep, in Presence
 “ of Persons of Distinction, and of those whom we respect
 “ Is it a Pain to us, to show that we are tender-hearted,
 “ and to discover a Weakness, especially in a false Subject, and
 “ which seems to impose upon us? But not to speak of those
 “ serious Persons, or others of a strong Turn of Mind, who
 “ think it equally weak, either to laugh immoderately, or to
 “ shed Tears, and who endeavour to refrain from both, what
 “ is it that People expect from a Tragic Scene? That it should
 “ set them a laughing? Farther, is not Truth as strongly
 “ painted in Tragedy as in Comedy? Must not Truth strike
 “ the Mind before it can be affected by either? Is the Mind
 “ so easily satisfied? Does it not likewise require Versimilitude?
 “ As therefore, 'tis not extraordinary to hear the Boxes
 “ join in one universal Laugh, at some Passage in a Comedy;
 “ but that this, on the contrary, supposes such Passage to be
 “ humorous, and spoke and acted naturally. So the extreme
 “ Restraint which every One puts upon himself, in order to
 “ suppress his Tears; and the false Laugh wherewith he en-
 “ deavours

rais'd by Eloquence, none delight me so much as Pity, and I prefer it greatly to all the rest. However, don't constrain yourself on my Account. 'Tis fit that a Writer should suit himself to his Subject, and more so to his Genius; and for this Reason, 'twill be best for you to follow *Gelasius's* Advice — I must necessarily follow it, continued *Poliphilus*, and indeed how would it be possible for me to do

“ deavours to cover them, prove evidently, that the natural
 “ Effect which deep Tragedy must have, would be to make us
 “ give a Loose to Tears, in concert, and before each other;
 “ and to have no other Trouble than that of wiping them
 “ away: Not to mention, that tho' we had resolv'd to give
 “ vent to our Tears, we should find, that we often are in less
 “ Danger of weeping than of yawning at a Tragedy ” *Les*
Caractères de Theophraste, &c par M. de la Bruyere Tom I
 pag. 110, 111 *A Cologne, 1713 12mo*

'Tis well known, that the Stoics boasted a strange Insensibility of Soul, a Disposition which the sage *Charron* does not scruple to justify “ We sigh (says he) with the afflicted, we
 “ sympathize with them in their Evils; and this, either because we partake, by a secret Consent, in one another's Misfortunes; or because we ourselves are afraid of those Things
 “ which befall others But this is the Passion of weak Creatures; a stupid, female Pity, arising from the Softness and
 “ Weakness of troubled Minds; a Passion found frequently in
 “ Women and Children. *De la Sagesse*, pag 171, 172, *Elzévir*, 1646, 12^{mo}. How different is this severe Way of thinking, from that of the Author of a *Spectator*, No. 397. “ I
 “ am of Opinion (says he) that Compassion does not only refine and civilize human Nature, but has something in it more
 “ pleasing and agreeable than what can be met with in such an indolent Happiness, such an Indifference to Mankind as that
 “ in which the Stoics placed their Wisdom. As Love is the most delightful Passion, Pity is nothing else but Love softened
 “ by a Degree of Sorrow In short, it is a kind of pleasing Anguish, as well as generous Sympathy that knits Mankind
 “ together, and blends them in the same common Lot.”

I know a Man of Learning, who did not scruple to declare openly, that he endeavour'd, to the utmost of his Power, to eradicate every tender Impulse, with regard to others, from his Heart; and to make his Concern center solely in himself. As his Practice agreed with his Principles, his Acquaintance were as fond of him as Prisoners usually are of their Goaler

otherwise?

otherwise? I have already, spite of myself, interspers'd the most serious Parts of this History with Strokes of Pleasantry; and I won't promise not to introduce them in such as are most tragical. This is a Fault I am apt to fall into, how careful soever I may be to guard against it—Was I left to my Choice (says *Gelastus*) I had much rather a Person should make me laugh when I ought to cry, than cry when I should laugh. Once again, then, proceed as you began.

Allow him time to take a little Breath, says *Acanthus*: As soon as the sultry Heat is over, we may go out of this Place; and survey, as we wander, the most delightful Parts of the Garden. I myself view them with fresh Pleasure, tho' I have seen them so often, and probably so does *Aristus* and *Poliphilus*. As to *Gelastus*, I know he had rather flutter about some *Psyche*, than converse with Trees and Fountains. We may have an Opportunity, by and by, of gratifying his Wishes in that particular. In the mean time, let us seat ourselves on the tender Grass to hear *Poliphilus*, and we'll then bewail the Pangs of his luckless Heroine with greater Tenderness, as the Presence of the Objects in question will call up a sweet melancholy in our Minds. Tho' *Sol* should be a Spectator of our Tears, there would be no great Harm in this; he seeing, in his Course round the Universe, Multitudes who weep, not for the Misfortunes of others, but for their own.

Acanthus's Proposal was lik'd, so they all rose up, and went five or six Paces, without uttering a Word.—*Gelastus*, quite tir'd with this long Silence, broke it; and knitting his Brow a little.—I permitted you, (says he) just now, to rank the Pleasure arising from Laughter, after that which results from Weeping, but will you now give me Leave to show you your Mistake? You are sensible that
Laughter

Laughter is a Friend to Man, and mine in a particular Manner : Now can you imagine I could be so very ungenerous as to abandon its Defence, without speaking a Word in its Favour ?—Far from it, replied *Acanthus*, for tho' no other Pleasure should accrue from it than merely that of contradicting us, this Circumstance alone would engage you in a long and very obstinate Dispute.

This Reply, made so unexpectedly to *Gelaſtus*, and which rais'd a little Laugh, silenc'd him for a Moment ; however, he recover'd himself instantly. —You imagine, says he, that this will bring you off : But 'tis usual with such as are in the wrong, and conscious of their Foible, to fly to Evasions : But what Pains soever you may take to decline the Combat, you yet must be oblig'd to confess that your Proposition is absurd in itself, and that Men had better laugh than cry

To consider this in the general, as you do, (continued *Aristus*) your Assertion is certainly just ; but then you wrest the Meaning of our Text. We only say that, of all the Sensations rais'd by Eloquence, Pity is the noblest, nay the most excellent. I even go farther, and will venture to call it the most agreeable of all Sensations. Here's a bold Paradox !

Gods ! cried *Gelaſtus*, can there be Persons silly enough to maintain so ridiculous an Opinion ? I won't say but that *Sophocles* and *Euripides* divert me more than a great many Play-wrights : But let us contrast Things equally excellent : Would you not rather stay and laugh, at seeing two old Dotards play'd upon by arch *Phormio* *, than go and weep with King *Priam*'s Family † ?—I tell you once again, (replied *Aristus*) I should certainly leave *Phormio*—So you would sooner (added *Gelaſtus*) listen to

* In a Comedy of *Terence*, so entitled

† In seeing, for Instance, *Seneca's Trons* (a Tragedy) represented,

Sylvander's Moan, than hear *Hylas* prattle agreeably with his Mistresses?—That's another Affair continued *Aristus*. But let us contrast (as you observ'd) Things equally excellent, and then I know what to answer. After all, *Sylvander* might breathe his Complaints in such a Strain, that you yourself would prefer them to *Hylas's* Repartees.—To *Hylas's* Repartees? (replied *Gelastus*.) Consider what you say. D'ye know who this *Hylas* is? No less a Personage than the true Hero of *Astræa**, a Character much more useful in a Romance than a Dozen *Celadons*.—Be it so (says *Aristus*.) and yet two such would tire you. Whereas those of the other kind, how numerous soever, never have that Effect. But all this Time, both Parties only insist upon their respective Opinions, without offering any Proof in support of them but those Opinions; which is not the Way to end our Dispute, nor to discover who is in the right.—This puts me in mind (says *Acanthus*) of certain People, whose whole Contests are a mere Rhapsody of sending and proving, without bringing a single Proof to justify their Assertions, and we ourselves are falling into such a one, if we don't change the Manner of it.—We must do so, says *Aristus*, the Subject certainly deserves it, and may suggest a great variety of Particulars worthy our Discussion. But as this would require more Time than we could now spare, methinks we should argue only on the Principal, and then we'll confine the Dispute to the Judgment which ought to be form'd of *Poliphilus's* Composition, to prevent our quite digressing from the Subject which brought us hither. Let us only see who shall start his Opinion first. As *Gelastus* is the Aggressor, the Preference should in Justice be given to him. However, I myself will begin, in case he thinks proper.—Hold there (says *Gelastus* :) I don't desire any particular Privilege: Your Strength

* A Romance writ by Monsieur *Durfee*.

is not so great, as may enable you to give Odds to an Enemy: I therefore assert that, all Things suppos'd equal, the most judicious Part of Mankind will ever prefer Comedy to Tragedy: The most judicious Part of the World did I say? Nay the whole World. I would only ask what is the universal Taste of the present Age? The Court, the Ladies, the Gentlemen, the Learned, the Vulgar, all call out for Comedy, and this is their dailing, their sole Delight: And accordingly we find, that the Word *Comedy* is us'd indifferently to denote theatrical Representations of every kind. We never say *Tragedian* *, nor, let us go to the Tragedy.

You know the true Reason of this better than I do, said *Aristus*, and that 'tis borrow'd from a *Greek* Word signifying *Village* †. But as this would lead us into a tedious, literary Enquiry, and we are all well acquainted with it, I'll therefore wave this Point, and only keep to your Words. Because Comedy is improperly made to signify dramatic Pieces of every kind, consequently Comedy is preferable to Tragedy: A most admirable Conclusion! This only shows, that Comedy is the most common of the two, and I might affirm that it is less affecting on this very Account—So, you yourself have made as excellent an Inference, replied *Gelaſtus*:

* That is, in the *French* Tongue. 'Tis well known that this Phrase is quite proper in *English*. A Circumstance which surpriz'd me, at *Paris*, was, to see the *French*, tho' so very gay a People, listen in their Theatres, with the strongest Attention and the deepest Silence to their fine Tragedies, when perform'd by good Players. Another Particular, which made me laugh to myself, at first, was to see so great a Number of *French* Men in gloomy religious Habits, and who consequently had embrac'd a Way of Life, the Institutes of which are diametrically opposite to the mirthful Temper of their Countrymen. But I afterwards found, that Friars can be as jovial as other People.

† From *κῶμος*, *Vicus*, (a Village) and *ὠδὴ*, *Cantus*, (a Song).
The

The Diamond is more common than certain precious Stones, consequently the Diamond does not strike the Eye so much. Don't you perceive, (my good Friend) that Men are never tir'd with Laughter? They may be weary of Play, of Feasting, of the Ladies, but never of laughing. Did you ever hear any Person say, we have spent the whole Week in laughing, I therefore beg that we may pass this Day in Tears. You are flying for ever, says *Aristus*, from the Argument; and the Reasons you give are so exceedingly trifling, that I blush for them.—How hard you are to be pleas'd (replied *Gelasus*.) Nevertheless, if you'd have me argue on Comedy and Laughter, after the manner of the *Platonic* Philosophers, I'll comply with your Request, be only so kind as to give me a Hearing. We should always be fondest of that Pleasure which is most suitable to our Nature, for in tasting such we unite, as it were, with ourselves: Now, what is better adapted to Man than Laughter? 'Tis as natural to him as the reasoning Faculty. 'Tis even peculiar to him. Not one of the Brute Creation laughs, but many of them weep. I defy you, with all your Tendernefs, to shed Tears as big as those of a Stag whom the Hunters have at Bay; or as the Horse* of that ill-fated Prince, whose Funeral is solemniz'd

* This was *Pallas's* Horse, call'd *Æthon*, who is very nobly describ'd by *Virgil*,

Post bellator equus positus insignibus Æthon
It lacrymans, guttisq̃ue humectat grandibus ora

Æneid. XI

Mr *Dryden* has translated this in a very pitoresque manner.

“ To close the Pomp, *Æthon*, the Steed of State,
 “ Is led, the Fun’rals of his Lord to wait
 “ Stripp’d of his Trappings, with a sullen Pace
 “ He walks, and the big Tears run rowling down his Face.

See

niz'd in the eleventh Book of the *Æneid* Acknowledge first these Truths, and afterwards cry your Eyes out if you like it.—E'en keep Company with *Pallas's* Horse, and in the mean time I'll laugh with Mankind.

This Conclusion of *Gelastus* set all his three Friends a laughing, and *Aristus* as heartily as the rest, who afterwards spoke thus:—I deny both your Propositions, the Second as well as the First. Whatever may have been the Opinion of the Schools hitherto, I don't agree with them in their Assertion, that Laughter is peculiar to Man, and denied to all other Animals. To know whether these laugh or not, it would be necessary that we understood their Language. I believe they have Passions like ours; and that the only Difference between them and us, in that particular, is with regard to the greater or less Effect they have, and the Manner of expressing them. As to your first Proposition, so far from its being proper for us to run after such Pleasures as are most natural, and over which we have the greatest Command, 'tis not even a Pleasure to possess a Thing very common. Hence *Plato* says, that Love is the Child of Poverty; intimating thereby, that we have a Passion for such Things only as we want, and cannot well do without Thus Laughter, which you say is so familiar to us, will, in Theatres, be the Delight of the Upper-Gallery, and Weeping that of the Boxes *.

There is a fine Panegyric on the Horse, in *Spectacle de la Nation*, Vol I p 204, 205, Lond. 1739 12mo

Historians pretend to tell us of Horses who wept for the Death of their Masters, and of others who starv'd themselves, after having lost them *Alexander* the Great is said to have solemniz'd the Funeral of his Horse with mighty Pomp; and 'tis farther related, that he built a City in his Honour, call'd *Bucephalia* *Nero* appointed his Horse Consul.

* The Original runs thus. *Le rire—sera dans la Scene le plaisir des Laquais & du menu peuple, le pleurer celui des honnêtes gens*

You

You go a little too far, said *Acanthus*. I don't think that well-bred Persons should be forbid to laugh.—Nor do I, continued *Aristus*. I hunted this in no other View than to pay *Gelasius* in his own Com. How heartily have you and I laugh'd over *Terence*? And how have I been ready to split my Sides at seeing the *Italian* Comedians *? I leave my Money and my Reason at their Play-house Door, and afterwards laugh my fill. However, *Gelasius* himself, if he does but reflect a little, will be forc'd to own, that a more exquisite Pleasure arises from a finely writ Tragedy than from a Comedy.—Says *Gelasius*, interrupting him gravely, a very heavy Fine ought to be laid on the Authors you speak of. What does a Person go to the Play-house for, but to make himself merry? Instead of this, he spies a Man in Tears, and sitting next to another who also is crying, and another beyond this Man, then the whole Audience, with the Actress who plays *Andromache*,

* There are two Play-houses, and an Opera-house, in *Paris*. Of the Play-houses, the first is occupied by the King's Company of Comedians, who represent only *French* Dramas, and the second by *Italians*, who play chiefly Comedies or Farces, sometimes all *French*, sometimes all *Italian*, and at other times, *French* Pieces intermix'd with *Italian*. “The *Italian* Comedians (says *Germain Brice*, in his *Description de la Ville de Paris*, p. 314, *Paris* 1713, 12mo) “have possess'd their Theatre undisturb'd for many Years, and entertain'd very agreeably the Public with some of their Plays, these being a delicate Satyr against the Disorders of the Age, and levell'd particularly at the Insolence of the Farmers of the Révenues, whose Arrogance and Vain-glory cannot be too much censur'd. This Satyr was very much set off by the Skilfulness of the Actors, and particularly by the incomparable Harlequin, who endeavour'd to laugh Vice out of Countenance.” The Instant a new, serious Play or Tragedy, succeeds at the King's Theatre, the *Italian* Comedians represent a Parodie of it, which sometimes has as great, or a greater Run, than the Play ridicul'd. In 1742, a Pastry-Cook wrote a Mock-Piece, represented by the *Italian* Comedians, which diverted the whole City of *Paris* for four Months successively. But many of these Comedies are

Andromache †, and the Actress in Concert with the Poet. In this manner you have a Chain of People, as your *Plato* terms it, weeping. But is it thus that Persons, who go to make themselves merry, should be entertain'd?—Don't say, replies *Aristus*, that they go for Merriment sake; say that they go to divert themselves. Now I assert, with *Plato*, that there is no Entertainment, no Diversion, equal to Tragedy, or that has a greater Ascendant over the Mind. The Term employ'd by *Plato*, makes me figure to myself a tragic Poet captivating a whole Audience; driving their Minds, as it were, before him, in like manner as a Shepherd does his Flock, and no less powerfully than if he held *Mercury's Caduceus* *. 'Tis my firm Opinion (I say) that the Misfortunes of others divert us, that is, engage our Attention—They possibly may engage yours (continued *Gelasius*) agreeably, but can never mine. Your Taste is really bad 'Tis enough for you that your Attention be fix'd, whether by agreeable Charms, or by *Tisiphone's* † Snakes, 'tis indifferent to you which. Tho' you should prove the Effect of Tragedy to be a kind of Inchantment, would it follow from thence that Comedy is not the

very flat Harlequin, here, is of a different kind from that of our Theatres, he being an Actor, and not like that of our Pantomimes

† This must be a Tragedy of *Racine*, of which our *Discreet Motley* is a Translation

* The Power of this Instrument (*Mercury's*) is finely describ'd by *Virgil*, Æt. IV

—— He grasps with his awful Hand,
The Mark of sov'reign Pow'r, his magic Wand
With this, he draws the Ghosts from hollow Graves,
With this he drives them down the Stygian Waves,
With this he seals in Sleep the wakeful Sight,
And Eyes, tho' clos'd in Death, restores to Light

DRYDEN

‡ One of the Furies

like?

like? This being suppos'd of both, cou'd you be so ridiculous as to prefer the former to the latter? —But would you yourself, resum'd *Aristus*, presume to compare Laughter with Compassion? Compassion, which is a Rapture, an Extasy. And how should it be any Thing less, if the Tears which we shed for our own Misfortunes are, in *Homer's* Opinion (tho' not altogether in mine,) in case Tears, I say, are, according to that divine Poet, a Sort of Luxury or Delight? For, in that Passage where he sets before us *Achilles* and *Priam* weeping, the former at the Remembrance of *Patroclus* *, the latter for

* This is in the XXIV Book of the *Iliad*. In the Beginning of this Book is a fine Picture of *Achilles's* Grief, when he recalls to his Memory his excellent Friend *Patroclus*. This Sorrow of *Achilles* is thus beautifully printed in our Language, by Mr. *Pope*.

——— He, to Grief resign'd,
His Friend's dear Image present to his Mind,
Takes his sad Couch, more observ'd to weep,
Nor tastes the Gifts of all-composing Sleep
Restless he roll'd around his weary Bed,
And all his Soul on his *Patroclus* fed
The Form so pleasing, and the Heart so kind,
That youthful Vigour, and that manly Mind,
What Toils they shar'd, what martial Works they wrought,
What Seas they measur'd, and what Fields they fought,
All past before him, in Remembrance dear,
Thought follows Thought, and Tear succeeds to Tear.

Let Persons whose Hearts are naturally very tender, and whom Death has lately depriv'd of a much-lov'd Relation or Friend, image him to their Minds, with the Train of Circumstances which must necessarily accompany such an Idea, and they will feel the delightful Melancholy mention'd in the Text. This Melancholy is of the same kind with that mention'd by Mr *Pope*, in his Ode on St *Cecilia's* Day, where, invoking the Muses, he says

*In a sadly-pleasing Strain,
Let the warbling Lute complain*

for the Death of his favourite Son*, the Poet in question

Montaigne, who had penetrated deep into the human Mind, is among those who find Charms in Melancholy After declaring that Mankind receive nothing pure and without Alloy "Labour (says he) and Pleasure, tho' so very opposite in their Natures, associate nevertheless, by I know not what natural Tye *Socrates* tells us, that some God endeavour'd to blend together, and make one Mass, of Sorrow and Pleasure, but that not being able to perfect this, he thought proper to couple them by the Tail *Metrodorus* us'd to say, that Grief is not unmix'd with Pleasure I know not whether he might have some other Meaning; but 'tis my Opinion that there is some Design, Content and Complacency in feeding on Melancholy I say that (abstracted from the Ambition which may insinuate itself on these Occasions) there likewise is some Shadow of Delicacy which smiles upon and flatters us, in the very Posom of Melancholy Certain Complexions nourish themselves with it.

" *Est quædam fuit voluptas*

" And one *Attolus* says in *Seneca*, that the Remembrance of deceas'd Friends please us, in like manner as Bitter in very old Wine.

" *Minister veteris pietas faleris*

" *Ingere in calices amariore*

" And like Apples sweetly-sower, Nature discovers to us this Confusion Painters declare, that those Muscles of the Face which serve to Weeping, serve also to Laughter, and indeed look at a Picture before these are quite delineated, and you'll be in doubt which of the two Passions are going to be express'd. The Ex'tremes of Laughter are mix'd with Tears" *Les Essais de Michel de Montaigne*, pag 603, 610, *A Paris*, 1604, 8vo

Mr. de St. Evremont seems to account very naturally for the pleasing Melancholy spoken of here "There is (says he) I know not what Delight in bewailing the Death of a Person who was dear to us Our Love, during the Grief with which we are seiz'd on this Occasion, supplies the Place of the Person belov'd; and thence it is, that this Grief is delightful" *Oeuvres mêlées de Mr. de St Evremont*, Tom 1 pag 324 *Amsterdam* 1706, 12mo

* This is when *Prætor* comes to *Achilles*, to sue for *Hector's* Body.

question declares, that they feast on this Pleasure; he supposes them to enjoy Tears, as tho' these were something delicious.—May Heaven shower down upon you many such Joys, replied *Gelastus*; be assur'd that I'll never envy them. Extasies arising from Pity don't suit my Temper. To me Laughter has something more animated and affecting In a Word, Laughter tickles my Fancy more †. All Nature agrees with me in this Particular. Take a View of the *Cyprian* Queen's Court, and you'll find Laughter there, but not a single Tear.

So we are already got back to idle, unsubstantial Arguments, says *Aristus* You really are the most trifling Defender of Comedy I have met with this many a Day —Nay, we are return'd to the Philosophy of the *Platonists*, replied *Gelastus*. But let us keep to this Philosophy, since it gives you so much Pleasure. However, I'll now offer some solid Reasons against Weeping; and even confute you from that very Passage of *Homer*, on which you seem'd to lay the greatest Strefs. When *Achilles* has feasted

Body *Achilles* is represented as strongly touch'd by *Priam's* putting him in mind of *Peleus*, his Father

These Words soft Pity in the Chief inspic,
Touch'd with the dear Remembrance of his Sire.
Then with his Hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old Man's Cheek he gently turn'd away
Now each by Turns indulg'd the Gush of Woe,
And now the mingled Tides together flow
This low on Earth, that gently bending o'er,
A Father one, and one a Son, deplore
But great Achilles different Passions rend,
And now his Sire he mourns, and now his Friend.
Th' infectious Softness thro' the Heroes ran;
One universal, solemn Show' began,
They bore as Heroes, but they felt as Man

Mr POPE.

† The French is, *Le rire me rit davantage*, which makes a Pun in that Language.

enough on Weeping (by the way, I believe *Achilles* indulg'd no less in Laughter, for all the Actions of a Hero are perfect) When *Achilles*, I say, has taken his fill of the wonderful Pleasure arising from shedding Tears, he speaks thus to *Priam* —“ Old
 “ Man, wretched is thy Lot Such is the Condi-
 “ tion of Mortals, they pass away Life in Tears.
 “ The Gods alone are exempt from Evils; and
 “ live at Ease, and free from Disquietudes, in the
 “ Skies * ” How will you answer this?—I reply,
 says *Aristus*, that Mortals are merely such when they
 bewail their own Misfortunes; but when they shed
 Tears for the Infelicity of others, they are properly
 Deities.—The Deities, replied *Gelasus*, don't weep
 one Way or other, but then they give a Loose to
 Laughter This may be prov'd from *Homer*, who
 says, in another Place, that when the blissful Im-
 mortals, spied *Hecuba* limping in their Palace, they
 burst into unextinguish'd Laughter † Now, 'tis
 plain,

* The Passage, at large, as translated by Mr Pope, runs
 thus

*Alas! what Lot is yet of Argus left thou know'st?
 Upright, Perseus! this guard he's and alone
 To pass thro' Foe, and thus, undaunted, face
 The Men whose Fire, Los destroy'd thy Race?
 Hence fresh send thee with a Heart of Steel,
 A Steel that proves not to the Woes you feel
 Kneel then! Let Reason mitigate our Cries
 To hear, earth's not a Son born to bear
 So heavy, as 'tis the Gods severe Decree;
 They, celestial, are blest, and only free*

† This is when *Jupiter* was quarrelling with *Juno* The
 Court growing exceedingly warm, *Vulcan* endeavours to ap-
 pease them, and for that Purpose presents a Bowl of Nectar
 to *Juno*.

*He said, and to her Hands the Goblet heav'd,
 Which, with a Smile, the wait-attend'd Queen receiv'd
 Then*

plain, from the Epithet *unextinguish'd*, that we cannot laugh too much and too long, and by *blissful*, that Beatitude consists in Laughter — All that I find, replied *Aristus*, by these two Epithets is, *Homer* himself is guilty of an Error, and *Plato* censures him for it in the third Book of his *Commonwealth*. He blames him for ascribing to the Gods an immoderate Laughter, such as would be unworthy Persons of ever so little Distinction — But why, replied *Gelasius*, would you suppose *Homer* to be wrong rather than *Plato*? To wave all Authorities of every kind, let Reason be our only Guide. All we need to do is, to examine Comedy and Tragedy fairly and without Prejudice. It often happens, that the latter does not move us. For the Good or Evil which others meet with, affects us only with regard to ourselves, and from a Supposition that the like may befall us: Self-love prompting us to turn our Eyes incessantly inward. Now, as Tragedy exhibits to us such Incidents only as are of an extraordinary kind, and which very probably may never happen to ourselves, they are noways interesting, and we hear them with the utmost Coldness and Indifference, unless the Piece be exquisitely well writ, except the Poet transforms us, makes us, by the Power of his Art, new Men, and we imagine ourselves in the Place of some Monarch. I then will own, that Tragedy raises Emotions in us*, but of what kind? It excites

*Then to the rest be fill'd, and in his Turn,
Each to his Lips apply'd the nectar'd Uin
Vulcan with awkward Grace his Office plies,
And unextinguish'd Laughter shakes the Skies*

Mr PORE, *Iliad* I.

* Mr *Addison* endeavours to account, in manner following, for the Pleasure we receive at the reading or seeing of a Tragedy
 “ The two leading Passions, which the more serious Parts of
 “ Poetry endeavour to stir up in us, are Terror and Pity. And
 O 4 “ here

excites Fear, Anger, and other baleful Impulses, such as send us home, wholly taken up with the Things we have seen, and dead to Pleasure of every kind. But as Comedy is conversant only in ordinary Incidents, such as may happen to ourselves, we are ever touch'd by it, in Proportion to the Perfection with which it is writ; and it does not fail to make us laugh, when excellent. I grant that Tragedy commands our Attention; but Comedy affords us an agreeable Amusement, and conveys the Soul to the *Elysian Fields*, whereas Tragedy

“ here, by the way, one would wonder how it comes to pass,
 “ that such Passions as are very unpleasant at all other Times,
 “ are very agreeable when excited by proper Descriptions
 “ It is not strange, that we should take Delight in such Passions
 “ as are apt to produce Hope, Joy, Admiration, Love,
 “ or the like Emotions in us, because they never rise in the
 “ Mind without an inward Pleasure which attends them But
 “ how comes it to pass, that we should take Delight in being
 “ terrified or dejected by a Description, when we find so much
 “ Uneasiness in the Fear or Grief which we receive from any
 “ other Occasion ?

“ If we consider, therefore, the Nature of this Pleasure,
 “ we shall find that it does not arise so properly from the Description
 “ of what is terrible, as from the Reflection we make
 “ on ourselves at the Time of reading it When we look on
 “ such hideous Objects, we are not a little pleas'd to think we
 “ are in no Danger of them We consider them at the same
 “ time, as dreadful and harmless, so that the more frightful
 “ Appearance they make, the greater is the Pleasure we
 “ receive from the Sense of our own Safety In short, we
 “ look upon the Terrors of a Description, with the same Curiosity
 “ and Satisfaction that we survey a dead Monster

“ In the like manner, when we read of Torments, Wounds,
 “ Deaths, and the like dismal Accidents, our Pleasure does not
 “ flow so properly from the Grief which such Melancholy
 “ Descriptions give us, as from the secret Comparison which
 “ we make between our selves and the Person who suffers
 “ Such Representations teach us to set a just Value upon our
 “ own Condition, and make us prize our good Fortune, which
 “ exempts us from the like Calamities See the *Essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination*, introduc'd in the *Spectator*, No 418, &c. This Thought seems borrow'd from *Lucretius*

drags

drags it into *Tartarus* * To prove my Assertion indisputably, please to observe, that in theatrical Entertainments, in order to erase the Impressions which Tragedy may have made on the Minds of an Audience, a Farce is often tack'd to it, but 'tis never *vice versa* ; which shows that Comedy forms the ultimate, the supreme Degree of Pleasure †. A Spectator, after having been entertain'd with a comic Piece, returns home satisfied, and in good Humour, on the contrary, when he has been present only at a Tragedy, he goes away uneasy, and fill'd with gloomy Ideas. Such we are fill'd with, after seeing *Orestes* or *Oedipus*, dire Phantoms rais'd by the magical Poet you spake of 'Twould be well too, was Terror excited every Time those Characters appear, this would be better for them than to tire us. But where will you now find a Poet who paints such Incidents with due Strength and Vivacity? I won't affirm that *Euripides* or *Sophocles* were the last, all I say is, that there are very few like them at this Time. Now the Difficulty is far less in Comedy; this being more likely to move the Mind, as its Incidents are of such a Nature, that we apply them more easily to ourselves

For once (says *Aristus*) you have made Use of solid Arguments; such as deserve to be answer'd, which I therefore shall endeavour to do as well as I can The same Irksomeness which spreads a Languor over the Mind, during the Representation of a Tragedy, that has few or no Beauties, is com-

* The poetical Abode of the Damn'd

† On this Occasion, the Reader may possibly call to Mind, a Letter sign'd *Physibulus*, inserted in the *Spectator*, No 338, (the Author of which strongly censures the Gaiety of Mr *Budget's* famous Epilogue to the *Distress'd Mother*,) and Mr *Budget's* Answer to that Letter, in No 341 Both these Letters contain several Reflexions of the same Kind with the Subject of my Text,

mon to Comedy, and all Works of Genius, especially to those of a poetical Kind. This I could easily prove, was it the Subject of our Controversy, but as our Business is only to contrast two Things equally perfect in their Kind, and as you yourself own that Tragedy ought to be so in a supreme Degree, we need but imagine a Comedy equally beautiful. This being suppos'd, (you declare) that a Spectator may be entertain'd with a Comedy after a Tragedy, but never *vice versa*. I grant it. But I neither agree with the Consequences you draw from thence, nor with the Arguments you offer. That which appears to me the best is, when you observe that Tragedy demands the strongest attention, for which Reason such a Piece is afterwards exhibited as may unbend the Mind, and restore it to the Frame it was in before the Play began, in order that, when it is ended, we may wake as from a Dream. 'Tis manifest, from your own Argument, that Comedy affects us much less than Tragedy *,
the

* This is the Opinion of the Learned *Abbé du Bos*, mention'd in the Note, pag 113 of this Work, in his *Reflexions critiques sur la Poësie & la Peinture*, a Composition fill'd with a great Number of curious and learned Reflexions, on the polite Arts. As it has never been translated into *English*, and our present Subject seems to me curious, I shall here give a Version of very near one of the Chapters in that Work — When we consider (says the *Abbé*) that Tragedy moves more powerfully a greater Number of Persons than Comedy, it can no longer be doubted, but that Imitations affect us only in proportion to the greater or less Impression which the Object imitated would have made. Now, 'tis certain that Mankind, in general, are not so much mov'd, by the Theatrical Action, at a Comedy as at a Tragedy. Those who delight in Dramatic Poetry, speak oftener, and more affectionately, of the Tragedies they have seen, than of the Comedies. They retain a greater Number of Verses from *Corneille's* and *Racine's* Tragedies, than from *Molière's* Comedies — One yet would imagine, that Comedy should touch Men more than Tragedy. A comic Poet does not set before his Spectators, Heroes, or such Characters as they know
only

the only Thing now to be prov'd is, that the latter is much the more agreeable Entertainment. However,

only by the random Ideas which their Imagination may have fram'd from the Relations of Historians. He does not entertain the Pit with Conspiracies form'd against the State, with Oracles, or other marvellous Events, such as most of his Spectators, who never shar'd in the like Adventures, cannot be well acquainted with, in case the Circumstances and Consequences of these Adventures are represented with Probability. On the contrary, the comic Poet brings before us our Friends, and those with whom we converse daily. The Stage, according to *Plato*, subsists, as it were, solely on the Errors which Mankind fall into merely for want of their being well acquainted with themselves. Some Persons fancying that they are more powerful, others more learned, and others again more amiable than they really are.

The Tragic Poet exhibits to us the Troubles arising from Self-ignorance, which befall Princes, and others who have it in their Power to take mighty Vengeance, Men who are naturally strong in their Resentments, and whose Passions being proper for the Stage, may give Birth to great Events. But the Comic Poet sets before us the Consequences of that Self-Ignorance among the generality of Mankind, among Men whose Resentments are restrain'd by Laws, and from whose Passions (such of them as are fit for the Stage) Quarrels only can arise; in a Word, common Projects and Events.

The Comic Poet, therefore, entertains us only with the Adventures of our Equals, and presents us with Pictures, the Originals of which we see daily. He brings the Pit itself (pardon the Expression) upon the Stage. As Men are ever fond of discovering the Ridicule of others, and naturally greedy of acquiring such Lights as may authorise them to have a less Esteem for Others, they consequently should be better pleas'd with *Ibalia* than with *Melpomene*, as the former abounds more with Instructions for their Use. In case Comedy does not correct all the Imperfections she represents, she, at least, teaches us how to live among Men subject to the same Imperfections, and how we must act, in order to preserve ourselves from that Asperity of Temper which offends, and that groveling Complacency which flatters them. Tragedy, on the contrary, represents Heroes, whom we, from our Situation in Life, cannot well resemble, and its Instructions and Examples turn upon Events so little like those which may befall us, that the applications we might make of them, would be always at random, and very imperfect.

But

ever, I shall first observe (lest it should slip my Memory) that Tragedy does not send away the Spectators uneasy and displeas'd ; and on the other hand, that Comedy dismisses them perfectly satisfied and in good Humour ; for if the Mind, at our coming to see a Tragedy, is clouded with an Uneasiness, arising from some Misfortune of our own, Pity turns the Effect of it another Way, and we are happy in shedding, for the Calamities of others, those Tears which we reserv'd for our own. But as Comedy, on the contrary, dispels Melancholy at her appearance in the Play-house, she restores it to us at our leaving it. The only Circumstance therefore to be consider'd is, the Time we spend at these Entertainments ; and surely this cannot be better employ'd than in Compassion. In the first Place, won't you allow Pity to be a nobler Sensation than Laughter — We have been so long contesting, replied *Gelasius*, that I'll grant whatever you will.—However, I'll prove something, says

But Comedy, according to *Aristotle's* Definition, is the Imitation of the Ridicule of Men ; and Tragedy, agreeably to the Signification given to that Word, the Imitation of the Life and Discourses of Heroes, or of Men who by their exalted Station, are subject to the most violent Passions. 'Tis the Imitation of the Crimes and Misfortunes of great Men, as well as of the most sublime Virtues they can exert. The Tragic Poet sets before us Personages abandon'd to the most furious Passions. Sometimes he exhibits *Pompey* the Great, that Vanquisher of many Nations, and Terror of the Eastern Monarchs, butcher'd by vile Slaves. We don't discover our Friends in Tragic Personages, the Passions of those being more impetuous, and as the Laws have little Power over them, these Passions are attended with Consequences very different from those to which the Passions of Comic Characters give occasion. Hence it is, that Terror and Pity, which the Representation of Tragical Events raise in the Soul, engage us more powerfully than the Laughter and Contempt excited by Comedy. *Reflexions critiques sur la Poësie & la Peinture*, Tom I Pag 56, & seq. *Peris* 1740, 12mo. Mr *Adison* observes, in the *Spectator*, No 44, that Ridicule is not so delicate as Compassion.

Aristus.

Aristus · I'll prove to you that, of all the Impulses, Pity is the most agreeable. Your Error arises from your confounding it with Sorrow. I dread this last more than you yourself can do, but with regard to the former, I affirm it to be a Pleasure, and a very great one. Here follow some necessary Reasons, which will prove the justness of my Assertions. Pity is a charitable and generous Sensation; a Tenderness of Soul, for which all are pleas'd with themselves who feel it. What Man would willingly be thought to have a Heart of Steel, and to be Proof against the Impulses of Compassion? Now, I appeal to the inward Satisfaction felt by all good Persons, whether a very great Delight does not arise from the Performance of a laudable Action; and I would ask you yourself, whether Laughter can be call'd such. This, certainly, cannot possibly be laudable, any more than Eating, Drinking, or the indulging in any Pleasure which centers solely in ourselves. Here then is a Delight found in Tragedy, which Comedy can never bestow; and I could instance many others. Among these the principal, in my Opinion, is, that we raise ourselves above Monarchs by the Compassion we indulge them, and become as Deities, when compar'd to them; we contemplating, as from a secure and undisturb'd Retreat, their Perplexities, their Afflictions, their Misfortunes, just as the Gods survey, from the Summit of *Olympus*, wretched Mortals. Another Advantage that Tragedy has over Comedy is this, the Style of which it is compos'd is of the sublime kind, and the Beauties of the Sublime, according to *Longinus* and of Truth, are greatly superior to, and have an infinitely nobler Effect than that rais'd by inferior Styles. Beauties of the sublime kind bear away the Soul, and strike on all Minds swift as the Lightning's Flash, whereas comic Strokes, how beautiful soever, are neither so sweet, nor so

I

powerful

powerful as the Charm in question. These may be consider'd in the same view with an exquisitely beautiful Woman, and another who possesses certain Graces ; the latter shall please, but the former enchants. Such is properly the Difference which should be made between Pity and Laughter *. I could

* After perusing the Arguments, *pro* and *con*, given by various Writers, with regard to the Pleasure arising from a good Comedy or Tragedy, and which of them affords the greatest to the Mind ; I have consider'd the Subject in the following Light, but whether true or false, is submitted to the Reader

The Pleasures arising from a fine Tragedy or Comedy, seem, to me, to depend chiefly on four Things I Our natural Disposition. II Our Years III Our Circumstances IV The State of our Minds at the reading or seeing a dramatic Piece

I *Our natural Disposition* As the human Mind is best pleas'd with what is most similar to it, we may infer, that Comedy will be most agreeable to Persons of a gay Turn of Mind ; and by a party of Reasoning, that Men of a grave and serious Temper, will be best pleas'd with Tragedy For since such Tempers are most delighted, respectively, with these several Extremes in real Life, consequently, the Imitation upon the Stage, of such Things as they severally love, will afford them the best Entertainment To go about to prove this natural Diversity of Tempers and Inclinations in Mankind, would be as idle, as to show that there are a variety of Seasons

*Some love with rapid Whirl to rise
Olympian Dust, and gather Praise*

*And some in high Commands are proud,
That great Preferment of the Crowd*

*Another ploughs his Father's Fields,
His Barn holds all that Lybia yields &c*

CREECH'S Horace.

II. *Our Years* As Youth is naturally cheerful and blithe, Persons in that Period of Life should be most entertain'd with Comedy ; and, on the other hand, as old Age is naturally serious, Tragedy seems best suited to its Disposition How well does *Chitpho*, in the *Hermit's moralities*, point the Diversity of Dispositions in old Age and Youth

could offer more Reasons than you desire, in case it was not Time for us to end our Controversy. We came

*Quam iniqui sunt Patres in omnes adolescentis iudices !
Qui æquum esse censent, nos jam à pueris illico nosci senes,
Neque illarum affines rerum esse, quas fert adolescentia.
Ex sua libidine moderantur, nunc quæ est, non quæ olim fuit*

III *Our Circumstances* 'Tis well known that Prosperity diffuses a Joy, an Alacrity over the Soul, and, on the contrary, Adversity fills it with gloomy Ideas. Whence it may be concluded, that Comedy is most apt to please in the former, and Tragedy in the latter—What is said of Readers and Spectators, may be applied to Authors. In how chearful a Strain did *Ovid* write before his Misfortunes, and how melancholy was his Muse after them! Had *Horace* liv'd unsmil'd upon by *Mæcenas*, or by some other great *Roman*, he would seldom or never have tun'd his Lyre to joyous Subjects, nor have been able to give his Companions the following Advice

*Let us improve the gloomy Hour,
Now, whilst our Cheeks are soft and gay;
Whilst Youth preserves its blooming Flow'rs,
Let us with Wine drive Care away*

OLDISWORTH'S *Horace*

IV. *The State of our Minds, at the reading or seeing a dramatic Piece* As the Mind of Man is apt to change often, either from outward Objects or from itself, to be one Instant chearful, and the next sad, it consequently will be most delighted, with Tragedy or with Comedy, according to its present Situation. The human Mind is a Sort of Thermometer. One of our Poets observes very agreeably that,

*" Mankind one Day serene or d'fire appear,
" The next they're cloudy, sullen, and severe.
" New Passions new Opinions still excite,
" And what they like at Noon despise at Night
" They gain with Labour, what they quit with Ease,
" And Health, for want of Change, grows a Disease*

I here might have subjoin'd a Vth Consideration, *viz Health or Sickness*

I will add, that Tragedy seems adapted to the Capacities of much fewer Persons than Comedy. The latter is as well understood, in general by the Galleries as the Boxes, but, for the

came hither, (you know) to hear *Polipbilus*; and he, on the contrary, listens, as you may perceive, to us, with an attentive Silence.

I'll not say a Word more, says *Gelastus*. but will show *Polipbilus* the Complaisance due to him, provided you won't claim the Victory, otherwise, let us proceed — You'll do me no Injury in this, replied *Polipbilus*, but you possibly mayn't please *Acanthus*, who longs to point out the various Wonders of this Garden — *Acanthus* did not make many Excuses, but first thank'd *Polipbilus* for his Compliment; and then, drawing off a little, his three Friends follow'd They stopp'd a considerable Time on the Edge of the Terras opposite to the great

the due tasting of the former, a certain Education, as well as a certain Frame of Mind, are requir'd

When I observ'd, that the Pleasure arising from a good Tragedy or Comedy, depends very much on our natural Disposition. it must not be concluded, that Persons who are delighted with one Kind, must necessarily be disgusted with the other On the contrary, I know People who are charm'd with both These can be equally well entertain'd with seeing our Poet Laureat in the *Coelest Husband*, and Mr Garrick in *Richard the Third* Such Persons seem to be inform'd with a Soul susceptible to Impressions of every kind, these can be, alternately, *li Poetico* or *li Allegro*; will one Moment thus invoke Melancholy,

*Come, perfrue Nil, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, ara demure,
All in a Robe of deepest Green,
Flowing with majestic Train,
And sible Style of Cypress Lawn,
O'er thy decent Shoulders drawn*

MILTON.

And the next Instant will call upon the youthful *Grace*, *Euphrosyne*, whose Extraction is thus delightfully imag'd by *Milton*

*Zephyr, with Aurora plying,
As he met her once a Moring,
There on Beds of Violets blue,
And fresh Roses wash'd in Dew,
Fill'd Her, with Thee, a Daughter fair,
So buckson e, blithe, and debonnaire*

Canal;

Canal *; being unable to admire enough the long range

* The Original is, *Ils s'arrêtèrent long-temps à l'endroit qu'on appelle le Fer à Cheval* " They stopt a considerable Time at " the Place call'd the Horse-shoe " This Part of the Garden is so call'd (as I suppose) because 'tis in a semi-circular Form; but I thought the Term, *Horse shoe*, ungraceful and unintelligible in *English*, and for that reason chang'd it, but not the Place.

The first Time a Person comes to this high Terras, on which the Palace of *Versailles* stands, he is struck with Admiration when he beholds the vast Extent of the Edifice, or surveys the mighty Expanse of Garden, and its various Ornaments below him Touch'd with the numberless Charms of this noble Abode, at the time that I had the Honour of attending on the late Dutches of *Buckingham* to *Paris*, I presented a Poem to her Grace, in which I endeavour'd to sketch the principal Beauties I saw in the Palace of *Versailles*, and its Garden As my Descriptions may possibly contribute to give the Reader a more perfect Idea of many Objects painted by *La Fontaine*, I shall venture, (tho' with the utmost Diffidence) to introduce one or two of them here

Speaking (to that Lady) of the Effect which the View of the Gardens, from the Terras, has upon the Eye, I image it thus:

From yon high Terras, Pelion-like of old,
Rais'd by ten thousand, thousand Hands, behold
The verdant Vale, before thee op'ning wide,
In endless Forms by Art diversify'd
Which Way so'er thy studious Glances stray,
Their various Charms unnumber'd Scenes display
Parterres beneath Parterres, emb'd in the Air
With such rich Scents, we fancy Flora there,
These, liquid Mirrors fac'd with Marble, grace,
So bright, fair Dian might reflect her Face
Hence oft, unnumber'd Fountains, sportive, fly
So swift, so far, they seem to mix with Sky
These, when the Sun darts forth his Pencil-Rays,
With all the Splendors of the Diamond blaze
Each painted Drop assumes a different Shape,
Which, into new-ones, as we gaze, escape
And, whilst we wonder whence these Beauties spring,
All seem Salons with heav'nly Lustres hung.

The Spectator, (I suppose) gazing on these rural Beauties beneath him, is so delightfully divided in his Choice, that he does not know which to visit first This Struggle I have attempted to describe in manner following.

range of Beauties of different Kinds, seen from the Eminence on which they stood.

*In gilded Cars *, the Monarch and his Court,
Hither, to taste the Breeze, at Eve resort.
Unrival'd in their kind, the Twin-Suns † here,
In their bright Pomp of Majesty appear.
Phœbus would gladly our fam'd King outshine;
Alike they gracious seem, alike divine ‡.
In all their Glories both are seen array'd.
O! wou'd the tuneful Sisters lend their Aid,
What Splendors the just Simile should gild!
The Sun's fam'd Palace § to Versailles wou'd yield;
The Belles who grace the Court, should be the Hours:
But waving these, let's draw the blissful Bow'rs.*

*From a Parterre (the glitt'ring Palace nigh)
We a rich Amphitheatre || descry:*

*See other Objects of this blissful Scene
Invite to walk, beneath th'embow'ring Green:
When lo! our Will in sweet Distraction roves,
Diviser 'twixt Lawns, Fountains, Vistas, Groves
Each, tho' with different Beauties, claims our Choice;
From each we seem to hear a whispering Voice,
Alduring us to taste the sylvan Sweets,
Nature and Art ir'valge in these Retreats*

*So, when inspir'd by Heaven's enl'ving Ray,
In Eden, Adam rose from heaving Clay,
Alernatch, with Rapture he survey'd
The distant Hill, the Dale, the Stream, the Shade
Each struck, with equal Force, his wond'ring Eye;
He long'd for all, yet first to each would fly:
Suspended thus, and lost in blest Amaze,
The only Power then left him, was to gaze.*

* 'Tis usual for Persons of Quality to be carried, in Calashes, &c. about these Gardens

† Sol and Lewis XIV.

‡ This Epithet *divine*, is not in the Original, which therefore is more natural than my Version

§ In Ovid. *Metamorph.* Lib II

|| This Amphitheatre is in that Part of the Garden, which descends from the great Terras, and is call'd Amphitheatre from its Form. In it are many Embellishments, as Basons, Fountains, Vases, Statues, and a great Variety of Trees

Sloping

*Sloping, its Flights * insensibly descend ;
 And down each Side with easy Progress bend.
 With chearful Ever-greens the Sides are crown'd ;
 Myrtle whose Leaves the Lover's Brow surround,
 In various Shapes (Globes, Pyramids) arose ,
 Such Forms as Armida's fam'd Spirits chose.*

*O'er each gay Flight, a Sphinx † exalted stands ;
 Round her, a gentle Love wreathes flow'ry Bands :
 She wantons with him, no hid Wrath betrays,
 But a soft Smile thro' each chang'd Feature plays.*

*Latona §, and her Twins, the Bottom crown ;
 These, to foul Reptiles, change each savage Clown ;*

* The French is *Rampes*, a Descent on each Side of the Amphitheatre , a Sort of Stair-Case

† These Sphinxes, made of Marble, are now plac'd in different parts of the Garden of *Versailles* On each Sphinx a Cupid (in Copper) rides. Alterations are frequently making in this Garden ; Statues are often mov'd, and sometimes new Basons are dug, &c. These Alterations puzzled me, when I first came to this Place, and read the above Description of *La Fontaine* upon the Spot.

§ This is a large marble Bason, in the Middle of which rises a Groop, consisting of three Figures, representing *Latona*, with her two Children, *Apollo* and *Diana*, whom she brought to *Jupiter* The Sculptor has represented the Instant when *Latona* complains to *Jove*, concerning the Barbarity of the *Lycian* Peasants, who had prevented her getting any Refreshments The Peasants are metamorphos'd into Frogs, and spout vast Quantities of Water on them. The Bason and Figures are by *Marffy*, and were engrav'd by *Gerard Edelinck*. The Walks round this Bason are adorn'd with fourteen Vases, all finely executed by the ablest Sculptors *Latona* and the other two Figures are of white Marble, and the Peasants and Frogs of Bronze or Copper From this Bason rise four Assemblages of Spouts, or Jets, which, with the great Number of other Fountains issuing from the Peasants and Frogs, have a wonderful Effect upon the Eye. The sculptur'd Part of this Bason rises (pyramidically in some measure) in four Stages, on each of which are a variety of Peasants transform'd into Frogs, and, at the Summit, the three beautiful Marble Figures above-mention'd.

Transform them, by th'unnumber'd Spouts they pour :
One swims with Claws, which Fingers were before ,
Another, rising, changes with a Glance :
'Twixt Man and Reptile see a Third Advance ;
His Wife, loud-croaking, of his Fate complains,
But Woman still, the human Shape retains :
A Fourth, the more he bathes, can less efface
The new ris'n Features which his Form disgrace.
The Scene's a Bason, a capacious Round :
Transform'd to Frogs, the Peasants here are found,
Excited by Revenge, and check'd no more,
They, on the Deities, a Deluge pour.

To crown these Beauties which inhabit the Eye,
Fabled Nymphs, Heroes, Gods, at Distance lie ;
*Terms *, whose lone State soft Pity might excite,*
Did not the Scenes they view create Delight.

O'er two Partes the fond Spectator strays,
Pleas'd on the Turfs, with Flow'rs enrich'd, to gaze :
A Bason's in each, whence far their Treasures fly ;
New rise in Jets, and now, half-circling, die.
Thro' various Reptiles, glit'ring Currents glide ;
Here Lizards hiss, to Crocodiles allied :
There Tortoises stretch forth their Necks in vain,
But, ever captive, in their Shells remain.

Past a green, spacious Walk, two Oceans † claim
Our Notice, so peculiar is their Frame :
The one's orbicular, the other's Waves
Form a Canal which half this Eden lavas.

* These are a Sort of Statues or Columns, the upper Part of which represents a Woman's Head, that of a Satyr, &c. but without Arms. The lower Part is a kind of Sheath ; and these *Terms* are employ'd for the Support of Entablatures in Buildings, or to adorn Gardens. *Terms* were originally plac'd as the Boundaries of Lands, to separate them ; and the upper Part of these Boundaries represented the God *Terminus*.

† These are the Bason of *Apollo*, and the great Canal

Each

*Each Object is reflected by the Streams,
And the whole Prospect a clear Mirror seems.*

*In the first Sea *, bright Phœbus slow ascends.
From Thetis' Grot, and tow'rd the Zenith bends :
Forth from his Torch the sportive Water flies ;
Bursts forth in Rays, and in a Vapour dies.
Thus Lime emits a Smoke of Silver Hue.
Here Clouds, of Chrystal Atoms form'd, we view,
Which, when Sol darts his radiance, seem to glow
With the rich Dyes of the celestial Bow.
The God's proud Steeds commencing their Career,
Scarce, from the Ocean, quite emerg'd appear ;
Yet fiery, and impatient of the Rein,
They dash Dew round them, as they shake their Mane.
Sol leaves, reluctantly, these liquid Bowers ;
Bids Thetis chide the over-hasty Hours ;
They push his Car, glad Omen of the Dawn,
And say that Sleep is to his Grot withdrawn.*

*The Basons past, we cross a spacious Square ;
Unnumber'd Allées center (Star-like) there ;
Stretch to this magic Landskip's utmost Bounds :
Each varying Scene the ravish'd Eye confounds ;*

* This is the Bason or Fountain of *Apollo* 'Tis in Form of a long Square, being three hundred and sixty Foot long, and two hundred and seventy broad *Apollo* appears in the Center of the Bason, seated on his Chariot, drawn by four Horses, and surrounded by Tritons and Dolphins The Groop and Accompaniments are of Copper, and were executed by *Baptist Tuby*, after the Designs of *Le Brun*. Here are three Assemblages of Spouts or Fountains (*Gerbes*) That in the Middle (57 Foot high) ris'rs about *Apollo*, and descending, quite covers the God, and flies a considerable Distance round him. There are two other Assemblages of Spouts, on each Side of the great One, and these rise 47 Foot in Height A great Number of other Spouts, issuing from the Tritons and Dolphins, play round.—How beautiful is the Description, given by *de la Fontaine*, of this Bason !

*Its Glance, from Glade to Glade, delighted roves :
All Roads, le Nôtre †, in thy Realms are Groves.*

*Next, the Canal I'd paint, in flowing Verse,
And the bright Wonders of its Stream rehearse ;
Its living Stream, where Galatea plays ;
Or, from its silver Bed, delights to gaze.
On the green Margin, Zephyr whisp'ring lies,
And fans fond Flora with his breezy Sighs.
The Wood-Nymphs here, when Cynthia shades her Light,
Their Charms unveiling, bathe at dead of Night : **

*The Scenes I've sketch'd ; each mazy-spouting Stream ;
The wide Parterres which one rich Picture seem ;
The chrystal Seas, whose Waters, sporting, flow ;
The Amphitheatre's wide-spreading Bow || ;
These blended Wonders with the Palace vie,
And, corresponding, sweetly catch the Eye.*

*Thrice happy Artists, whose blest Skill could teach,
Such Beauties as no former Age might reach.*

† This Artist drew the Designs of the finest Gardens in France, and being sent for over to England, plann'd St. James's Park, &c Mr Pope compliments him, in his Epistle to the Earl of Burlington, where, speaking of the Advantages of good Sense, he observes,

Jones and le Nôtre have it not to give.

* This Canal is 192 Foot broad, and 4800 Foot long, including the two extensive Pieces of Water, at the Top and Bottom of it. 'Tis crof'd, about the Middle, by another Canal about 3120 Foot in Length, the two Arms of which run severally towards the Ménagerie and Trianon The View of this Canal, and of the various Beauties in its Neighbourhood, from the Gallery in the Palace of Versailles, is surprizingly delightful.

|| This is the Amphitheatre mention'd almost in the Beginning of the Poem ; and which forms the noble Descent, from the Terras, in the Garden of Versailles.

Our

*Our Parks were Orchards all, in Days of Yore ;
All Orchards since are Parks, and wild no more.
Plebeian Gardens, now, like Royal rise,
And those of Kings, as those of Deities.*

*Shou'd latest Times this blissful Seat descry,
Whilst Objects strike, whilst Flora charms the Eye,
The Tenant-Dryads will, incessant, praise
The happy Skill which could such Wonders raise.*

Poliphilus, and afterwards his three Friends, took occasion from thence to mention the *Intelligence*, who is the Soul of all these Wonders; and who sets so many excellent Artists at Work, for the Entertainment of his Monarch. I shall not particularize the Elogiums which were then bestow'd upon him, these being very glorious, and consequently would not please himself.

The Qualities on which our four Friends expatiated, were his Fidelity and Zeal. They observ'd, that he has a Genius which applies itself to all Things, and is never weary. His chief Object is to heighten the Grandeur of his Sovereign; but, at the same Time, he does not look upon those of an inferior kind as unworthy of his Regard *. Nothing that relates to *Jove* is beneath the Care of his Ministers.

* This must be *Monfieur Colbert*, a Statesman whose unbounded Encouragement of the Arts, have gain'd him as great a Reputation as *Mæcenæ*s had among the *Romans*—A Circumstance worthy of Notice is, that at the same Time this Minister assisted in steering the Helm of the *French* Government, he did not think the most inconsiderable of the polite Arts unworthy of his Care; but join'd in the Pleasures of his Sovereign, with the same Alacrity and Vigour as he discover'd in directing the State. The polite Arts, in return for the Countenance he shou'd them, rewarded him amply, not only by the Honours and Esteem they procur'd him during his Lifetime, but by the Glory which they, very possibly, may throw round him to latest Posterity.

Our Friends, agreeing in these several Particulars, proceeded to view the Salon and Gallery, which were not pull'd down, tho' the boasted Festival for which they had been rais'd, was so long past; it having been thought proper to keep them standing, in order to build, with more lasting Materials, others after the same Model. Every one has been told the Wonders of this Festival, Palaces chang'd into Gardens, and Gardens into Palaces, as likewise the Dispatch with which these Artists created, as it were, all these Things, a Circumstance which will hereafter give Credit to Incantations. Not a Nation in *Europe* but has been entertain'd, by Fame, with the Magnificence of this Spectacle *. As some Writers have

* The Shews or Festivities alluded to here, must be those for which the celebrated *Moliere* wrote his *Princesse d'Elide*, a Description of which Festivities is given by several Authors, whereof the following is an Extract

The general Title of the Relation of these magnificent Diversions is this

Running of the Ring A Banquet set off with Machines A Play, entitled, la Princesse d'Elide, by Moliere, intermix'd with Dancing and Music A Ballet of Alcina's Palace Fire-works, and other splendid Festivities, exhibited, by the King's Order, in Versailles, the 7th of May 1664, and continued for several Days

Leuis XIV being determin'd to entertain the Queens, and his whole Court, with some uncommon Diversions, in a Place adorn'd with all Things which can give Beauty to a Country-Seat, made Choice of *Versailles*, within four Leagues of *Paris*, for that purpose

In this delightful Abode, whither the whole Court arriv'd on the 5th of *May*, his Majesty entertain'd, till the 14th, above six hundred Persons: Not to mention a vast number of Players, Dancers, and Artificers of all kinds who came from *Paris*; so that the whole had the appearance of a little Army.

Mr de Vigarin, a *Modenese*, a Gentleman exceedingly well skill'd in Entertainments of this Kind, invented those in question; and the King commanded *Duke de St Aignan*, first Lord of his Bed-chamber, who before had sketch'd the Subjects of several very pleasing Interludes, to form a Plan in which the present Ones might all be included, and that too with Order and Con-

have describ'd it with the greatest Accuracy and Elegance, I shall wave all farther Description of it ;
and

nexion The Subject made Choice of by him, was, the Palace of *Alcina*, from *Arlosto*, whence the whole was entitled, *the Pleasures of the enchanted Island*.

In a few Days the Artificers adorn'd, in the Garden of *Versailles*, a circular Spot (at which terminated four large Walks, between high Pallisades) with four Porticos, thirty-five Foot high, and twenty two square at the Openings 'twas likewise embellish'd with many Festoons enrich'd with Gold ; and a Variety of Paintings, in which were his Majesty's Arms. The whole Court came to this Spot on the seventh , and being seated round, the Entertainment began at six in the Evening

The first Day's Entertainment open'd with Feats of Chivalry A Herald appear'd, and afterwards several Persons of Quality very richly cloath'd, representing Knights renown'd in Romance, and amongst them the King, habited in a surprizingly splendid Manner Those Knights were attended by several Pages, Trumpets, Kettle-drums, &c proportionably fine These all rode, in order, into the circular Spot or Area abovemention'd Next came forward a magnificent Chariot, representing that of *Apollo*, in whose Honour the *Pythian Games* were antiently celebrated, and which these Knights imitated in their Equipages and Tournaments. A Person representing *Apollo* was seen glittering in the Chariot, and attended by a great Number of emblematical Persons All this form'd a most august Spectacle

These several Personages, and many others, being come into the Area or Place of Combat, about which the Spectators were seated, rode round ; and, saluting the Queen of *France* and the Queen-Mother, they separated, and withdrew to their several Posts. After this, Verses, in honour of the Queen, were spoke by some of the emblematical Persons Then the King, and all the Knights tilted in their Turns , and Night coming on, all the Place was illuminated with a numberless Multitude of Wax Tapers ; and at the same time, a delightful Concert of Music was heard.

Four Persons, representing the four Seasons, danc'd with twelve more emblematical Persons. The first mention'd were afterwards mounted ; *Spring*, on a *Spanish Gennet*, *Summer* on an Elephant, *Autumn* on a Camel, and *Winter* on a Bear, and each of these four emblematical Persons were attended by twelve others, who carried large Vases on their Heads, containing the Banquet Next follow'd fourteen Musicians, Attendants on *Pan* and *Diana*, which Deities were seated in a
Vehicle,

and will only observè, that our four Friends seated themselves

Vehicle, the Contrivance whereof was very ingenious ; it seeming to move along unsupported by any Thing Next, follow'd twenty other Persons, laden also with Provisions ; and lastly came eighteen of the King's Pages, who were to attend on the Ladies at Supper.

And now *Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, Diana and Pan*, address'd several Copies of Verses to the Queen A Curtain rising, thirty six Musicians appear'd seated Then allegorical Persons, under the Names of *Abundance, Joy, Neatness, and Good-Cheer*, order'd the Table to be spread by other emblematical Personages, representing the *Pleasures, the Sports, the Smiles, and Delights* ; after which the Queen-Mother having seated herself, with the King at her Right-hand and the Queen at her Left, all the Ladies took their Places The Banquet was exceedingly sumptuous, and had a very fine Effect upon the Eye. The Area was illuminated with a vast Number of Lustres, painted green and silver, having fourscore Wax-tapers in each ; and two hundred Flambeaux of white Wax were held by the like Number of Persons mask'd The Knights in their splendid, antique Dresses (their Helmets adorn'd with Plumes of various Colour) and the vast Number of Officers richly cloath'd, heightened the Beauty of this Spectacle The Banquet being ended, their Majesties and the whole Court, return'd to *Versailles* in Calashes. Such was the Magnificence of the first Day's Entertainment.

The following Evening, their Majesties and their Company came to another Area or Spot, which was cover'd at Top with Canvas, partly in Form of a Dome, to prevent the Wind from having any Power over the vast Number of Flambeaux and Wax-tapers, which were to illuminate the Theatre, the Scenery whereof was beautiful The Curtain rising, a grand Concert of Music was heard, when the Drama was open'd by a Person representing *Aurora*. Then follow'd a comic Interlude of Huntsmen These Huntsmen, waking at the Appearance of *Aurora*, acted a humorous Scene on this Occasion The famous *Moliere* play'd the principal Huntsman, under the Name of *Lyfiscas*. Afterwards a grand Concert of *French Horns* and *Violins* was heard, when six other Huntsmen dancing, the *Princess of Elus*, a Play in five Acts, written by *Moliere*, and in character with the Diversions in question, was exhibited The Play clos'd with an Entertainment, consisting of Songs and Dances, perform'd by Shepherds and Shepherdesses ; during which there arose, from under the Stage, a Machine representing a vastly large Tree, on which were sixteen Fauns or Sylvans, playing on Flutes and Fiddles, all which were answer'd by the Band who

themselves on the Turf bordering a Rivulet, or rather

form'd the Orchestra These Fauns afterwards danc'd with several Shepherds and Shepherdesses This was the second Days Entertainment

The third Day, their Majesties and the Court met in another Place, where was a vast Bason, representing a Lake on which the Palace of *Alcina* (a beautiful Sorceress) was suppos'd to stand; and therein several brave Knights were imagin'd to be detain'd, by magical Incantations. 'Twas farther feign'd, that Heaven being determin'd to free these Knights, *Alcina* had some Presages of it, which fill'd her with Disquietudes, but that she resolv'd to employ all the Arts possible, in order to keep them with her

Accordingly, in the great Bason abovemention'd, appear'd a Rock, situated in the Middle of an Island, cover'd with various Animals, who seem'd to forbid all Access to it On each Side of this Island was seen another, of a greater Length, but not so broad; and all the three Islands were so strongly illuminated, that the Light seem'd to vie in Splendor with that of the Sun Their Majesties being come, one of the Islands lying by the first mention'd, was seen cover'd with Musicians, playing on Violins; and the other Island opposite to it, with Kettledrums and Trumpets. But the most surprizing Spectacle was, *Alcina* coming from behind the Rock, and seated on a Sea-Monster of a prodigious Size Two of her attendant Nymphs, (*Celra* and *Dirce*) on large Whales, set out at the same time; and placing themselves on each Side of her, advanc'd towards the Margin of the Bason; when all three repeated Verses in Honour of the Queen-Mother

This done, and *Alcina* withdrawing, in order to double the Guards of her Palace, a Concert of all the Fiddles was heard; when the Front of the Palace opening with wonderful Art, and various Towers rising up, four Giants of an amazing Stature, with the like Number of Dwarfs, appear'd These Giants were suppos'd to be as Guards to the Palace; and these Giants and Dwarfs open'd the *Ballet* (a Series of Dances, representing some Action, &c. and perform'd by Persons in Masks) which consisted of six Scenes or Parts In the last Scene, the most renown'd of the Knights appear'd, soon after which the Incantment was dissolv'd, for a Clap of Thunder, follow'd by several Flashes of Lightning, denouncing the Destruction of this Palace, it was immediately consum'd by a vast variety of Fire-works, on which Occasion the Skies, the Earth, and the Water, seem'd all in a Blaze. Lastly, the Guns firing, an End was put to the Pleasures of the enchanted Island; after which their Majesties and the whole Court withdrew, highly satisfied with these various Festivities.

ther a little Canal *, with which this Gallery is adorn'd. The Foliage that overshadow'd it being dry, and broke in several Places, Light enough was let in for *Poliphilus* to read by with Ease; whereupon he pursued the Relation of his Heroine's Misfortunes in manner following:

Festivities. The King entertain'd his noble Company at *Versailles* for many Days afterwards, with several other Diversions, and then retir'd to *Fountainbleau*.

The ablest Genius's in the several Arts, were employ'd on this Occasion. That great Minister, *Monfr Colbert*, exerted his utmost Endeavours to give Perfection to these Spectacles; *Duke de St Aignan*, and *Mr. de Vigarin* had a considerable Share in the Contrivance of them, the celebrated *Benferade*, and *President de Perigny*, wrote a great many of the Verses, and the famous *Moliere* compos'd his *Princesse d'Elide* for it. A remarkable Circumstance is, the regular Contrivance of the whole, which was so manag'd, that the several Parts had a Connexion with each other; and, all of them united, form'd one finish'd and most august Entertainment.

The curious Reader, after having been so long amus'd with fictitious Splendors, in the Story of *Cupid* and *Psyche*, will not, I presume, be displeas'd at the perusal of the above Relation, (tho' merely a Sketch) of real Ones, which had scarce less of the *marvellous*.

* The *French* is *Goulette*, that is, a small Canal incrusted with Free-stone, or Marble, laid shelving. Little Basons, in the Shell-form, are made at certain Distances, from whence the Waters either spout or fall in Cascades.

End of Book the First.

THE
L O V E S
O F
CUPID and *PSYCHE*.
B O O K II.

POOOR, guilty *Psyche* had not the Confidence to utter a single Word : She might have fallen prostrate before her Husband ; might have told him the whole Story ; and then, in case she could not justify herself fully, might at least have thrown the whole Blame on her two Sisters. Let the worst come to the worst, she might have besought *Cupid* on her Knees, (clasping them with a repentant Air, and bedewing them with her Tears) to pardon her. Farther, she might have taken up the Pomard by the Point, and then, presenting it to her Consort, and opening her Bosom, might have conjur'd him to pierce a Heart which had rebell'd against him. But Amazement, with the Stings of Conscience, struck her dumb, and bereav'd her of every Faculty. She stood Motionless ; and casting down her Eyes, waited, in inexpressible Agonies,

to hear her Doom. *Cupid* was so highly exasperated, that he did not feel half the Smart which the Drop of burning Oil would at any other time have occasion'd. He only glanc'd dreadfully at the wretched *Psyche*; after which the Deity, without so much as condescending to reproach her once, took his Flight, and the Palace vanish'd.—Alas! the Nymphs and Zephyrs are now no more; our wretched Fair-One being left alone on the Rock, half dead, pale, trembling, and so absorb'd by excessive Grief, that she was a long time (her Eyes fix'd on the Ground) without knowing herself, or observing that she was naked. Her Virgin Dress lay unperceiv'd at her Feet, tho' she was looking directly upon it.

In the mean time, *Cupid* had continued hovering in the Air, in order that he might be a Spectator of the Extremities to which his Consort would be reduc'd, he not being willing that she should attempt to destroy herself; whether it were that the God's Anger, tho' so mighty, had not yet banish'd all tender Sensations from his Breast, or that he reserv'd *Psyche* for more lasting Tortures, for a Punishment more cruel than Self-murder. He now saw her fall in a Swoon, on the hard Rock, a Sight which affected him, but not to such a degree, as to erase her Guilt from his Memory.

'Twas a considerable time before *Psyche* recover'd. Her first Resolution was to run to a Precipice. Coming thither, and viewing its amazing Depth; with the sharp-pointed Cliffs that would inevitably have tore her to Pieces, she turn'd her Eyes towards the Moon which then indulg'd its Light.—Sister of the Sun, (says she) let not the Horrors of my Guilt prevent thy surveying me! O! behold the Despair of a hapless Wretch; and be so gracious as to acquaint him, whom I have offended, with the Particulars of my Death; but reveal them not

to Those who gave me Birth. Thou surveyest, in thy Course, many miserable Wretches ; but tell me, is there One of them whose Evils are not light, when compar'd to mine ? Ye lofty Rocks, that lately were the Foundations to a Palace of which I was Mistress, who could ever have imagin'd, that Nature had form'd you to serve me for so different a purpose ?

Saying these Words, she again look'd down the Precipice, when Death reveal'd itself to her under the most dreadful Form. *Psyche* was frequently going to rush forward, when a natural Impulse as often with-held her — What Doom (says she) is to be mine ? I have still some little stock of Beauty left, and am in the Bloom of Youth : 'Twas but a Moment, that I possess'd the loveliest among the Deities ; and I now must die ! I am going to give myself the fatal Stroke ! Alas ! Is the Sun to rise no more for *Psyche* ? Are these the last Moments indulg'd her by the Destinies ? Was I but allow'd the sad Consolation to have my fond Nurse close my Eyes ! Were funeral Rites not refus'd me !

These Irresolutions and Longings after Life, which torture those who are leaving this World, and from which even the most wretched are not exempt, rais'd a cruel Struggle in our Heroine's Bosom.— Sweet Light (cried she) how very, very hard is it to leave thee ! Alas ! Whither shall I go after I have banish'd myself from thy Presence ? Ye charitable Daughters of *Tartarus*, haste hither ! help me to tear away the Bonds by which I am held ! Come, come and image to me what I have lost !—She then turn'd her Eyes inward ; when the Reflexion on her Misery extinguishing, at last, the remains of Fondness which *Psyche* had hitherto entertain'd for Life, she sprung forward with so much Precipitation and Violence, that *Zephyrus*, who watch'd our luckless Fair ; and was commanded to waft her aloft, the

Instant

Instant that Despair should hurry her to this Extremity, scarce came time enough for that Purpose. Had he delay'd but a Moment longer, *Psyche* had been no more. However, he drew her from the Abyſs; when carrying her thro' the Clouds, a different Way from that which ſhe had choſen, he convey'd her from theſe baleful Solitudes; and laid her down, with her Clothes, on the Banks of a River, the Sides of which were ſo craggy, and the Deſcent ſo amazing, that it might juſtly be call'd a more dreadful Precipice than the former

The Unfortunate are apt to give a ſiniſter Interpretation to every Thing. *Psyche* imagin'd that her Conſort, fir'd with Reſentment, had caus'd her to be convey'd on the Banks of a River, only that ſhe might drown herſelf; he being deſirous that ſhe ſhould die after this manner, rather than the other, as it was a ſlower, and conſequently more cruel Death. Perhaps he did not care ſhe ſhould pollute theſe Rocks with Blood. Perhaps too he might make a very different Uſe of them. This poſſibly, was an amorous Receſs, where the Son of the *Cyprian* Queen, dreading his charming Parent's Anger, might lodge his Miſtreſſes in ſecret, as he before had done his Bride, for the Receſs was lonely and inacceſſible; and conſequently ſhe would be guilty of Sacrilege, ſhould ſhe deſtroy herſelf in a Place devoted wholly to Pleaſure.

Such were the Arguments employ'd by the ill-fated *Psyche*, ever ingenious in tormenting herſelf. But *Cupid* thought far otherwiſe; he having, probably, fix'd upon this Place by mere Accident, or might have left this Affair to the Diſcretion of *Zephyrus*. *Cupid* was deſirous that ſhe ſhould ſuffer; and conſequently was far from wanting our Fair-One to diſpatch herſelf immediately. For this Reaſon, he ſtrictly charg'd *Zephyrus* not to leave her upon any account (even tho' *Flora* ſhould have
given

given him an Assignment) till these first Transports were abated.

I've been often astonish'd, how it was possible for *Zephyrus* to escape falling in love with her. But *Flora* has a thousand Charms : Besides, for *Zephyrus* to tread in the Steps of a Master, and such a Master as *Cupid*, would have been a Perfidy of the blackest Dye, and could be of no Benefit to himself. Keeping therefore his Eye perpetually fix'd on *Psyche* ; and observing that she gaz'd with inexpressible Anguish at the River, he suspected that Despair suggested some new Resolution ; for which reason, to prevent her being before-hand with him a second time, he instantly whisper'd his Fears to the River-God, whose Court, by good luck, was hard by , and who, at that time, had most of his Nymphs about him.

This God was naturally cold, and had no great Inclination to oblige either the Fair-One or her Comfort. However, the Fear he was under, lest the Poets should stigmatize him, in case the most finish'd Beauty in the Universe, who was Daughter to a King and Wife to a Deity, should drown herself in his Waters, and thence call him Brother to *Styx* , this Fear, I say, oblig'd him to command his Nymphs to catch the despairing *Psyche* ; and convey her (near to some Habitation) on the opposite Shore, which was less steep, and more agreeable than this. The Nymphs obey'd his Orders with the greatest Pleasure , they all hastening to the Spot near which the Fair-One stood, and hiding themselves beneath the Bank. *Psyche* was then ruminating on her Adventure, being quite at a Loss to guess what Design her Husband might entertain, and unresolv'd as to the kind of Death she should chuse. At last, sighing, as tho' her Soul was taking its flight :— I'll plunge (says she) into this Stream, and thus put an End to a wretched Life : Grant only

(ye Fates¹) that the Punishment which I now inflict on myself may please him.—Immediately she darted into the River, but was very much surpriz'd to find herself instantly in the Arms of *Cymodoce* * and sweet *Nais* †.

Nothing could have been more fortunate for *Psyche* than this unexpected Meeting, these two Nymphs having attended upon her but a very little before. *Cupid* had appointed some of all Kinds, and from every Choir, to serve as Maids of Honour to our Heroine, during the blissful Period, when she shar'd in the Affections and Fortune of a Deity. But this Meeting, which, (to say the least) ought to have been of some Consolation to *Psyche*; spread, on the contrary, a fresh Gloom, over her Mind—Must it not be Death (said she to herself) for me to appear in this wretched, abandon'd State, before Those who, not above an Hour before, waited upon me?—Such is the Folly of the human Mind: Persons lately fallen from a flourishing State, shun more carefully those whom they are acquainted with, than Strangers; and often prefer Death to the Services they may receive from the former. We submit to Misfortunes, but cannot bear Ignominy.

I won't pretend to affirm, that Tritons belong'd to this River; and, to confess the Truth, I cannot very well say whether 'tis usual for Rivers to have any.

* A Water-Nymph, the suppos'd Daughter of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*. She is introduc'd in *Virgil's* fourth *Georgick*, and likewise in the fifth *Æneid*, as attending with the Nereids, &c. on *Neptune*.

† A Water-Nymph likewise. Mention is made of her in *Virgil's* second *Eclogue*, where *Corydon* speaks to *Alexis* concerning the Presents which the Nymphs are preparing for him. Mr. *Dryden* has omitted her Name (possibly not supposing it necessary) when he specifies the following Presents brought by the Nymphs

White Lillies in full Caristers they bring,
With all the Glories of the purple Spring
The Daughters of the Flood have search'd the Mead
For Violet pale, and cropp'd the Poppy's Head

A Circumstance, however, to be depended upon is, not a single Triton approach'd our Heroine, none but the Nereids being allow'd this Honour, and indeed they kept so very close to *Psyche*, that a Triton would have found it extremely difficult to glide in between them. *Nais* and *Cymodoce* held her fast in their Arms, whilst our Fair-One, oppress'd with Weariness and her Spirits quite sunk, let her Head fall languishingly, now fondly reclin'd on one of them, and the next Moment on the other, bedewing, alternately, their Bosoms with her Tears *!

The Moment *Psyche* was landed, the two Nymphs in question, who had been rank'd among her Favourites, (as being vastly prudent and discreet) desir'd, by Signs, their female Companions to withdraw. And having the same Veneration for *Psyche* as when Fortune smil'd upon her, they took her Clothes from the Hands of *Zephyrus*, who retir'd also; and begg'd they once more might have the Honour of dressing her.—*Psyche* answer'd no otherwise, than by falling at their Feet and kissing them. This excessive Humility fill'd them with Confusion, and awak'd the most tender Impulses. *Cupid* himself was more affected with this Spectacle, than with any Thing that had happened to our Heroine since her Misfortunes.

The Deity had not lost Sight of her, it being some Satisfaction to him to be Eye-witness to the Tortures which she inflicted on herself, as this must necessarily proceed from a good Cause. *Cupid* feasted on this cruel Pleasure as he was hovering aloft; when happening to clap his Wings, the Noise made by them caus'd *Nais* and *Cymodoce* to turn their Heads. They spied the God; when Affection, Reverence, and especially a Desire of pleasing the Fair-One, oblig'd them to retire in their Turn—

* How beautiful is this Picture!

Well *Psyche* (says *Cupid*) what dost thou now think of thy Fortune? Will an Attempt to murder the Sovereign of the Gods be suffer'd to go unpunish'd? Thou wert bent upon thine own Destruction, thou hast now gratified thy Curiosity Thou knowest what sort of Creature I am; thou hast seen me: But what will all this avail thee? I give thee Notice that thou art no longer my Wife.

Hitherto the poor, the ill-fated *Psyche*, had listned to *Cupid* without once daring to lift up her Eyes But hearing the Word Wife:—Alas! (says she) far be it from me to assume that Title, I can only hope, that you'll be so gracious as to rank me among your Slaves—Thou'lt not be my Slave (replied *Cupid*) but my Mother's, and to her I give thee But beware of attempting any more to destroy thyself. Thou shalt suffer, but I won't have thee die; since thou then would'st be freed too soon, and upon too easy Terms. But if thou art desirous of obliging me, inflict due Vengeance on those two Fiends, thy Sisters. Let neither the Ties of Blood, nor the Dictates of Pity with-hold thee; but sacrifice them to my Wrath.—Adieu, *Psyche*! The Smart I feel from the burning Oil, won't permit me to talk with thee any longer.

'Twas now that our Heroine's Affliction increas'd. —Detested, accursed Lamp! to burn a Deity so delicate in his Complexion, and so sensible to Pain! even *Cupid* himself!—Wretched *Psyche*! Flow, flow for ever thy Tears; and be thou a Stranger to Repose by Day or by Night. Climb up the highest Mountains, descend to the deepest Vallies, in search of some Herb to cure the God, and haste to him with it Had he not wing'd his Flight so suddenly, he must have been an Eye witness to the extreme Anguish which I myself feel for his Pain, a Circumstance that could not but administer some Ease to him: But alas! he is gone; quite gone, without leaving

leaving me the least Hopes of ever seeing him more

In the mean time, *Aurora* shining forth, beheld the wretched State of our Fair-One, and brought on, with the Day, many new and surprizing Adventures. *Psyche*'s sad Catastrophe had, by this time, reach'd *Venus*'s Ear, and now observe how oddly Things are sometimes blended together. The Physicians had order'd the Goddess to bathe, on account of certain troublesome Heats. Now, 'twas her Custom to go into the Water at Day-break, and afterwards return to Bed again; and she us'd to lave commonly in this Stream, because of its refrigerating Quality. I observ'd before, (if my Memory does not fail me) that the God of this River partook, in some little Measure, of its Coldness. A cackling Goose, that knew all these Things, and who, lying hid among the Reeds, saw *Psyche* convey'd to shore, and afterwards heard her Consort's Reproaches, flew officiously to *Venus*, and told her very minutely what had happen'd. *Venus*, without losing an Instant, dispatch'd her Scouts on every Side; with strict Orders to bring, alive or dead, her Slave *Psyche*, who very narrowly escap'd their Search

Psyche, the Instant her Consort was fled, dress'd herself; or to speak more properly, hurried on her Clothes, the very same she had thrown aside at her Nuptials; the sable Weeds which the Oracle, (you may remember) had commanded her to wear. In this Habit she resolv'd to rove about the World, in quest of some Herb to heal her Consort, and afterwards use her Endeavours to find him. Before *Psyche* had travell'd half an Hour, she perceiv'd, as she imagin'd, a little Smoke rising from among Trees and Rocks. 'Twas a Fisherman's Abode, situated on the Declivity of a Mountain, so exceedingly steep, that even the Goats themselves could scarce

get up it This Mountain, which Oaks coæval with it overspread ; and partly over-run with Rocks, form'd a Landskip that was frightful, and at the same time lovely Nature having sportively scoop'd two or three of these Rocks which lay contiguous to one another, and form'd Passages between them ; human Industry had compleated the Work, and made it the Residence of a good old Man, and two young Shepherdesses Tho' *Psyche* was fearful at her first setting out, and almost dreaded to meet with any Person, it yet was necessary for her to enquire the Name of the Country she was then in ; and whether its Inhabitants could not point out to her some Medicament, some Root or Herb, to heal her Husband's Smart For this Reason, she directed her Steps towards the Place whence she had seen the Smoke, she not perceiving, on what side soever she turn'd her Eyes, any House but that in question. There was no other Way of getting to it, except by a narrow Path, clogg'd with Brambles and Briars How to remove them *Psyche* did not know, so that, at every Step she took, the Thorns tore her Clothes, and sometimes her Skin, of which she, at first, was wholly insensible, the Violence of her Grief suspending all other Sensations. At last her Linnen, which began to be wet, the coldness of the Morning, with the Thorns and Dews, began to incommode her greatly. She dragg'd herself, as well as she could, thro' this Thicket ; after which a little Mead, the Grass whereof was untrod, and unsullied as the first Day it sprung from the Earth *, led her to the Brink of
a Tor-

* I endeavour'd to paint this Phrase, *un petit pré, dont l'Herbe étoit encore aussi vierge que le jour qu'elle naquit*, in as beautiful Colours as those of the Original, but without Success. This, (besides my own Incapacity) must be owing chiefly to the Epithet *Vierge* (Virgin) given in my Original to Grass, which

a Torrent where was a Precipice. A numberless Multitude of Springs rush'd down in Cascades, from the Top of the Mountain ; and afterwards winding among Rocks, made a mighty Noise, like that of the Cataracts of the *Nile*. *Psyche* being stopt at once by this Barrier, and almost spent through Sorrow and Fatigue ; besides, her not having slept a Wink the Night before, laid down beneath some Under-wood, which was very shady, occasion'd by the Moisture of the Soil. 'Twas this sav'd our Fair-One, two of her Enemy's Scouts coming to that very Place a Moment after. These being prevented, by the Torrent, from advancing farther, stopt for some time to survey it, on which Occasion *Psyche* was in such Danger, that one of the Scouts trod upon her Gown ; when he, little suspecting our Fair-One to be so nigh, spoke thus to his Companion :—'Tis to no purpose for us to beat any longer about this Solitude, of which Screech-Owls, and other Night-Birds, can be the only Tenants : Our Companions will have better Luck than we ; but Woe to the hapless *Psyche*, should she fall in their Way ! for the World is greatly mistaken in the Idea they form to themselves of our Mistress. To look at her, one would imagine she was all Sweetness, but I know

which conveys a very pleasing Idea, but is much fainter in my Translation, as our Language will not allow the connecting of these two Ideas, *Virgin* and *Grass*. On such Occasions 'tis impossible but a Translation must fall short of its Original. At other Times a Version (or I am greatly mistaken) may surpass it ; and this often depends upon a certain Connexion of Ideas, and play in the Words (if I may so term it) in the respective Languages. I shall observe, that this Epithet *Virge*, is very happily applied in a figurative Sense, in the *French* Tongue. A pleasant one that now occurs to my Memory is the following, spoken proverbially of a young Fellow who is smit with every Girl he sees. *Il est amoureux des onze mille Vierges*. "He is in "Love with the eleven thousand Virgins." The Epithet *Virgin* is sometimes applied very agreeably in *English*, as when we say, *Virgin-Wax*, *Virgin-Honey*, &c.

the Goddess to be as revengeful and cruel as any of her Sex. 'Tis reported that *Psyche* disputes the Prize of Beauty with her; a Circumstance that will only rouse the Goddess to Fury, and make her rage like a Lioness, whose Cubs are stole. Happy will it be for our Mistress's Rival not to fall into her Hands.

Psyche heard these Words very distinctly, and return'd Thanks to Chance, which, at the same time, that it threw our Fair-One into a deadly Panic, had favour'd her with a very useful Hint. Happily for her, these Spies soon left the Place. Scarce was she recover'd from her Terrors, when a Spectacle which she saw on the other Side of the Torrent, fill'd her with Astonishment. Old Age, in a Fisherman's Habit and loaded with Nets, reveal'd himself personally to our Fair-One. His Hair fell negligently down his Shoulders, and his Beard flow'd over his Girdle. A very fine old Man, fair as a Lilly but not so clear, was preparing to cross the Flood. His Fore-head was furrow'd with Wrinkles, the last form'd of which * was almost as ancient as the Flood. *Psyche* indeed mistook him for *Deucalion*: when falling prostrate, — Father of Mortals! (cried she) protect me: O! shield from my Enemies who pursue me close.—The old Man made no Reply, the Force of Incantment striking him dumb. Immediately the Nets dropt from him, he being in no less Extasy than if in the Bloom of Life; and not thinking of the Danger to which he would expose himself, (of being met by *Psyche*'s Enemies) in case he should cross over to assist her. Methinks I see the antient Men of *Troy*, rous'd to War at the Sight of fair *Helen*. Our venerable Personage did not va-

* This, I believe, must be taken in a figurative Sense, it not appearing by the Sequel, that this old Man was any thing near so antient as these Wrinkles would make him.

lue the exposing his own Life, to preserve that of a Woman, beautiful as our hapless Fair-One. The Necessity she was under of his immediate Aid suppress'd in him, till a proper Opportunity, the Exclamations which usually break out on these Occasions. He went over to *Psyche*, when advancing up to her respectfully, and with a very good Grace, as One who knew other Things besides beguiling Fish :—Lovely Princess, said he (for, by your Dress, this is the least you can be) reserve your Adorations for the Gods. I am a Mortal, whose only Possessions are these Nets, and a few little Things with which I have furnish'd two or three rocky Cavities on the Declivity of this Mountain That Recess, which I did not purchase, it being scoop'd by the Hand of Nature, is as much yours as mine Fear not that your Enemies will ever come hither in search of you ; for if there be any Place upon Earth secur'd from the Pursuits of Man, 'tis thus, as I myself have long experienc'd.

Psyche accepted of his Invitation, when the old Man help'd her to descend to the Flood ; he walking before the trembling Fair-One, and pointing out to her the several Places where to step ; sometimes here, sometimes there, and this not without Danger ; but Fear inspires Courage. *Psyche* would never have dar'd to venture where she did, had not the Spies of *Venus* been in strict Search of her. The Difficulty was, how to cross the Flood which ran at the Bottom of the Descent This Flood was broad, deep*, and rapid.—Where art thou, *Zephyrus* ? cried *Psyche* —But no *Zephyrus* appear'd ; *Cupid* having dismiss'd him, from a Persuasion that our Heroine would not dare to make any Attempt upon her own Life ; since he had strictly forbid her to do this, or any Thing else which might offend

* The French is *creux*, “ hollow ;” an Adjective which I imagin'd less proper than *deep*,

him. And indeed *Psyche* was determin'd to comply exactly with *Cupid's* Injunctions. But now a portable Bridge, which the old Man drew after him, the Instant they had cross'd over, supplied for the Absence of *Zephyrus*. This was the half-rotten Trunk of a Tree, with two Willow-staves, by way of Rails. This Trunk was laid on two large Stones, which serv'd as Keys on this Occasion to the little Bridge. *Psyche* cross'd over, but was now as much puzzled how to go up, as she just before had been to descend. Our Fair-One met here with fresh Obstacles ; she being oblig'd to climb, and that through a Wood so exceedingly tufted, that 'tis impossible for the eternal Gloom to be more pitchy-dark. *Psyche* crept after the old Man, holding him fast by the Coat. They arriv'd, but not without great Fatigue, at a pretty open Esplanade *, which serv'd for different Purposes. Within it were the Gardens, the chief Court, the outward Courts, and the Avenues to this Mansion. This Esplanade furnish'd its Owner with Flowers, a little Fruit, and such like Wealth of *Flora* and *Pomona*. Hence they descend-ed to the old Man's Habitation, by a Flight of Steps, form'd by no other Architect than Nature ; and, to say the Truth, the *Tuscan* Taste prevail'd chiefly here. The only Roof of this Palace was five or six Trees, amazingly high, the Roots where-of strove to force their Way through the Cavities of the Rocks †. Here two young Shepherdesses
being

* A Term in Fortification ; the Ground which serves as a Parapet to the Corridor. It likewise signifies the void Space of Ground between a Citadel and the Houses of a City, &c

† How agreeably does this plain and artless Habitation of the old Man, and his Daughters, contrast with the splendid Palace which *Psyche* so lately inhabited, as well as with the Company which she found in these several Places. This is a Beauty (among others) not met with in the original Story of *Cupid* and *Psyche*, by *Apuleius*, it being wholly of *la Fontaine's* Invention,

being seated, saw, a few Paces off, five or six Goats feeding. Those Maidens spun with so sweet a grace, that *Psyche* could not help admiring them. They had Charms sufficient to prevent their being condemn'd by the Rival of *Venus*. The youngest was near fourteen, and the other two Years older. They saluted our Heroine with an unaffected, and at the same time, very sensible Air, tho' expressive of some little Confusion. But the Circumstance which chiefly made *Psyche* discover so much good Sense in them, was the Admiration they shew'd in gazing upon her *. *Psyche* kiss'd the Maidens, and made them a short rural Compliment, wherein she prais'd their Beauty and engaging Carriage; to which they answer'd no otherwise than by a Blush that instantly overspread their Cheeks.—You see my Grand-daughters, (says the old Man to our Fair-One:) their Mother died six Months since. I take as much Pains in educating them, as if they were to lead a Life quite different from that of Shepherdesses. I'm only sorry that it will not be in their Power to attend upon you in a proper Manner, they being Strangers to all Places except this Mountain. However, permit them to conduct you to their Apartment, for you must necessarily be greatly fatigued.

Our Fair-One did not wait for farther Intreaties, but withdrew in order to go to rest. And now the two Virgins undress'd her; expressing (by an hun-

Invention, as he observes in his Preface. On the present Occasion, I consider *la Fontaine* as a *Salvator Rosa*, who sets before us a Solitude, some parts of which are dreadful; and the Others beautifully interspers'd with the most pleasing Objects in rural Nature. On the other hand, when I read our Author's Description of the Palace rais'd for *Psyche*, I imagine myself surveying the Architecture in some noble Picture of *Paolo Panini*.

* How natural, and at the same time how pretty is this Reflection!

dred

dred different Signs) Admiration, after their Manner, whenever *Psyche* turn'd away her Face from them; and pointing out very innocently to each other, with their Eyes, the several Beauties they discover'd; Beauties capable of inspiring them with Love; and not only these Maidens, but all Things (as it were) else in the Universe. *Psyche* had accepted of their Bed, the Sheets belonging to which were snowy white, and strew'd with Roses. The Fragrancy of these Flowers, Weariness, or some other Secrets employ'd by *Morpheus*, soon clos'd her Eye-lids, and lull'd her in Slumbers. 'Twas always, and is still my Opinion, that the Power of Sleep is invincible; and will triumph over Law-suits, Grief and Love.

Whilst *Psyche* was refreshing herself with Sleep, the Shepherdesses ran and cull'd some Fruits, of which they made her eat, with a little Milk, after she awoke.—There was scarce any other Food in this Abode, the Tenants of it living in much the same manner as Mankind did during the infant Ages of the World: Our good People fed, indeed, a little cleaner; but merely on such Meats as Nature herself prepar'd and season'd. The venerable old Man lay in the Cavity of the Rock; having no other Carpet than verdant Moss, over which the Appurtenances of the God *Morpheus* were spread. Another Rock, more spacious and more richly furnish'd, form'd the Apartment of the two young Maidens. Here a thousand little Knick-knacks, made of Rushes and the tender Barks of Trees, supplied the Place of Hangings; of Bird-Feathers, Festoons, and Baskets of Flowers. The Door of the Rock serv'd also as a Window, like those of our Balconies; and gave, by means of the Esplanade, the Prospect of a wide-extended, beautiful and various Country; the old Man having fell'd all such Trees as would otherwise have obstructed the View.

One

One Thing which puzzles me is, to describe this Door, which, at the same time, was a Window, and resembled our Balconies ; to describe it, I say, so as to preserve its rural Taste * in my Picture. I have never been able to find how all this was done ; for which reason I shall only observe, that there was nothing savage in this Abode, but that all Things round it were wild. *Psyche* having survey'd these several Objects, told our old Man, that she wanted to talk with him ; and, for this Purpose, desir'd him to sit down by her. He begg'd at first to be excus'd, as being but a mere Mortal ; however, he afterwards obey'd, and the Maidens withdrew.

'Tis to no Purpose, says our Heroine, that you endeavour to conceal your real Condition from me. You have not spent your whole Life in throwing out Nets, and your Air and manner of speaking, show that you have not convers'd merely with Fishes. 'Tis impossible but you must have frequented the Circles of the Polite, and Persons of the highest Distinction ; if you yourself are not of a Birth superior to the Figure you now make. I imagine these several Things from your Carriage, your Discourse ; the Education you bestow on your Grand-daughters, and even from the Neatness of your Abode. Be so good then as to favour me with your Advice. The Sun has but once gone his round, since he saw me the happiest among Women. My Husband was passionately fond of me, he thought me handsome, and this Husband is—*Cupid*. But oh ! he has divorc'd me, and the only Favour I can obtain from him, is, to be *Venus's* Slave. You now see me a Vagrant : I start at my own Shadow, and shudder at the softest Breeze. Nevertheless *Zephyrus*, no longer

* The French is, *en sorte que le champêtre soit conservé*. The Idea and Turn of the Expression, in the Original, are very pretty, but I am in some doubt of my Version

than Yesterday, was at my Command. At my going to Bed, I was attended by an hundred beautiful Nymphs of the first Distinction, who thought themselves happy whenever I spake but a single Word to them; and always kiss'd the Hem of my Robe, at their leaving me. Nothing was spar'd that could delight me; Adorations, Plays, Festivities * of every kind, and what not? Had I wanted some Diversion from the other Extremity of the Globe, my Inclination would have been gratified instantly. My Felicity was so great, that even the Change of Dress or Furniture affected me no longer. But these Advantages are no more. They were all lost by my own Fault, and, alas! without any Hopes of their ever returning. I am become too odious to *Cupid*, ever to recover his Favour. I don't ask you whether I shall cease to love him, for that would be impossible. Nor do I enquire if I shall destroy myself, this Remedy also is forbid me, my Husband speaking thus.—“Beware of making any Attempt on thy Life.”—Such are the Laws enjoin'd me, and I'm not permitted to free myself from Torture. 'Tis surely the Extremes of Despair, not to be allow'd to free ourselves from it! Should I do this, what Punishment may be expected on the other Side of the Grave? Would you advise me to drag through Life, amid perpetual Alarms, dreading *Venus*, and imagining that I see, every instant, the cruel Ministers of her Fury? Should I fall into her Hands, (and it will be impossible for me to escape them) I shall suffer a Variety of Tortures. Will it not be more prudent for me to rush into a World over which *Venus* does not extend her Power?—'Tis not my In-

* The French is *Délices*, signifying properly an Assemblage of Pleasures or Delights, and answers to the Latin, *Delectæ*. I thought *Festivities* (tho' I am not very well satisfied with this Word) better than *Delights* or *Pleasures*.

tion to plunge a Dagger into my Bosom : Forbid (ye Gods !) that I ever shou'd disobey *Cupid* so far. But suppose I deny myself Sustenance of every kind ? Should I let an Asp discharge its Venom upon me ? In case I meet with some Hemlock *, and lay a little of it on my Tongue , can this be so great a Crime ? Let me, at least, be permitted to pine away with Grief

The Instant she nam'd *Cupid*, the good old Man had rose up , and our Fair-One ceasing to speak, he fell prostrate, and calling her Goddess, was going to make a long Train of Excuses, had not *Psyche* interrupted ; and commanded him, by all the Titles he bestowed upon her, whether of Fair-One, Princess, or Goddess, to sit down and deliver his Opinion freely. She insisted upon his omitting these several Titles (of which he was exceedingly profuse) as these could not be the least Consolation to her

The old Man was too well bred, to contend about Ceremonies, with the God of Love's Bride. Being now seated .— Madam, (says he) your Consort must either have indulg'd you Immortality ; and in this case, to what Purpose would you attempt to destroy yourself ? Or you are still subject to the Law which binds all Mankind. Now two Things are requir'd by this Law . First, that we certainly die, and secondly, that we exert our utmost Endeavours to preserve Life as long as possible. We came into the World equally for both ; and it may be said, that Man is inform'd, at one and the same time, with two opposite Impulses . He runs incessantly towards Death, and flies incessantly from it. We are not permitted to violate this Instinct, which is not done even by the brute Creation. Can any Creature be more miserable than a Bird, who having had a delightful Forest, and the whole Expanse of

* The Original is, *de lacon**, “ *Wolfsbane*.”

the Sky to range in, is afterwards confin'd in a Cage a Foot broad ? And yet the feather'd Captive does not plunge voluntarily out of Life ; so far from it, he warbles sweetly, and endeavours to divert himself. Alas ! Mankind are not so wise ; they have recourse to Suicide : But observe into how many Crimes a single one plunges them First, they destroy the Work of the Creator ; and the lovelier this Work is, the Crime must consequently be the more enormous : Hence reflect how great would be your Guilt Secondly, you distrust Providence, which is another Crime. Are you able to guess what may afterwards be your Lot ? Perhaps Heaven has greater Blessings than those for which you repine, in Store , you possibly will soon be all Extasy, for the unexpected return of your Husband, or rather Lover, for surely his Indignation speaks him such. I have observ'd so many of these fugitive Lovers return presently after, and give Satisfaction to those at whose Behaviour and Conduct they had taken Offence : On the other hand, I have seen such Numbers of unhappy Persons change both their Condition and Opinion, that 'twould argue the highest Imprudence in you, not to allow Fortune time to turn her Wheel. But besides these general Arguments ; call to mind that your Husband has expressly forbid your making any Attempt upon your own Life. Don't pretend to say, that you will destroy yourself with Grief : This would be such a Subterfuge as your own Conscience ought to condemn. I would much rather you should plunge a Dagger into your Bosom. The latter is an instantaneous Crime for which some Excuse may be pleaded, as being the Effect of a sudden Transport , but the former is a Series of Crimes, for which nothing can apologize. I presume you have not been taught such a Doctrine, as that there is no Punishment after Death. Be assur'd there is such a Punishment, and one appointed

pointed particularly for those who force their Souls from their Bodies, instead of permitting them to take their Flight spontaneously *.

I yield,

* As our Author thought these Cautions necessary for his very gay Countrymen (it being well known that a *Frenchman*, whose All is a *Livre*, will be infinitely more chearful than a *Briton*, with a Guinea in his Pocket,) and Self-Murder being so much practis'd in *England*, I shall add some farther Dissuatives from, and a few more Reflexions, as I find them in several eminent Writers.

Many have been the Disputes,

“ *Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer*
 “ *The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune ;*
 “ *Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,*
 “ *And by opposing end them* HAMLET.

An ingenious and philosophical *French Poetess* (*Madame Des-Houlières*) is among those who think it far from arguing a Greatness of Soul, in Persons to lay violent Hands on themselves.

“ *En grandeur de courage on ne se connoît guère,*
 “ *Quand on élève au rang des hommes genereux,*
 “ *Ces Grecs Et ces Romains dont la mort volontaire*
 “ *A rendu les noms si fameux*
 “ *Qu'ont ils fait de si grand ? Ils sortoient de la vie*
 “ *Lorsque de disgraces suivie*
 “ *Elle n'avoit plus rien d'agréable pour eux*
 “ *Par une seule mort ils s'en épargnoient mille*
 “ *Qu'elle elle douce à des cœurs lassez de soupirer !*
 “ *Il est plus grand, plus difficile,*
 “ *De souffrir le malheur que de s'en délivrer*

Poësies de Mad Des-Houlières, p 95, 96, Amsterdam, 1694, 12mo.

Imitated

True Courage was ill understood by those,
 Who, for their Heroes, Greeks and Romans chose ;
 Prais'd them for ending the tumultuous Strife
 That rack'd their Souls, by rushing out of Life
 How were they great ?—Enrag'd they left the World,
 When, to and fro, by adverse Fortune hurl'd ;
 Sick of the Earth, its Joys could charm no more,
 And, by one Death, they daily escap'd a Score.

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I yield, Father, (says *Psyche*) to this last Reflexi-
on ;

*How sweet's its Stroke to those who, ceaseless, sigh ! —
To cope with Ills is nob.er than to fly*

Theseus, in our beautiful Tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, seems to be of Opinion, that a greater Fortitude of Mind is requir'd, to support the Evils of Life, than to plunge voluntarily out of it.

“ *How then to drag a wretched Life beneath*
“ *An endless Round of still returning Woes,*
“ *And all the gnawing Pangs of vain Remorse ?*
“ *What Torment's this ? — Therefore, O greatly thought !*
“ *Therefore do Justice on thy self, — and live ;*
“ *Live above all most infinitely wretched*

Phædra and Hippolitus, by Mr. Smith.

Methinks a Disfunction should be made on this Occasion , by which I mean, that some Persons seem to show Courage in destroying themselves, and others Fear. A few Years since a Gentleman of the Army had recourse to Suicide, tho' in very happy Circumstances, and not oppress'd with Sickness or Misfortunes of any Kind ; he declaring only, that having experienc'd Life in all its Varieties, and tasted the several Pleasures of it, he was quite cloy'd with them , and therefore resolv'd to lay violent Hands on himself, which he did accordingly, leaving a good Fortune behind him. Now this Gentleman appears to me to have shown Courage (tho' very illandably) on this Occasion, for which he yet would have been highly prais'd by the *Romans*, who made a wide Difference between Persons who slew themselves when oppress'd with Calamities ; and others who had recourse to Suicide in the midst of Prosperity, and merely to secure themselves from the Fickleness of Fortune. Such was that aged Lady, whose Death *Valerius Maximus* has describ'd in very pathetic Terms. On the other hand, some seem to rush out of Life from a Principle of Fear , as a Boy, not long since, in *Shadwell*, who, being threaten'd by his Mother, that he should be dragg'd to School and whipp'd severely, was seiz'd with such a Panic, that he went and hang'd himself.

Many Arguments for and against Suicide, are found in our Tragedies. *Racine*, in his *Phèdre*, puts the following moving Expressions in the Mouth of *Oenone*, Confidant to that Queen, to dissuade her from Self-Murder

“ *A quel affreux dessein vous laissez-vous tenter ?*
“ *De quel droit sur vous-même osez-vous attenter ?*

on, for as to entertaining the least Hopes of my
Husband's

" *Vous offensez les Dieux auteurs de v^{otre} vie,*
 " *Vous trahissez l'Epoux à qui la foi vous lie ;*
 " *Vous trahissez enfin vos enfans malheureux,*
 " *Que vous précipitez sous un joug rigoureux*
 " *Songez qu'un même jour leur ravira leur mere,*
 " *Et rendra l'esperance au fils de l'étrangere **

Phèdre, Tragedie, par Mr. Racine, Acte I Sc. 3.

* *Hippolite.*

That is,

Why harbour you so horrid a Design ?
 Say, by what Right would you yourself destroy ?
 The Gods you anger Gods who gave you Being
 You wrong your Husband, break your plighted Vows ;
 You wrong your Children, Nature's sweetest Blessings ;
 And leave them helpless, mid a barb'rous World
 Think, the same Day that robs them of their Mother,
 Will, by their Ruin, raise the Stranger's Son †

† *Hippolitus.*

One of the Reasons which *Brutus* offers to *Colatine*, to dissuade him from Suicide, after his Wife *Lucretia* had stabb'd herself, seems to me much to the purpose.

" *Why Colatine, is Woe the Cure for Woe,*
 " *Do Wounds help Wounds, or Grief help grievous Deeds ?*
 " *Is it Revenge to give thyself a Blow*
 " *For his foul Act, by whom thy fair Wife bleeds ?*
 " *Such childish Humour from weak Minds proceeds.*
 " *Thy wretched Wife mistook the Matter so,*
 " *To slay herself, that should have slain her Foe.*
 The Rape of *Lucrece*, by Mr *William Shakespeare* ;
 p. 129, 130, London 1632

In *Paradise Lost*, Book XI. *Michael* the Archangel gives the following Advice to *Adam*, after his Fall.

" *Nor love thy Life, nor hate, but what thou lov'st*
 " *Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n.*

How pathetically does *Manoa* argue with his Son *Sampson*, whilst a Captive among the *Philistines*, and ready to sink under the Weight of his Calamities !

Husband's ever returning to me, that would be in
vain :

- " *Repent the Sin, but if the Punishment*
 " *Thou canst avoid, Self-preservation bids ;*
 " *Or th' Execution leave to high Disposal,*
 " *And let another Hand, not thine, exact*
 " *Thy penal Forfeit from thyself, perhaps*
 " *God will relent, and quit thee all his Debt ;*
 " *Who evermore approves, and more accepts*
 " *(Best pleas'd with humble and filial Submission)*
 " *Him who imploring Mercy sues for Life,*
 " *Than who self-rigorous chuses Death as due.*

Sampson Agonistes, p 94 Lond. 1680, 8vo.

The Romans were not the only Nation to whom Suicide was familiar, it being sometimes practis'd by the Greeks The Numantines, the Saguntines, the Carthaginians, and the Inhabitants of several other great Cities chose to destroy themselves rather than fall into the Hands of victorious Enemies The Stoicks were Advocates for Self-murder We are assur'd that several Bramins, in India, ascend the funeral Pile when in Health and Vigour ; and 'tis well known that many Indian Women, after losing their Husbands, burn themselves in the same Manner. Valerius Maximus informs us, " That in Mar-
 " seilles a poisonous Liquor was kept publicly ; and given to
 " such Persons as exhibited to the Senate, (and prevail'd with
 " them to approve of) the Reasons which prompted them to
 " leave the World The Senate examin'd the Arguments of-
 " fer'd, with such a Temper or Medium, as neither indulg'd
 " a rash Passion for dying, nor oppos'd a just Desire of quitting
 " this Life, whether such Persons wanted to get rid of the Per-
 " secutions of ill Fortune, or were not willing to run the Ha-
 " zard of losing its Smiles " Our Roman Author thinks this
 " Practice of the Citizens of Marseilles was borrow'd from the
 " Greeks, it being likewise us'd, (adds he) in Cea or Zia, one of
 " the Islands of the Archipelago — We are told that it was the
 " Custom of the People of this Island, to poison themselves ; which
 " Strabo declares, was enacted by a Law, (so that this could
 " not be properly call'd Self-Murder) whereto all Persons turn'd
 " of threescore were oblig'd to submit, in order that there
 " might be Provision for the Survivors. According to Father Pos-
 " sevin, the Japonese permit Men to kill one another, and even
 " to be their own Murderers. " They suppose (adds he) not on-
 " ly that it is an Act agreeable to their Deities, but likewise
 " the certain Way to Deification And hence it is, that very
 " many of the Japonese kill themselves, either by plunging in-
 " to the Water, by burning or burying themselves alive, or by
 " leaping

vain: 'Twill be my Fate to go in Search of him
my whole Life time.

I am

" leaping from the Top of a Rock. Many also rip up their
" Breasts for very slight Reasons, and several Mothers kill their
" own Children " *Possessin. Biblioth. select Tom I p 436.*

A judicious Friend of mine, (Mr *Atkins* of *Playstow* in *Essex*,
who has writ an Essay upon Suicide) informs me, that Negroes
sometimes drown themselves (jump over board) to prevent
Transportation from their native Country He had before ob-
serv'd, that Felons under Sentence of Death, sometimes shudder
less at the fatal Rope, than at the Thoughts of their being dis-
sected or hung in Chams. This being suppos'd true, 'tis no
Wonder that many Women among the *Milesians*, should have
been deterr'd from killing themselves, by the Edict which
enacted, that all such Self-destroyers should be dragg'd naked
thro' the Streets.

To offer Arguments against Suicide, to Persons labouring un-
der Disappointment or Adversity, who have long meditated to
destroy themselves, will, very possibly, be to little Purpose, ma-
ny considering all such as delirious. The Rule (I presume)
should be that of *Ovid*, *principis obsta*, to be upon their Guard
before the Distemper has got to too great a Height. One of
the best Arguments seems to me, to oppose, with a vigorous
Mind, the Attacks of Ill-fortune. " What is there better
" known (says the Earl of *Shaftsbury* in his *Characteristicks*,
" Vol. 2. p. 142) than that at all Times an excessive Fear
" betrays to Danger, instead of saving from it? 'Tis impos-
" sible for any one to act sensibly, and with presence of Mind,
" even in his own Preservation and Defence, when he is strong-
" ly press'd by such a Passion In all extraordinary Emergen-
" cies, 'tis Courage and Resolution saves, whilst Cowardice
" robs us of the Means of Safety, and not only deprives us of
" our defensive Faculties, but even runs us to the Brink of Ru-
" in, and makes us meet that Evil, which of itself would ne-
" ver have invaded us " This Advice is of the same Kind with
that which *Mentor* gives *Telemachus* (Book VI) when, being
buffeted by a Storm, the latter was quite desponding " True
" Courage (says *Mentor*) always hits upon some Expedient 'Tis
" not enough that we submit with Calmness and Resignation to
" Death; but 'tis our Duty to repulse, with the utmost Vigour, its
" Attacks " How emphatically does he speak afterwards, when
they were suppos'd to be tossing up and down the Sea, and riding
upon a Mast — " 'Tis the Gods you ought to fear, not the Sea!
" Tho' you were in its lowest Depths, the Hand of *Jupiter*
" could draw you from them. Tho' you were in *Olympus*, be-
" holding

I am of a different Opinion, said the old Man ;
and

“ holding the Stars under your Feet, yet *Jove* could plunge
“ you into their deepest Abysses, or hurl you headlong into the
“ Flames of *Tartarus*

As 'tis far from my Design to enforce the Practice of Suicide, I shall not introduce any of the Reasons alledg'd by the Favourers of it. These Reasons, how strong soever they may appear to them, should (methinks) yield to the two following, which *la Fontaine* has just glanc'd at. 1st, The unexpected Changes in Things, which sometimes are seen here below ; and 2^{dly}, Our Uncertainty with regard to what may be our Fate, after our leaving this World With respect to the first Article ; as these Changes sometimes happen very unaccountably, they consequently are far from being impossible. A Person therefore oppress'd with a Series of ill Fortune, and tortur'd with perpetual Disappointments, does not know but that some grateful Vicissitude may dart forth the next Moment , and that, from being the most wretched, he may come to be the happiest of Mortals I will confess, however, that to many Persons who have been long Sufferers, the Doctrine of Patience may be found extremely unpalatable (unless we suppose some benign, invisible Power, whispering Peace to the Soul) and that of expecting a happy Change a mere Chimæra ; for which Reason I would lay a much greater Stress on the second Motive And this is, Our Uncertainty with regard to what may be our Lot on the other Side of the Grave ; a Consideration which doubtless is a Check to many

— “ *Who would Fardels bear,*
“ *To groan and sweat under a weary Life ?*
“ *But that the Dread of something after Death,*
“ *The undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourn*
“ *No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,*
“ *And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,*
“ *Than fly to others that we know not of.*

HAMLET.

Tho' we have no mathematical Proof of the Soul's Immortality, there yet are negative Ones enough to deter us from committing an Action which, very possibly, may be attended with the most fatal Consequences A Person who reflects seriously on the Nature of the divine Being, and considers the Turn and Complexion of Things in this Life, may naturally conclude that there is another “ To one who carefully peruses the Story
“ and Face of the World, what appears to prevail in it, is it
“ not Corruption, Vice, Iniquity, Folly, at least ? Are not
— debauching

and firmly persuaded, on the contrary, that he will
go

“ debauching, getting *per fas aut nefas*, defaming one another,
“ erecting Tyrannies of one kind or other, propagating empty
“ and senseless Opinions with bawling and Fury, the great Bu-
“ siness of this World ? And are not all these contrary to Rea-
“ son ? Can any one then with Reason imagine, that Reason
“ should be given, tho’ it were but to a few, only to be run
“ down and trampled upon, and then extinguish’d ? May we
“ not rather conclude, that there must be some World, where
“ Reason will have its Turn, and prevail and triumph ? Some
“ Kingdom of Reason to come ?” *Woollaston’s Religion of Na-
ture delineated*, pag. 207, 208, *London*. 1725, 4to.

To this second Motive, I would add our Ignorance in Na-
ture and its Laws (our Knowledge extending no farther than
the Superficies of Things, notwithstanding all the noble Dis-
coveries in Physicks) and in the secret Workings of Providence,
which is a Mystery, a Clue, the human Mind can never un-
ravel.

“ *All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;*

“ *All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see :*

“ *All Discord, Harmony not understood*

“ *All partial Evil, universal Good*

Mr POPE’s Essay on Man, Epist. I.

The Result of these Arguments is, That ’tis our great Inter-
est not to interfere with the Decrees of the Creator ; but to
arm ourselves with all the Fortitude possible, and continue upon
this Earth so long as he shall think fit to station us here.

“ *Hope humbly then, with trembling Pinions soar ;*

“ *Wait the great Teacher Death, and God adore !*

Mr. POPE’s Essay on Man, Epist. I.

I shall observe by the Way, that some Persons are so over-run
with Prejudices, that they inveigh in the most bitter Terms against
All in general who lay violent Hands upon themselves But surely
a Distinction should be made on this Occasion ; between Those
who have recourse to this sad Expedient, after having ruin’d them-
selves by a Series of Debaucheries and infamous Actions ; and O-
thers who, tho’ they have taken all the laudable Methods possible
to support themselves, yet find, by an unexpected and unaccount-
able Disposition of Things, the Stream of Fortune run perpetually
against them. If the former don’t deserve our Pity, the latter
surely merit it in the highest Degree That the noblest Efforts of
Virtue are sometimes unsuccessful ; and the meanest, and basest

go in quest of you. How exquisite then will be
your

Endeavours of Vice prosperous, are evident to all who look a little into the World This made *Claudian* break into the fine Reflexions with regard to Providence, found in his Poem against *Rufinus* The Poet in question tells us, that when he look'd towards the Skies, and consider'd the beautiful and regular Order seen in Nature, he thence was firmly persuaded, that the Universe must be govern'd by the wise Laws of a divine Being, but that when he turn'd his Eyes downward, and survey'd the State of Things on this Globe of ours; when he reflected that Vice is often triumphant, and Virtue trampled under Foot, he was apt to join with *Epicurus*, and to infer that all Things are directed by Chance —I must observe, however, that the evil End of *Rufinus*, Favourite to *Theodosius* the Emperor, reconcil'd *Claudian* to the Dispensations of Providence; and made him conclude, that first-rate Villains are rais'd very high, with no other Design than to make their Fall the greater: A Dispensation which Monsieur *Bayle* has combatted The second kind of Self-murderers hinted at above (those who have led a Life of Virtue) not only claim our Compassion on Account of their Ext; but likewise from a Consideration of the Tortures they, in all probability, were rack'd with, whilst they were meditating to destroy themselves! Tortures, if possible, more cruel than those which the unhappy *French* Lady felt; who thus addresses her Embrio (brought forth by an abortive Remedy) the Fruits of an Intrigue with a Nobleman.

SONNET de *Monfi. HENAUT.*

Toy qui meurs avant que de naître,
Assemblée confus de l'être & du néant,
Triste croûton, informe enfant,
Rebut du néant & de l'être :
Toy que l'amour fit par un crime,
Et que l'honneur defait par un crime à son tour;
Funeste ouvrage de l'amour,
De l'honneur funeste victime .

Donne fin aux remors par qui tu t'es vengé,
Et du fond du néant où je t'ai replongé,
N'entretiens point l'horreur dont ma faute est suivie.

Deux tirans opposez ont décidé ton sort :
L'amour malgré l'honneur t'a fait donner la vie :
L'honneur malgré l'amour te fait donner la mort.

Oeuvres diverses, par le Sieur D H***. pag. 237,
Paris, 1670, 12mo. This Book is scarce, and the
above Sonnet is very famous.

Imitated

your Joy! But I would advise you to stay (some
few

Imitated

O thou, whose Eyes were clos'd in Death's pale Night,
Ere Fate reveal'd thee to my aching Sight!
Ambiguous Something! by no Standard fix'd;
Frail Span! of Naught and of Existence mix'd.
Embrio! imperfect as my tort'ring Thought;
Sad Outcast of Existence and of Naught.

Thou who, from guilty Love, receiv'd'st thy Frame;
Whom guilty Honour kills, to hide its Shame!
Dure Offspring, form'd by Love's too-pleasing Pow'r;
Honour's dure Victim, in a luckless Hour

Soften the Pangs which still revenge thy Doom,
Nor, from the dark Abyss of Nature's Womb,
Where back I've hurl'd thee, let revolving Time,
Call up past Scenes, to aggravate my Crime

Two adverse Tyrants, ul'd thy wayward Fate,
(Thyself the Sacrifice to their dire Hate)
Love, spite of Honour's Dictates, gave thee Breath;
Honour, in spite of Love, pronounc'd thy Death

May I be permitted, after this prolix and melancholy Detail, to imitate our Players, who, as has been observ'd, to take off from the Gloom and Severity of a Tragedy, conclude the Night's Entertainment with a Comedy or Farce? However this be, I will venture to relate the following Incident, as told in some French Memoirs, the Title of which I have forgot When Lewis XIV. was attempting to pass the Rhine in 1672, a Field Officer taking out a Pistol, levell'd it at a Person who was going to rush one of the first into the River. " 'Twou'd " be happy (says he) for you to drown yourself A Wretch " who is over Head and Ears in Debt, as you are, may very " well not be afraid of Death, but first pay me the two thou- " sand Louis you owe me, and afterwards plunge headlong to Old Nick, if you will

Tho' the following Sonnet is not of so humorous a Cast as the above Narrative, it yet may not displease

La Passion vaincue SONNET.

*La bergere Liris sur les bords de la Seine,
Se plaignoit l'autre jour d'un volage berger.
Après tant de sermens peux tu rompre ta chaîne,
Perfide, disoit-elle, es-tu bien changer?*

Puisqu'

few Days, at least) in this Hermitage. You here may study Wisdom, and endeavour to know yourself. You shall lead the same Life as I myself have done for many Years; a Life to me so blissfully calm, that should Jove himself offer to change Conditions, I would reject the Proposal instantly *.

But

*Puisqu'au mépris des Dieux tu peux te dégager ;
Que ta flamme est éteinte, & ma bonte certaine,
Sur moi-même de toi je saurai me vanger,
Et ces flots finiront mon amour & ma peine.*

*A ces mots résolue à se précipiter,
Elle bâte ses pas, & sans plus consulter,
Elle alloit satisfaire une fatale envie*

*Mais bientôt s'étonnant des horreurs de la mort,
Je suis folle, dit-elle, en s'éloignant du bord :
Il est tant de bergers, & je n'ai qu'une vie.*

Recueil du Pere Bouhours, p. 52, Paris 1693.

Imitated.

Well-judging P H Y L L I S.

*Near Thames' green Banks, a lowe-lorn Nymph reclin'd,
Thus tax'd her Thyrsis, various as the Wind :—
Hast thou, perfidious Youth, thy Oaths forgot ?
And must the mournful Willow be my Lot ?*

*Since thou, contemning Gods, thy Vows hast broke,
Sported with Love, and made my Fame thy Joke ;
Dreadful Revenge, on thee, I now have chose,
For soon these Waves shall end my Life and Woes*

*This said ; she hasted to the sounding Flood,
And, leadd'ring, o'er its flow'ry Margin stood ;
The Tear of Anguish starting in her Eye ;
Resolv'd to plunge, she vents a dismal Sigh.*

*But, in his Terrors, whilst grim Death appears,
She cries ; (her waw'ring Mind o'erspread with Fears .)
'Tis Madness all !—I'll fly back to the Plains ;
I've but one Life ; and there's a Choice of Swains.*

* How strongly has Cowley painted (in his *City and Country Mouse*, imitated from *Horace*) the Distractions inseparable from ambitious Pursuits ; the false Pleasures of Grandeur ; and the
tumultuous

But what was it, (replied *Psyche*) that determin'd you to pass your Days in so deep a Solitude? Will you permit me to request the relation of your Adventures?

I will gratify your Curiosity, replied the old Man, in few Words. I liv'd in the Court of a Monarch, who took a Delight in hearing me; and honour'd me with the Employment of chief Philosopher to his Household. I not only was happy in the Royal Smiles, but had Wealth sufficient. My Family consisted wholly in one Person whom I lov'd with the utmost Tendernefs; I having lost my dear Wife many Years before. I had a Daughter whose Beauty was enchanting, tho' not to be compar'd to Yours. I educated her in Sentiments of Virtue suitable to our Condition, and the Life which I myself profess'd. She was no ways a Coquet; her Mind was not tortur'd by Ambition, nor yet had she the least Tincture of the Prude. My View was, to make her an easy and useful Companion for a Husband, rather than a Mistress to entertain Ad-

tumultuous Life led in Cities. And, on the other hand, the solid Content, the sweet Satisfaction found in rural Cottages, when Nature has wherewithal to satisfy her Wants! How pathetically does the *Country-Mouse*, after a Banquet (past amid Alarms) to which she had been invited in the City, wish again for her homely, but calm Retreat in the Shades.

“ Give me again, ye Gods! my Cave and Wood.

“ With Peace, let Tares and Acorns be my Food.

The admirable Pictures which *Virgil* and *Horace* have drawn of the Country Life, the former in his *Orus quando ego te aspiciam*; and the latter in his *Beatus ille qui pro ul negotiis*, are well known. A Proof that they are no less just than pleasing, is the passionate Fondness with which elegant Minds have retir'd, in all Ages, during the beautiful Season of the Year, to Solitudes, there to feast calmly on simple, unadulterated Nature; and, hid from the rest of the World, to enjoy their own Thoughts, study themselves, and contemplate the Works of their Creator.

mirers. These excellent Qualities soon invited all the great Lords of the Court to pay their Addresses to her; but the General of the King's Armies was prefer'd to the rest of the Suitors, and accordingly became her Husband. The very Day after their Nuptials he grew jealous of his Bride, and set Spies and Guards about her; silly Creature! not to know, that if a Wife is not restrain'd by Virtue, 'tis to no Purpose to environ her with such. My Daughter would have been wretched many Years, had it not been for the Casualties of War, her Husband losing his Life in a Battle, leaving behind him a Girl whom you just now saw, and his Wife big with the other. Her Grief was stronger than the remembrance of her Husband's cruel Treatment, and Time triumph'd over Grief. At last my Daughter resum'd her wonted Chearfulness, she talking as delightfully, and appearing as beautiful as ever; but she still was firmly determin'd to continue in Widow-hood, and even die rather than venture upon a second Husband.

But now the Wooers return'd, and made their Addresses as before. My House was croud'd with troublesome Suitors, of whom the most importunate was the King's Son. My Daughter, who greatly disslik'd all these Proceedings, desir'd I would beg leave to retire, as a Recompence for my past Services; and I accordingly obtain'd Permission for that Purpose. Immediately we set out for a Country-Seat of mine, but were soon follow'd by the Wooers, who got thither at the same time with us. The little Hopes we had of escaping their Importunities, oblig'd us to leave these rural Scenes, where no Sanctuary could protect from Love, and seek One among the neighbouring People: But this occasion'd Wars, and did not rid us of the Suitors; those of the District in question pestering us more than any. At last we retir'd with few Attendants,

to a Desert; leaving our Equipage behind, and carrying with us only a small parcel of Books, that our Flight might be less taken notice of. The recess we had chosen was very remote, but this in which we now reside is infinitely more so. During two Days we liv'd quite easy and undisturb'd; but the third our Haunt was discover'd. One Wooer came to us and enquir'd the Way, Another shelter'd himself from the Rain under our Hutt. This griev'd us excessively; so that we did not now expect any Satisfaction and Comfort but in *Elysium*. I therefore advis'd my Daughter to marry; but she besought me to stay till she should be sentenc'd, upon pain of Death, to the Hymeneal Bonds, and then she would have chosen the former, rather than a Husband. She confess'd that the Importunity of Suitors was very grievous; but declar'd, that the Tyranny of a bad Husband is so horrid, that neither Words, nor even Fancy, could paint it. For this Reason, she intreated me not to be uneasy about her, assuring me, that she would be Proof against the insidious Compliments and Flattery of Suitors; and added, that if they should at last endeavour to force her to marry, she would rather die. Finding her fix'd in this Resolution, I importun'd her no longer.

One Night, after falling asleep on this Reflexion, Philosophy appear'd to me in a Dream.—I will rid thee (says she) of all thy Discomforts Follow me. I obey'd, when we travers'd the several Places through which I led you; and she conducted me to the very Threshold of this Habitation—This, (says she) is the only Spot where it will be possible for thee to find Rest. The Image of the Place, and of the Way we had taken, were strongly imprinted in my Memory. I wak'd with the utmost Satisfaction, and, next Day, related the whole Vision to my Daughter; observing, as we wander'd,
that

that the Way through which Philosophy had conducted me, terminated at our Hutt. More Words would be superfluous. We resolv'd to comply with the several Particulars suggested by the Vision. Accordingly we dismiss'd our Servants, and fled with these two Girls ; the eldest of them being but six Years old, and the younger in Arms. After going through the same Fatigues as you did, we at last arriv'd under these Rocks. Having settled my Family here, I went backwards and forwards, to fetch the few Moveables you see in my Abode, and my Books. With regard to our remaining Rings and Money, they had been lodg'd by us securely before. Hitherto we have not wanted them ; the Places in the Neighbourhood of the River furnishing us with Food ; very healthy if not luxurious. I there catch Fish, which I sell at a Town not visible from hence, it being situated behind this Mountain. I am not known to any Person in that Town, my Fish being bought up, the Instant I come into the Market. All the Citizens in question abound in Riches, are great Epicures, and vastly indolent. They can scarce ever be prevail'd upon to stir out of its Walls *, and therefore how should they disturb me ; unless your Consort should take it into his Head to think of us, and send Wooers hither, from that or some other Quarter ? Suitors will force their Way every where, whence 'tis no Wonder that their Protector should have Wings. My Girls (you may perceive) are of an Age to dread his Power. I cannot say, however, whether they consider the Passion of Love in the same Light as

* We may observe, how careful our Author is of Verisimilitude on this Occasion, he representing the Inhabitants of this Town as excessively indolent ; otherwise it would not have been probable, that his Family could have secreted themselves so long.

their Mother always did. Such Madam †, were the Motives of my retiring to this Hermitage.—The old Man concluded with a Panegyric on Solitude, and expatiated very much on the happy Life he enjoy'd.

But good Father, (says *Psyche*) is this Solitude, on which you bestow such high Encomiums, so very blissful? Is it possible that neither you nor your Daughters were tir'd with it. What have you been doing for these ten Years—Preparing ourselves (replied the old Man) for the next Life. We have meditated on the Faults and Errors to which Mankind are subject, and spent a great part of our Time in Study.

You'll never be able to persuade me, replied *Psyche*, but that just Grandeur and innocent Pleasures are preferable to your present Course of Life.

True Grandeur, reply'd the old Man, is, (in the Eye of Philosophy) to govern our Passions; and true Pleasure, to enjoy ourselves *. Now all this is found in Solitude, and scarce any where else. I won't pretend to say, that it would suit all People: To me 'tis a Happiness, to you 'twould be an Evil. A Person, in the Composition of whose Frame Heaven has bestowed so much Art and Care, should do Honour to her Creator, and not chuse a Desert for the Seat of her Empire.

Alas! (Father) says our Heroine with a deep Sigh; wherefore talk to me of Empire? I, who

† The Title (*Madam*) is noways improper here, as both *this* and that of *Monsieur*, seem to me, on many other Occasions As in the *French* Catholic Pulpits (for Instance) when the Preacher addresses his Congregation with the Term *Messieurs*, "Gentlemen" Farther, methinks the giving the appellation of *Madam*, in *French* Tragedies founded on a *Greek* or *Roman* Story, to the Heroines of those Dramas, is as much out of character, as for them to appear on the Stage in Hoop-Petticoats, or the Heroes of Antiquity in full-bottom'd Perukes.

* How excellent are these Maxims!

am a hapless Slave to my Enemy. What would you have me reign over? I never shall be able to conquer my own Heart, nor that of *Cupid*; and to triumph over any other, is a Glory I no ways value. Saying these Words, she gave him a succinct Account of her own Adventures.

Having ended: You may now perceive (says she) the just Reasons I have to dread *Venus*. However, I am determin'd to go in search of my Husband before the Day is ended. The Smart he feels, will not let me enjoy a Moment's Rest. But tell me, (good Father) are you not acquainted with some *Nostrum*, which may heal him instantly, and without Pain?—Here the old Man could not forbear smiling.—Tho' I have studied (says he) Simples, Compositions and Minerals, all my Life-time, I yet have not been able to discover a Remedy for one single Evil. But can you think that the Gods do not possess enough of such? They necessarily must have excellent Remedies, and good Physicians too, since Death has no Power over them. Let therefore your only Concern be, how to recover your Consort, and on this Occasion you must have Patience. Let him sleep over his Wrath. Shou'd you venture to appear in his Presence, before Time shall have mollified his Resentment, you very possibly may meet with a Repulse; a Circumstance which would be of very dangerous Consequence to your future Welfare. When once a Husband has taken it into his Head to be angry, and hard to please, he (whilst the Fit lasts) will break off and fly out, upon every little Occasion*.

Psyche complied with his Advice, and spent a

* I am not quite satisfied with my paraphrastical Version of this Passage, which appears to me delicate and difficult. The Original is, *Quand les maris se sont fâchez une fois, Et qu'ils ont fait une fois les difficiles, la mutinerie ne leur coûte plus rien après.*

Week in this Solitude, but without finding the Ease and Comfort which the kind Host had promis'd her. Not but the Conversation of the venerable Sage, and even that of the young Maidens, sometimes charm'd her Anguish; but she presently would fall again a sighing, on which Occasion the old Man never fail'd to observe, that Grief must necessarily cloud the Lustre of her Charms, her only remaining Blessing, and which, (he declar'd) would infallibly restore to her every Other. This Argument made a deeper Impression on our Heroine than any which had yet been employ'd *.

Psyche

* This agrees with Mr de St Evremond's Remark, in his Reflexions (Vol I.) on the Complacency which the Fair entertain with regard to their Beauty. "Nothing is so natural to handsome Women, as the Pleasure they take in their own Charms. They are struck with Self-delight before they delight others. They are the first who discover their own Beauty, and first love themselves upon that Account." I know not whether the Ladies may think themselves oblig'd to this ingenious Writer for what he adds afterwards. "A beautiful Woman will be more solicitous about preserving her Charms, than of retaining her Lover, the Tenderness she feels for a Heart subdued by her, is fainter, in proportion, than the Pride she takes in what may win her every other. 'Tis not but a Lover may be dear to a fine Woman, but 'tis natural that she should be sooner consol'd for the Loss of a beloved Object, than for the Ruin of that which gains her the Love of others.—The last Tears which drop from lovely Eyes, are to weep for their departed Lustre. Of all Hearts, the only One which sighs for lost Beauty, is that of the wretched Creature who once possess'd it.—The celebrated Malherbe, after employing all the Arguments he could think of, to console a Lady for the Death of her Husband, has recourse to the following, as concluding it the strongest

"*Que vous ont fait ces beaux Chereux,*
 "*Dignes objets de tant de vœux,*
 "*Pour enflammer votre colère,*
 "*Et devenus vos ennemis,*
 "*Recevoir l'injuste salaire,*
 "*D'un crime qu'ils n'ont point commis ?*

Psyche not only entertain'd our Sage with her Passion, but would sometimes ask Advice of inanimate Things; she importuning the Trees and Rocks.

The old Man had struck out a long, shady Visto in the Center of the Forest, where a little Light darted in only at Top. On each Side of the Alley were Bowers, in which a Maiden might sleep with little Danger to her Virtue. The Forest in question was not haunted by *Pan*, or any other of the Sylvan Deities, they thinking it too wild and unfrequented. This commodious Solitude soothing the Sorrows of our Fair-One, she breath'd them in Verse, and sung her melancholy Lays to the Beech-Trees. Now the various poetical Images, with which she had been entertain'd by the Nymphs, occur'd to her Memory. The Strains suggested on this Occasion were to the following Purpose.

*O how past Scenes of Bliss employ
The Mind, and thence fresh Tortures breed!
Hard Lot, that to such rapt'rous Joy
A Train of Woes should thus succeed!
Why was I happy made by Fate,
Ere I by heedless Guilt was curst?
Ah Cupid! if thou once could'st hate,
Tell me, why didst thou love at first?*

*Why, rather, not with Terrors fright?
Such Usage had been less unkind.
What now avails to fly my Sight,
Since thy dear Image fills my Mind?*

Imitated

On those bright Locks which all admire,
Why, (Fair-One) thus discharge such Ire?
This, if you love your Charms, assuage.
Guiltless, they should not feel your Rage

Had

*Had I survey'd but half thy Charms,
 Less painful far had been my Smart ·
 But I've seen all — I've seen the Arms
 Which triumph'd o'er my captive Heart.*

*I've Beauty seen, when sleeping round,
 The Graces rais'd th'enchanting View.
 Sweet Pleasures, in Remembrance found,
 Me to these lonely Wilds pursue.
 Deep in my Mind past Joys contrive
 To aggravate my bleeding Pain.
 Says Mem'ry, Nymph, canst thou survive
 This Loss, and ceaseless Pangs sustain ?*

*Yet must I still prolong my Tears :
 This Cupid bids, and I obey .
 Must spare a Life, tho' spent in Tears,
 Which all my inmost Soul betray !
 The Charmer, now, alas ! my Foe,
 Frowning, restrains th'uplifted Steel,
 Whose Point, kind Friend to tort'ring Woe,
 Wou'd end the dire Remorse I feel.*

*Thus to the Trees, with fruitless Moans,
 Sad Psyche breath'd her Sorrows past ·
 Her doleful Cries pierc'd ev'n the Stones,
 Rough Tenants of the dreary Waste.
 Ye Rocks ! in hollow Groans express
 The Anguish of her heaving Sighs !
 Think on the Tears which dire Distress,
 Forc'd from her Soul-delighting Eyes ! **

This

* If our Author's Prose, especially the humorous Parts of it, is difficult to render into *English* ; his Verse is much more so, and particularly that of the Lyric Kind. The *French* heroic is much the easiest, as it falls into near the same Measure in *English*, but with this Difficulty to a Translator, who would render closely, (Line for Line) and at the same time with Spirit, that our heroic Verse consists but of ten Syllables, whereas

This was almost the only Pleasure she took. Once however, her own Curiosity, and that natural to the

that of the *French* has twelve ; consequently such a Version must be closer, and sometimes more nervous than the Original, a Circumstance which is the more valuable, as Words are apt to multiply, when turn'd from one Language into another.

But in Lyric Numbers, the Difficulty increases, since the Translator is usually not guided by the Lines, as in heroic Verse, but is frequently oblig'd to change, in his Version, the whole Cast of the Poem ; and vary, as to the Length of the Lines, the Rhymes, and the whole Turn of the Stanza. The rendering after this Manner, is not properly Translation, but Imitation. To illustrate this, in some measure, I shall here give the Original of the little Poem in the Text, tho' very probably much to my own Disadvantage, as it exhibits a beautiful Simplicity, which, on many Occasions, may be lost or disguis'd, in my Imitation.

*Que nos pl-irs passiez augmentent nos supplices !
Qu'il est dur d'éprouver, après tant de délices,
Les cruautés du sort !
Falloit-il être heureuse, avant qu'être coupable ?
Et si de me haïr, Amour, tu fus capable,
Pourquoi m'aimer d'abord ?*

*Que ne punissois-tu mon crime par avance ?
Il est bien temps d'ôter à mes yeux ta présence,
Quand tu luis dans mon cœur !
Encore si j'ignorois la moitié de tes charmes !
Mais je les ai tous vus ; j'ai vu toutes les armes
Qui te rendent vainqueur.*

*J'ai vu la beauté même, & les graces dormantes,
Un doux souvenir de cent choses charmantes,
Me suit dans les deserts
L'image de ces biens rend mes maux cent fois pires
La mémoire me dit Quoi, Psyché, tu respires
Après ce que tu perds ?*

*Cependant il faut vivre. Amour m'a fait défense
D'attenter sur des jours qu'il tient en puissance,
Tout malheureux qu'ils sont
Le cruel cœur, hélas ! que mes mains soient captive,
Je n'ose me soustraire aux peines excessives
Que mes remords me font.*

the Fair-Sex, prompted *Psyche* to listen to a secret Conversation between our two Shepherdesses. The old Man permitted his eldest Grand-daughter to peruse certain amorous Fables, wrote in that Age, and pretty much in the Taste of our modern Romances; but had expressly forbid this Study to her younger Sister, who being of a sprightly Disposition, he concluded that Nature was but too prompt in her. Such is the Conduct of Mothers at this time, they carefully hide all Books of that kind from their Daughters, to prevent their discovering what Love is: A Conduct which, however, I take to be erroneous, and even to no purpose, Nature serving as an *Ovid* * to young Girls. All they get by this is a little Time; and in Fact, they don't gain any.— A Maiden who is a Stranger to Reading, does not imagine that the other Sex will attempt to deceive her, and is thereby the sooner impos'd upon 'Tis in Love as in Gaming: Prudence requires us to learn the several Tricks of the latter, not to practice, but to prevent our being over-reach'd by them. Should Heaven ever send you Daughters, by all means let them read †.

*C'est ainsi qu'en un bois Psyché contoit aux arbres
Sa douleur dont l'excès faisoit fendre les marbres,
Habitans de ces lieux,
Rochers, qui l'écoutiez avec quelque tendresse,
Souvenez-vous des pleurs qu'au fort de sa tristesse,
Ont versé ses beaux yeux.*

* The Original is, *la Nature servant d'Astrée*. “ Nature being a second *Astræa* ;” alluding to the Romance so entitled. But I thought it better to substitute, in *English*, *Ovid*, as being more known to the *British* Fair

† When the Author of the *Adventures of Joseph Andrews* &c observes, Part IV Ch VII of that entertaining Work, that, “ at the Age of seven, or something earlier, Miss is instructed by her Mother, that Master is a very monstrous kind of Animal, who will, if she suffers him to come too near her, infallibly eat her up, and grind her to Pieces ;” he seems to be of the same Opinion with *la Fontaine* on this Occasion

Our two Shepherdesses were holding a Conference in a remote Corner, and *Psyche* was sitting unperceiv'd, at a little Distance from them ; when the younger Maiden spoke thus to the Other — Dear Sister, give me some little Comfort. I cannot, for my Life, fancy myself so handsome as I was : Don't you think *Psyche's* Presence has very much lessen'd both your Beauty and mine ? Before she came hither, I us'd to delight in looking at myself, but now this gives me no Pleasure.—You must not look at yourself any more, says the elder Sister.—That I shall beforc'd to do, replied the younger ; otherwise how will it be possible for me to dress as I should do ? You surely don't imagine that Girls are like Flowers, which settle and dispose their Leaves without the Assistance of a Looking-Glass * ? Should I happen

* We must suppose this was brought to the imaginary Hermitage, by the old Man, with the other few Moveables Being so very scrupulous, 'tis much he should be imagin'd to let his Daughters use a Piece of Furniture, which administers so often to Vanity ; except he reflected, that one of the first Things which even a very little Girl shall find out, is something to view her Face in, and admire herself ; and that a Spring or Brook, in the deepest Solitudes, is seldom wanting for this purpose. Looking-Glasses, if we may credit Mr *Giffet*, a delightful French Poet now living, are us'd in Places, where, of all others, one would have least expected there should be any, I mean Nunneries. In *Ver-Vert*, a very ingenious, Mock-Heroic Poem of this Author's, what follows is told concerning a Parrot (the Hero of it) who is said to live in a Convent, where he was very much fondled by the Nuns

*A son réveil, de la fraîche Nonette
Libre témoin, il voyoit la Toilette,
Je dis Toilette, & je le dis tout bas
Où, quelque part j'ai lu qu'il ne fout pas
Aux fronts voilés des miroirs moins fideles
Qu'aux fronts ornés de poupon, & dentelles.
Ainsi qu'il est pour le Monde & les Cours,
Un art, un goût de modes & d'atours,
Il est aussi des modes pour le voile,
Il est un art de donner d'heureux tour.
A l'étamine, à la plus simple toile.*

Sourvent

happen to be met by some Person who might not like me !—Be met in this Desert ! (says the Elder) you really make me laugh—I am sensible (replied the younger) that it will be exceedingly difficult for any one to get to this Forest, but still that is not Impossible. *Psyche* has no Wings, nor have we any, and yet we are met here. But now we are

*Souvent l'effain des folâtres amours,
Effain qui sçait franchir guilles Et tours,
Donne aux bandeaux une grace piquante,
Un air galant à la guimpe flotante
Enfin, avant de paroître au parloir,
On doit au moins deux coups d'oeil au miroir.
Ceci soit dit entre nous, en silence
Ver-Vert, ou le Voyage du Perroquet de Nevers.
Poeme Heroique, Chant I*

Imitated

POLL, when he wak'd, at Ease survey'd
The Toilette of the blooming Maid
Yes Toilette !—this I whisp'ring tell —
For Nuns,—as prating Fame says well,—
No less, in Glasses, view the Face,
Than Nymphs whom Flow'rs adorn and Lace.
For, as Court-Ladies have a Mode,
(On It each darling Thought's bestow'd)
So Sisters prink themselves with Care,
And give, to coarsest Coiffs, an Au.

Here when the Loves (a sportive Band,
Whose Wiles, not Cloister-Grates withstand)
Glide,—Lo! the Kerchief sprightlier lies,
And the plain Head-cloth points the Eyes.
In short, 'ere Nuns to Parlour go,
The Mirror claims a Peep or so.

Strange all ! yet true — A Boon I crave
Is —keep this silent as the Grave

Besides *la Fontaine*, who is so famous for the graceful Simplicity of his Thoughts, and the easy Turn of his Verse, there are four more French Poets, of the same kind, whose Compositions, tho', perhaps, not inferior to those of the Antients, are yet little known among us, I mean *Chapelle*, *Chaulieu*, *la Farié*, and *Gresset* abovemention'd.

talking of *Psyche*; what do those Words engrav'd by her on our Beech-trees signify? Why did my Father intreat her not to explain them to me? Why does she sigh continually? Who is this *Cupid* she declares to be so dear to her?—It must be her Brother, replied the elder.—Her Brother! (replied the younger) that I'll lay any Wager he is not. Pray, wou'd you yourself make such a Fuss about a Brother?—'Tis then her Husband, replied the elder?—I understand you, continued the younger: But do Husbands drop ready made from the Clouds *? Are they not something else e're they appear here? What was *Cupid* to his Wife before they married? This is what I want to know.—And this is what I won't tell you, replied her Sister: I am order'd to the contrary —But how would you be surpriz'd (said the younger Maiden) should I know it already! 'Tis a Word I have hit upon without its being so much as hinted to me by any Body *Cupid* was *Psyche's* Lover first, and afterwards her Husband.—What does Lover mean? (cried the elder Sister) Are there such Things as Lovers in the World?—Are there any! (Replied the younger,) a very pretty Question indeed: Has not your Heart yet whisper'd this to you? For these six Months mine has entertain'd me with nothing else —What's that you say, little Huffy? (replied her Sister) Should our Grandfather over-hear you, he'd chide you to some purpose.—Is there any Harm in what I say? added the younger Shepherdess. But sweet Sister! (continued she) throwing her Arms about her Neck; tell me, (I conjure you) what is it you read in Books?—I must not tell you, says the elder.—For that very reason, replied the younger, I have a longing De-

* The Simplicity of this Question is very pretty in the Original: *Mais les maris viennent-ils au monde tout faits?* I am afraid I have not done Justice to it.

fire to know. I'm quite weary of being a silly, ignorant Girl. I am resolv'd to beseech my Father to take me, one of these Days, to the Town : And the very first Time *Psyche* talks to herself (which she does often when alone) I'll certainly hide, and listen to her *.

There

* This Conversation, between the two Sisters, may perhaps put the Reader in Mind of three Characters (*Miranda*, *Dorinda*, and *Hippolito*) in the *Tempest*, or the *enchanted Island*, the two first of whom had never seen a Man, nor the last mention'd a Woman. In 1740, a Dramatic Piece, in one Act, entitled *l'Oracle*, and play'd at the King's Theatre, entertain'd all *Paris* for several Months. In this Drama, *Lucinda* and *Alcindor*, said to be brought up in different Parts of a Fairy-Palace, are suppos'd to meet, the first time that either of them had seen any thing resembling the human Species.—The Dialogue between those two Characters, and the Fairy, seems to me pretty ; tho' some might consider it as bordering on the *Infantine* : and the celebrated *Mademoiselle Goffin*, who play'd *Lucinda*, acted with such an amiable Grace as charm'd the Spectators.

How sprightly a Relation have we, of the Effect which a Kiss, unprinted by *Alcindor* on *Lucinda's* Hand as she lay on a Bed of Flowers, had on the Fair-One's Mind. *Lucinda* is suppos'd to tell the above Incident to the Fairy, who was endeavouring to persuade her, that all Things she saw (not excepting *Alcindor*) were mere Machines. “ No, 'twas not Illusion, 'twas not a “ Dream, his Lips stuck to my Hand, but alas ! he then vanish'd “ swift as Lightning — How delightful an Union, how great “ a Fondness did I just now perceive between two little Birds ! “ They were perch'd on the same Spray. They warbled to “ one another ; they shot mutual Glances ; but such Glances “ as I never saw till then ; such as never pass'd between you “ and I. Their Melody was succeeded by a few Moments of “ Silence ; but they soon began to sing again ; or rather to answer one another with so much Ardour !—They cannot be “ mere Machines, an inward Sensation felt by me at the Sight “ of those two Birds, contradicts what you say in that particular. For, could I have catch'd them, — — — — — “ — — — — I would have set them together in my “ Bed-chamber, and taken the utmost Care of them — Ye pretty little Choristers ! you cannot surely be Machines ; you certainly must be endued with Sensation ; and be vastly delighted “ to pass, in one another's Company, the live-long Day, perch'd “ on the same Branch, and the Night in some hollow Tree. Surely

There will be no Occasion for doing this (cries *Psyche* aloud) saying which she rose, and ran to the two Shepherdesses, who, falling at her Feet, were in such Confusion, that they had scarce Voice enough left to ask her Pardon. *Psyche* kiss'd the Maidens, lifted them from the Ground; and then seating them by her, spoke thus

My pretty Shepherdesses, I am noways offended at any Thing you have said.—As to you, (adds *Psyche*, to the younger Sister, kissing her again) I'll satisfy your Doubts presently. Your Father, indeed, desir'd I would be silent on this Article; but since all his Care and Foresight will avail nothing, and Nature has already been so liberal to you of her Instructions, I'll inform you, that there are in the World, a certain agreeable, insinuating People, whose Behaviour is infinitely engaging, a People, all whose Study is to please our Sex, which they don't fail of doing. There's nothing extraordinary either in their Face or Air; and yet they seem, to our Eye, much more lovely than any other People in the Universe. When once this is the Case, a Brother or Sister are quite indifferent to us. The People in question, who are spread up and down the whole Earth, are call'd Lovers. To give you an exact Description of their Persons would be impossible; they being fair in some Countries, and black in others. *Cupid* himself has condescended to

“ Surely Nature, in order that you might taste the sweetest of
 “ Pleasures, inspir'd you with so tender an Union. But then
 “ she cannot have been less indulgent to me, and there doubt-
 “ less must be some Being, of the same Kind with myself, with
 “ whom I am to live, in like manner as these Birds — But tell
 “ me [to the Fairy] for you cannot but know; who was it
 “ that kiss'd my Hand whilst I lay sleeping?”—I am to ob-
 serve, that the above Dialogue is extracted from different Parts
 of the Drama. But the most beautiful Strokes of Nature, of
 this Kind, are found in the Description given, by *Milton*, of
 our first Parents in the State of Innocence.

be of their Number. This Deity was my Lover before he made me his Bride; and what would surprize you very much, did you know the World, he continued to be my Lover, even after our Marriage; but alas! he is no more so.—*Psyche* having made this Declaration, told them her whole Story, much more minutely than she had related it to the old Man. Having ended her Adventures: I acquaint you (says she) with these several Things, that they may suggest such Reflexions to your Mind, as must necessarily be of Use to your future Conduct. Not that any Inference, with regard to Shepherdesses, should be drawn from my Calamities (as these arise from an extraordinary Cause) nor yet should they make you averse to a Passion whose very Pains are Pleasures*. But how would it be possible for you to resist my Husband's Power, since all Things inspir'd with Life offer up Sacrifices to him? Some Hearts, indeed, would dispense with this Tribute; but these become his Votaries, sooner or later. I remember the Time when my own Heart was re-

* How different an Account have we here of Love, from that drawn by the celebrated Author of the *Adventures of Telemachus*. This excellent Writer, Book VII where he relates the extravagant Fondness which *Calypso* entertain'd for *Telemachus*; and the mutual Passion between this Hero and *Eucharis*, thus describes *Cupid*, who is suppos'd to have been left by *Venus* in *Calypso's* Island, in order to make a Havock there. "At first nothing could appear more innocent, more mild, more ingenuous, or more obliging than *Cupid*. To see him thus sprightly, thus soothing, thus sweetly smiling, One would have concluded that he could inspire nothing but Pleasure, yet scarce had Persons trusted to his Blandishments, but they found them mix'd with I know not what Poison. The malicious, deceitful Boy, never indulg'd his Caresses except to betray, and if he ever smil'd, 'twas merely for the cruel Mischief he either had done or intended to do." The Description of the Tortures of Love, in the Persons of *Telemachus*, *Calypso*, and *Eucharis*, are very strongly represented, and to the Life, in this Book, and may serve as a Counter-part to the Assertion advanc'd by *Psyche* in the Text.

bellous;

bellious : My Slumbers were then undisturb'd ; not a Sigh broke from me, nor did a Tear steal down my Cheeks ; and yet I was not happier than now. The languid Felicity, mention'd by your Grandfather, is not so desirable a State as he fondly imagines. Philosophers employ the utmost Pains and Study in search after this State ; and the Dead find it without any. Heed not what Poets say, concerning the Condition of Persons in Love : They describe Lovers as wasting their Bloom in Perplexities ; but the Perplexities of Love have this good Quality ; they never perplex. All you have to do is to make a proper Choice, and chuse once for all. A Maiden whose Affections are fix'd on one Person only, cannot be justly blam'd, provided she take Discretion, Prudence and Virtue for her Guides ; and keeps within certain Bounds, that is, feigns to keep within them. Whenever therefore your Amour is in a bad Way, sigh, weep, take on lamentably ; I need not tell you farther ; behave only so as to hide all this from the Eyes of the World. On the contrary, if your Passion goes on successfully, conceal this with still greater Caution, if you would secure yourself from Envy, and prevent its Poison from infecting your supreme Felicity, as was my sad Lot. Methinks 'tis acting a very friendly Part to give you these Admonitions ; and I therefore cannot so much as guess at your Grandfather's Views *. He is very sensible that you cannot always

* *Pfycle* might have enforc'd the Necessity of letting young Women, who are to live in the World, read, from another Consideration (the Office she herself is represented as performing) *viz.* from its being scarce possible for them not to get acquainted privately, soon after their coming into large Societies, with those very Particulars which their sagacious Relations or Friends would most gladly conceal from them. Young Persons are naturally very curious, and on the other Hand, their own Sex are apt to be extremely communicative on these Occasions ;

the

ways continue in this State of Ignorance: What then can he expect? That your own Experience should teach you Wisdom? But methinks 'twere better you learnt it from the Experience of others. He ought to let both of you read; and I'll certainly speak to him for that Purpose.

Psyche was pleading her Husband's Cause, which perhaps was the only reason why she gave these young Maidens such Counsel. The Sisters listen'd her as a Person come from the Skies; after which a secret Council was held, between the three *Belles*, concerning the Affairs of our Heroine. She desir'd the Shepherdesses to tell her what they thought of her Story, and how they would advise her to conduct herself for the future.—The Sisters desir'd, very respectfully, to be excus'd from giving their Opinion; it being, (as they observ'd) too great a Presumption in them to debate on the Fortune of a Goddess. Besides, what Advice (added they) could be expected from two Shepherdesses, who never saw any Thing except their Flock?

Our Heroine was so extremely urgent, that at last the eldest told her, she very much approv'd her

the skilful Part of them taking a great Pleasure in instructing the Novices. A young female Relation, and very often Servants, will be not a little officious in their Documents, and, where these fail, a Book found accidentally in a Corner, shall teach the young, unexperienc'd Creature much more than she expected to know. Perhaps then the best Way would be, to prepare such judiciously before hand, and not expose them to their own random Conjectures, or the Inspirations of the less virtuous. Ignorance, indeed, may be best for Persons who are to live in Solitude. But for those who are to pass away Life in Towns, previous, wise Instructions seem quite necessary. The celebrated *Madam de Sevigné*, in a Letter concerning the Education of her Grand-daughter, is in this Way of thinking; she observing, among other Particulars, "That few Women read, and many are ruin'd." Methinks a great City may be consider'd as a mighty Bedstead, infected with Vermin, whose Bites very few who lie in it can escape.

Submissions and Repentance, and therefore advis'd her to proceed in the same manner; she being of Opinion that this might do her prodigious Service, and could not possibly be of disadvantage. That her Husband must certainly still entertain a Fondness for her, of which his Reproaches, the Care wherewith he had prevented her from destroying herself, and even his Anger, were infallible Testimonies. He doubtless intended she should purchase his Favour at a dear Rate, in order to make it the more precious. This was a second Provocative he had hit upon, and which, all Things consider'd, was not near so odd a One as the first.

However, the younger Shepherdess was of a different Opinion, and inveigh'd very sharply against *Cupid*. Did that God act rationally on this Occasion? He surely must be blind, otherwise would he let a King's Daughter, who herself was Queen of Beauty, languish at his Feet? And for what reason? Truly, because she had had the Curiosity to steal a Sight of him. A fine reason this, for him to abandon his Wife, and make so strange a Clutter! Had he, indeed, been an ugly Creature, there would have been some Colour for his Anger; but being so beautiful, he ought to have been pleas'd with her for surveying him. Her Curiosity, so far from meriting Censure, deserv'd Applause, since it must necessarily have been owing to excessive Love.—My humble Opinion, therefore, is, 'twill be best for you to wait your Husband's return. 'Tis not that I am acquainted with the Temper and Disposition of the Gods, any more than with that of Men; but I judge of Others from myself, and fancy that Mankind are pretty much alike. Whenever my Sister and I have any little Quarrel, if I appear cold and indifferent, she wants sadly to be reconcil'd: On the contrary, if she carries it high, I then am all Compliance.

Psyche admir'd the Wit and good Sense of our two Shepherdesses, and conjectur'd, that the younger had met with the Books of which her Sister's little Library was compos'd, and us'd to read them privately. Add to this the Excellency of natural Disposition, which having been extremely happy in the Mother of these young Maidens, was seen to revive, with Improvements, in both of them, and without being the least depriv'd by Solitude. *Psyche* prefer'd the Advice of the elder Sister, and accordingly resolv'd to go in search of her Husband the very next Day.

There was something very intrepid and extraordinary in this Attempt. A King's Daughter to ramble up and down alone! for as to her being the Wife of a Deity, there was nothing unseemly in this, Goddesses roving, uncensur'd, whithersoever they please. The Difficulty was still greater with regard to our Heroine; she not only fearing to meet her Enemy's Scouts, but all the male Sex in general. And how would it be possible for her not to be discover'd at first Sight? Tho' what she then appear'd in was a mourning Habit, 'twas at the same time a nuptial Garment, enrich'd with Diamonds, and had cost her Sire double his annual Revenue. The exquisite Perfection of her Charms, and the Splendor of her Attire, must necessarily tempt the first Comer. She indeed hop'd her Husband would preserve her Person, and prevent any One from injuring it, and as to the Diamonds, Fate might dispose of them as it pleas'd. 'Tis my Opinion, Things would have turn'd out exactly as they did, had she entertain'd these Hopes or not. *Io* ran up and down the whole Earth. We are told she was stung by a Dun-Fly. Now I very much suspect that this Fly did not resemble *Cupid* so much, with
regard

regard to his Wings as to other Matters *. Happily for *Psyche*, the Fly who thus stung her was her Husband ; a Circumstance which excus'd every Thing †.

The eldest of the two Shepherdesses advis'd our Fair-One to get another Dress made in the neighbouring City ; saying, their Grandfather, in case she thought proper, would give Orders for that purpose ; but *Psyche*, observing that this Maiden was much about the same Size with herself, chose rather to change Clothes with her ; and desir'd the Metamorphosis might be perform'd instantly. *Psyche* consider'd, that she would thereby have an Opportunity of being grateful to those who had receiv'd her so very hospitably. Then, what a Satisfaction would it be to her, should the value of these Diamonds raise that of the young Maidens ; and draw together a greater concourse of amorous Bidders, whenever their Charms should be put up. Our Shepherdess was very much confus'd at this Offer ! Respect, Modesty, Reluctance to take such a Present, in short, a thousand Things perplex'd her. She was afraid her Father would be displeas'd, should she accept of such a Gift Tho' our Maidens were Shepherdesses, they yet did not want

* This is very delicate in the Original *Je soupçonne fort cette mouche, de ressembler à l'Amour autrement que par les ailes*

† *Io*, according to the Fictions of Poets, was Daughter to the River *Inachus*, and belov'd by *Jupiter*, who, to prevent her being discover'd by *Juno*, transform'd her into a Heifer, but the Goddess suspecting the Intrigue, obtain'd this Heifer of *Jove* and committed it to the Care of *Argus*. The last mention'd upon *Io*'s complaining of the Rigours of her Captivity, was kill'd, at the Command of *Jupiter*, by *Mercury*. This exasperating *Juno*, she sent out a Dun-Fly, which tortur'd *Io* to such a Degree, that she fled as far as *Egypt*. Here imploring the Aid of *Jupiter*, she recover'd her pristine Form, and married King *Osiris*. *Io* was held in such Veneration by the *Egyptians*, that she, after her Death, was worshipp'd as a Goddess under the Name of *Isis*.

Spirit,

Spirit, and never forgot their Birth, upon proper Occasions. The elder Sister was oblig'd to comply, for this Time, with *Psyche's* Request, but upon Condition (as the Maiden observ'd) that she shou'd keep the Robe only in Trust. Our two *Belles* being thus equipp'd, their new Habits sat so gracefully upon Each, that *Psyche* look'd as tho' she had always been a Shepherdess, and our Shepherdess as if she had ever been a Queen*. The old Man, when they appear'd before him, scarce knew them, so greatly were they disguis'd. With regard to *Psyche*, she was highly delighted at the Metamorphosis; and began to entertain some Hopes, after she had reflected seriously on the Arguments which had been made Use of to her.

On the Morrow, the old Man and *Psyche* being alone, she spoke thus to him.—You cannot live for ever, and therefore your advanc'd Age should make you think of settling your Grand-daughters; for what would become of them should you die †? —I'll

* How pleasing a Masquerade have we here, and how delightful the Contrast!

† How necessary are a Parent's Instructions and Presence to promote the Felicity of Youth, and shape their Conduct in a World whose Theory and Practice differ so widely? A Mind unskill'd in its Wiles, can scarce fail of being impos'd upon, and this Imposition will be the greater, the more ignorant and virtuous such Mind is. How many young Persons were happy, whilst under their Parents, and miserable after losing them! The juvenile Part of the Fair-Sex, especially such of them as are handsome, and in narrow Circumstances, commonly fall the easiest Victims on these Occasions. Young Sparks of Fortune, with leud Inclinations, searching assiduously, either by themselves or by female Emissaries, after the Ruin of Such. Snares are laid as industriously for Beauty as for Birds. A *Billet* thrown in the Way of a Girl, seen accidentally in the Mall, the Playhouse, or other Place of public Resort, shall inform her where to meet a Lover who pretends to be dying for her, and promises to make her Fortune, but so surely as she gives into the Lure, so certainly she is undone. These Spoilers are so hurried away by their Passion, that they have not Time for Thought,

—I'll leave Heaven to be their Guardian, replied
the old Man; besides, my eldest Girl is prudent,
and

otherwise the dreadful Consequences which usually attend the
Ruin of Innocence, would check their ungenerous, destructive
Sallies The Advantage of a Mother's Eye to a young Maiden,
is beautifully hinted at in the following Passage, from Act I.
Scene IV. of *Pastor Fido* · But how just all the Figures may be,
I shan't take upon me to determine.

*Come in vago giardin rosa gentile,
Che ne le verdi sue tenere spoglie
Pur dianzi era rinchiusa ,
E sotto l'ombra del notturno velo
Incolta, e sconosciuta
Stava posando in sul materno stelo ,
Al subitò apparir del primo raggio
Che spunti in Oriente
Si desta, E si risente,
E scopre al sol, che la vagabeggia, e muia,
Il suo vermiglio E odorato seno,
Dov' Ape sussurando
Ne i mattutini albori,
Vola suggendo i rugiadosi humori .
Ma s'albor non si coglie,
Si che del mezzo dì senta le fiamme,
Cade el Caaer del sole
Si scolorita in sì la siepe ombrosa,
Ch'è pena si può dir questa fù rosa.
Così la verginella,
Mentre cura materna
La custodisce, e chiude,
Chiude anch' ella il suo petto
A l'amoroso affetto
Ma se lascio sguardo
Di Cupido amator vien che la mira,
E n'oda ella i sospiri,
Gli apre subito il cuore,
E nel tenero sen riceve arome
E se vergogna il celo,
O temenza l'affrena,
La misera tacendo
Per soverchio desio tutta si strugge
Così manca beltà, se'l foco dura,
E perdendo stagion, perde ventura.*

CUPID and PSYCHE.

275

and neither of them wants Sense †. Should Death snatch me away suddenly, they need but retire to the adjacent City • Its Inhabitants are very humane, and will certainly take Care of them, I yet confess, that 'twill be more adviseable for me to look to this in my Life-time ; and therefore I'll conduct them thither myself, the Instant you have left us. That City is a Paradise with regard to Women :

Imitated.

The Virgin and the Rose.

As in some rural Paradise, a Rose,
(Which, veil'd by Leaves, and hush'd in calm Repose,
Beneath the dusky Mantle of the Skies,
On its fair Stalk, in sweet Oblivion lies.)
Wakes gently, soon as the first orient Beam
Calls slumb'ring Nature from its transient Dream
To *Phœbus*, who its glowing Form beholds,
A Bosom, rich with crimson Hues, unfolds,
Whence the wing'd Bee, soft-breathing amorous Sighs,
Extracts the lucid Nectar as He flies —
Blest Flower ! and yet if it ungather'd stay
Till *Sol*, high mounted, dart a scorching Ray ;
Pining, it droops with the declining Light,
And all its Glories glide away from Sight

Thus the young Virgin, whilst her Mother's Care
From flatt'ring Man conceals the darling Fan ;
The Fair secludes Love's Ardours from her Breast,
And the soft Woes which break a Maiden's Rest.
But shou'd some *Strephon* dart a wanton Eye,
And she attend to the sweet Tempter's Sigh,
Instant her Heart its inmost Folds displays,
And her, now love-sick Soul, is in a Blaze.
Then, if or Bashfulness or Fear restrain
The melting Nymph, and she disguise her Pain,
To hated Silence doom'd, she weeping lies ;
Her Graces fade, and she untimely dies

† The Original is, *Et toutes deux ont assez d'esprit* The Substantive *Esprit*, signifies here, as it frequently does in *French*, good Sense, tho' our Translators commonly render it (but very improperly) *Wit*, as it would evidently be to give it that Turn on this Occasion The Words *Esprit* and *Cœur*, often puzzle very much a Translator, who endeavours to find Equivalents for them in the *English* Tongue.

They are allow'd full Liberty in all Things ; and for that reason desire nothing but what is equitable and just. I am of Opinion, that my Daughters resemble them exactly in this particular. If it became me to praise them, I would observe, that their Inclinations are excellent , and their native Virtue as unfulfilled as the Example and Instructions given them by their indulgent Mother. But don't you think my youngest Girl a little too free ?

'Tis all owing, replied *Psyche*, to her sprightliness and Youth. Be assur'd she has as deep a Sense of Honour as her elder Sister. Time will make her more reserv'd ; and Reading would have done this before, had you not restrain'd her. By the Way, I would advise you to make a proper Use of the Diamonds which are on the Clothes I left with the Maidens ; they possibly may be of Service towards marrying them. 'Tis not but their Charms are a more than sufficient Dowry ; but I need not observe to you, that Riches add a double Lustre to the most exquisite Beauty * —Our old Man was too haughty for a Philosopher ; he refusing to take the Clothes, but upon Condition that they should not be meddled with.

That very Day they all set out from the Desert ; and after having cross'd the Flood, and gone thro' the narrow Path beset with Brambles, they separated. The old Man and his Children shap'd their Way towards the City, and *Psyche* struck into the Road which Fortune pointed out to her. 'Twas with equal Sorrow they parted, and their Tears were reciprocal. *Psyche* clasp'd the young Maidens an hundred times ; protesting, that should she ever be so happy as to ingratiate herself with *Cupid*, she would engage him to indulge them his choicest Blessings ; and deal out his Evils very sparingly ; but

* This is happily turn'd in the Original : *Quand la beauté est riche, elle est de moitié plus belle.*

just so much as might give the greater Poinancy to his Blessings. After repeating their Adieus, and again shedding Tears, they took their Ways separately, but not without often looking back. The old Man and his little Family arriv'd happily at the Place in which he intended to settle. I would have related their several Adventures, had I not confin'd myself to narrower Limits. Possibly the Materials collected by me for this purpose, may one Day fall into the Hands of some Person, who may exercise his Pen on that Subject, and to more Advantage than I could have done, at present I shall only complete the History of our Heroine.

The Instant her Companions were quite out of Sight, the Design she had form'd presented itself to her in its true Colours; that is, with its endless Train of Difficulties, Dangers and Toils, which she hitherto had consider'd but very imperfectly. Of the immense Treasures which *Psyche* once possess'd, the Shepherdess's Weeds were become her All. Instead of sleeping in Palaces, she now was forc'd to take Shelter in a hollow Tree, a Cave, or ruinous House. Her only Companions, in these hateful Solitudes, were Screech Owls, and a Multitude of Snakes. Her Food grew either on the Brink of some running Spring, hung on the Boughs of Oaks, or was found among those of Palm-Trees. That Man who should have seen *Psyche* at Mid-day, when not a Creature is found on the Plains, reduc'd to the dire Necessity of laying her Head on the first Stone she met with; and quite spent with Heat, Hunger and Fatigue; beseeching *Sol* to soften a little the excessive Aidor of his Rays, then, gazing upon the Ground, revive with her Tears, the Flourets which the scorching Heat had burnt *, the Man, I say, who had beheld her in this deplorable

* Pretty Thought

Condition, without mixing his Tears with those of our Fair-One, must himself have been a Rock.

Psyche spent two Days in wandering about ; running backwards and forwards, equally uncertain where to begin her Course, or which Way to travel after she was set out.

On the third Day, she call'd to Mind that *Cupid* had charg'd her, above all Things, to revenge him on her Sisters. *Psyche* being naturally tender-hearted, could never have been prevail'd upon to hurt her Sisters (tho' they were such Wretches, and deserv'd the worst Punishment) had not *Cupid* laid his Commands upon her for that Purpose. As to her having form'd a Resolution of killing her Husband, this was from a Supposition of his not being such, but a Dragon. And indeed the only Vengeance she meditated, with regard to her Sisters, was to assure each of them, apart, that *Cupid* intended to marry her ; and that he had divorc'd their younger Sister (*Psyche*) as unworthy of the Honour he had rais'd her to , an Artifice which, in all probability, could have no worse Effect, than the sending them both a rambling, and making them spend some more Hours at the Looking-Glass

Being fix'd in this Resolution, she set out again, when a Woman happening to pass that Way, (she avoiding carefully the other Sex) Our Fair-One intreated this Stranger to direct her to certain Kingdoms, situated in a District between such and such Countries ; in a word, to the Territories over which *Psyche*'s Sisters reign'd. *Psyche*'s Name was better known than that of those Kingdoms, by which means this Woman understood the Question that was ask'd her ; and accordingly put our Fair-One into the right Road.

And now *Psyche*, at the first Cross-way she met with, found all her Fears return The Persons whom *Venus* had sent out, with Orders to seize her, having

having brought their Queen a very random Account of their Search, the Goddess could think of no other Expedient than to have her Rival cried. The Cryer of the Deities is *Mercury*, this Function being one of his hundred Trades. *Venus* took the Opportunity when he was in a good Humour: And after permitting the God to snatch two or three Kisses, besides a Pair of Ear-Rings, she made a Contract with him, by which he was to cry *Psyche* in all Places of public Resort throughout the Universe; and likewise order Pillars to be set up in them, whereon the following Proclamation should be read,

*The Queen who fills Cythera's Throne,
Here, by these Presents, thus makes known
To Regions far and wide :
That, late, she lost a fair-bair'd Slave,
Who, rambling, does on Cupid rave,
And calls herself his Bride.*

*Who Tidings of her can impart,
From Venus shall have Kisses four* :
And, as she has th' Affair at Heart,
Who brings her will have something more.*

Our

* The Original mentions but three Kisses.

*Quiconque enseignera sa retraite à Vénus,
(Comme c'est chose qui la touche,)
Aura trois baisers de sa bouche ;
Qui la lui livrera, quelque chose de plus.*

For Rhime-sake I have put four, a Necessity to which Those who deal in Numbers are too often reduc'd, a Liberty which yet seems very excusable, when the Sense is not thereby injur'd, clouded or weaken'd On this Occasion her *Cyprian* Majesty will, I hope, not be angry with me for making her indulge *Mercury* one Kiss more; since this did not despoil her of any thing; as the Lover in the *Spectator* observes, to *Belinda*, after having stole a Kiss from the sleeping Fair.

Our Shepherdess † met with one of these Pillars in her Peregrinations ; such being erected in all the Cross-ways that were ever so little frequented. She arriv'd, after travelling six Days, in the Kingdom where her eldest Sister reign'd This worthless Woman had already heard, by means of these Proclamations, of *Psyche's* Misfortunes ; and accordingly was set out, that very Day, to read One of them. The Satisfaction she felt at what she saw was so great, that she resolv'd to peruse the Proclamation at full Leisure ; for which reason she had dismiss'd the greatest Part of her Retinue, ordering them to return back to the City ; she being determin'd to go and pass the Night at one of her Country-seats (sometimes visited by her) situated above a very delightful, wide-extended Mead But how did her Joy expand itself, when she spied our Shepherdess pass along ! The Vixen-Queen had thought fit to be quite alone. Two or three of her Officers, and the like Number of Female-Attendants, were walking a great Way from her, and discoursing (possibly) on their Amours ; more intent on their own Chit-chat, than on their Sovereign's Thoughts. *Psyche* knew her Sister at a considerable Distance ; but the latter was in such Transport at the Purport of this Proclamation, that our sad Fair-One was fallen at her Feet before she perceiv'd her.

What Rashness was this in a Shepherdess ! to intrude in this manner on her Majesty ! to thus break in upon her Meditations ! to presume to fall pro-

*So, tho' I robb'd you of a Kiss,
Sweeter than their * ambrosial Dew ;
Why are you angry at my Bliss ?
Has it at all impoverish'd you ?*

* The Bees.

† 'Tis with Propriety that our Author now calls *Psyche* by this Name, as she had exchang'd her nuptial Garments for the Shepherdess's Weeds.

strate without first giving her due Notice! She must punish this audacious Creature,—Who art thou, insolent Wretch, that dar’st to approach me thus!—Alas! Madam, I am your Sister; once the Wife to *Cupid*, but now a hapless Slave; and ignorant of what is to be my Lot. The rash Curiosity with which I was fir’d, to steal a Sight of my Husband, exasperated him to so violent a Degree, that he drove me instantly from him.—*Psyche* (said he) you are quite unworthy the Affection of a Deity: Provide yourself therefore with a Husband or a Gallant; which you will; for I cannot love you any longer. Had I bestow’d my Heart on your eldest Sister, she would have known how to preserve it, so far from incurring the Guilt which has undone you; and I then should not have felt the raging Smart which still tortures me, and will long continue so to do; for I don’t yet perceive any Likelihood of its ever being heal’d. You have nothing to boast of except your Beauty. This, I confess, creates Love, but then something more is requir’d to make it lasting; I mean the several Perfections united in your Sister; Good Sense, Beauty and Prudence. I told you the many Reasons which forbade your seeing me: Your Sister would have submitted to them; but your Behaviour, on this Occasion, was a Mixture of Heedlessness, Contradiction, and Obstinacy. I don’t wonder my Mother should disapprove of our Nuptials; ’twas, doubtless, because she saw into all your Faults. But now, should I ask her Consent to marry your Sister, I’m certain she would not refuse it. Had I the least Remains of Tendernefs for you, myself only would be your Punisher, but I shall leave your Chastisement entirely to my Mother, who will not fail of exerting herself to purpose on that Occasion. Since you don’t deserve to be my Wife, e’en be her Slave. From this Instant I divorce you, and give you up to her. Your
Employ-

Employment (might I advise) shall be, that of looking after a certain kind of Geese kept in her *Ménagerie* in *Amathus* *. Set out, therefore, immediately, towards the Goddess; carry these Letters to her, and take the Kingdom of your eldest Sister in your Way. Tell this Fair-One that she is dear to me; and that, if she'll consent to be my Bride, all these Treasures shall be at her Disposal. I treated you as you deserv'd; as a giddy-brain'd Wretch, and a Child: But with regard to your Sister, she (sweet Creature) may depend upon meeting with quite different Usage; and shall be permitted to see me as often as she thinks fit. Your Sister need only come, and resign herself, as she before has done, to the Breezes of *Zephyrus*; and I'll take care to get her waisted securely to my Palace. Forget entirely that you once was my Bride. The least Indication of this must not be seen; nor shall you even wear the Robe you now appear in; take it off therefore instantly: Here's another.—I obey'd, it not being in my Power to do otherwise. Such, Madam, is my calamitous State.

Psyche's Sister, now imagining herself clasp'd in the Arms of *Cupid*; sooth'd with this fancied Testimony of her own Perfections, and a thousand other sweetly-chimerical Ideas, instantly form'd a Resolution, in her own Mind, to abandon her Comfort and her Children. However, she continued very much upon the Reserve before *Psyche*; when glancing at her with a prudish Air—Did I not tell you, replied she, that it is the Duty of every virtuous Wife to be satisfied with the Husband (what kind of Creature soever he may be) whom the Gods have allotted her; and not presume to pry any farther than may suit his Inclinations! Had you given Ear to my Counsel, you would not now lead this

* A City of *Cyprus* sacred to *Venus*

vagrant Life. But such are thoughtless, inconsiderate Youth, when guided by their own Caprices, and deaf to all Advice ! However, 'tis happy you came off no worse ; for had your Husband inflicted due Punishment, you would have been imprison'd immediately in some Tower But since what is done can't be undone, let's talk no more about this Matter. Your only Care must now be, to appear abroad as little as possible ; and never stir from the Geese, since such is the Will of *Cupid*. I must tell you likewise, that your Drefs is too sumptuous, and not expressive enough of the penitent Criminal. Cut, therefore, your Hair off, and put on Sackcloth : I'll send for some instantly ; and you shall leave, in this place, the Habit you have on. *Psyche* desir'd to be excus'd as to this last Article *—'Tis mighty well (said the expostulating Prude) since you will always pursue your own wise Measures, I'll e'en leave you to them, and you may go whithersoever you please. With regard to the Offers made me by *Cupid*, I shall consider them, and act as I think proper.—Saying these Words, she turn'd abruptly to her Attendants ; and left *Psyche*, who was not much concerned at this, finding her Sister had swallow'd the Bait, for the latter (now all Extasy) seem'd to fly ; and was quite impatient to be alone, in order that she might give a Loose to her Joy.

Psyche set out that Moment, upon the same Embassy towards her other Sister, whose Consort was dead This Monarch had rode full Speed into the other World, down a shorter Road than that us'd by the common People, One which the Physicians pointed out to him. Tho' his Relict had not been above a Month in the State of Widow-hood, yet this

* The French is, *Psiché la remercia* literally, “ *Psyche* thank'd her ” Our Translators frequently mistake the Meaning of this Expression, which implies a polite Refusal ; instead of which they suppose it to signify an Assent.

was very apparent ; I mean, that her Person was improv'd ; tho' you possibly might understand this otherwise. The Sister in question being therefore two Years younger than the other ; having not been so long a Wife, and brought fewer Children into the World, the Recovery of her Charms was a Work of less time ; and she might appear much sooner, and with more Confidence, before *Cupid*.

As to the other Sister, she had I know not what Repairs to make. This Queen had now recourse to the Bath ; and nothing but Chymists and Tirewomen were seen fluttering about her, which greatly astonish'd the Monarch, her Consort. An Air of Gallantry increas'd visibly in the Royal Dame, and yet not a single Admirer appear'd. No Ingredient, Water, or Wash was left untried, and still all was but mere patching up ; for the Charms of this luckless Queen had been enroll'd so many Years back, in the Annals of Time, that 'twas no easy Matter to recall them.

Whilst she was making these various Preparations, the second Sister got the Start of her ; went directly to the Mountain so often mention'd ; and arriv'd at the Summit of it without once seeing any Dragons. The Queen was highly delighted with this Circumstance, imagining she escap'd these Terrors by the peculiar Favour of *Cupid*. She now hastned towards the Way by which her Sister and she had formerly gone ; when, in order to be convey'd aloft the easier by *Zephyrus*, she sat down on a Rock that hung over a dreadful Precipice—*Cupid* (cried she) I am come. The giddy Girl, my younger Sister, assur'd me that thou art determin'd to make me thy Bride. This is just what I expected ; fully persuaded that thou wouldest put her from thee for my Sake ; for there cannot be a more hair-brain'd Wretch than she. Observe only how obedient I am to thee already. I won't behave so madly as

Psyche.

Psyche. She was determin'd, whatever might be the Consequence, to get a Sight of thee ; but I'll be all Obedience. Whether thou reveal thyself, or otherwise, I shall think my Felicity supreme. If thou clasp me fondly, I will meet thy Endearments with Extasy ; but if I am not indulg'd them, I shall submit ; my late Husband having accusom'd me to Disappointments of this kind. I'll divert thee with the Account of the Regimen he observ'd ; and relate so many whimsical Particulars concerning it, that 'twill be impossible for my Conversation to tire thee. *Psyche* was a mere Child, an ignorant Creature ; but my judgment, charming *Cupid*, is ripe. Gods ! I already feel a gentle Breeze ; 'tis that of thy Servant *Zephyrus*. Why didst not thou send him in Person ; he would have waisted me with greater Swiftnefs : Thus I had been the sooner folded in thy Arms, and thou in mine. I expect our Love should be reciprocal ; and since thy Breast is inspir'd with Fondness, thou must necessarily be impatient. Farewell, poor, mortal Females, who enjoy the Affection of Men : What would you give to be belov'd, as I am, by a beardless God ? But this Bliss is not reserv'd for you. Let it suffice you to invoke me, and I then will indulge your amorous Wants.

Saying these Words, the vain Queen resign'd herself to the Breeze, as before ; but instead of being waisted to *Cupid's* Palace, she fell headlong upon a sharp-pointed Cliff, whence she struck upon another, and thus was bandied from Rock to Rock. As each of these tore away a Piece of her Flesh, she descended, in a very whimsical Plight, to *Pluto's* Kingdom *.

Some Days after, her eldest Sister arriv'd at the same Rock ; and sitting down upon it, thus ha-

* The Original says, *le plus joliment du monde au royaume de Proserpine* . " In the prettiest Condition possible to *Proserpine's* " Kingdom." I know not how to render this Phrase literally with any Propriety.

rangu'd *Zephyrus*—Fond Wooer of *Flora*, quit thy Darling for a Moment ; haste and waft me to thy Master's Palace. Hurt me not in our aerial Progresses, for I am tender : If thou wilt indulge me only thy Breath, I'll be contented , I indeed don't like the Touch of any Creature, particularly Man ; but as to *Cupid*, he may do what he pleases. Above all Things, take care not to rumple my Head-Dress.—Saying these Words, she took out a Pocket-Glass, and survey'd her Features for some time , now adjusting this Hair ; then the next ; and sometimes none of them ; not forgetting, especially, to tinge her Lips : In short, this self-idolizer made such a Fuss, that *Cupid* himself would have laugh'd heartily had he seen her. She then put up her Pocket-Glass ; fondly chiding *Zephyrus* for his Delay ; calling him an indolent Being, who, quite taken up with his own Amours, neglected those of his Master. What could he mean by leaving her thus expos'd to the Sun-beams ?

Just as she had ended these Reproaches, a gentle eastern Breeze, which was straying accidentally that Way, came within four or five Paces of her. Figure to yourself the Joy which then thrill'd her Bosom. And now our imaginary Bride sprung forward ; but instead of dropping into the Arms of *Cupid*, as she foolishly imagin'd, she fell headlong the same Way which her Sister had gone. The Echoes, Tenants of these Rocks, whisper'd to us the deserv'd Exit of this malevolent Pair ; and some time after they told it *Zephyrus*, who instantly carrying the News to the Son of *Venus*, *Cupid* made him a noble Present on that Account.

All this while *Psyche* was continuing her Search after her Consort, still dress'd in pastoral Weeds, which nevertheless sat so very gracefully upon her, that had our Fair-One been met by her Enemy, the latter would have given her the Robe of a Goddess instead

instead of it. Nevertheless Grief, Fatigue, Fear, Want of Sleep and Food, had greatly diminished the Lustre of her Charms, so that had *Psyche* not possess'd an uncommon Share of Beauty, she must have been merely the Shadow of that Object with whose Praises the World had rung. Happily for our Fair-One, her Charms were so exquisite, that notwithstanding Time and Affliction had impair'd some of them, she yet had Graces sufficient left.

The most cruel Part of *Psyche's* Adventure was, the Fears which tortur'd her at Intervals. One Moment she was told that the Goddess of Beauty had sent fresh Scouts in search of her. Another time *Psyche* even heard that she was fallen into the Hands of *Venus*, who had chastiz'd her so very severely, that she was quite disfigur'd. One Day she was seiz'd with such a Panic, that she ran into a Chapel sacred to *Ceres*, as to an Asylum which presented itself very fortunately. This Edifice stood near a Field, the Corn whereof was newly cut. There the neighbouring Husbandmen used to offer up annually the First-fruits of their Harvest. At the Entrance of this Temple lay a great Heap of Corn pil'd up by the Reapers. And now our Shepherdess fell prostrate before the Image of the Goddess; and afterwards hung upon the Arm of it a Garland of Flowers, newly gather'd at random and without Choice, as she was hurrying along. This Chaplet consisted of such Flowers as grow in the Corn. *Psyche* had been told, by the Priests of her Country, that those would be grateful to *Ceres*, and that all who implore a Boon from the Deities, should never enter their Temples empty-handed. After presenting her Offering, she again fell on her Knees, and utter'd the following Prayer.—Goddess! Thou who art most wanted in the World. Great Nurse of Mankind! shield me from her whom I never once offended: Permit me only to hide myself, during
some

some Days, in the Sheaves lying before the Gate of thy Temple; and to feed upon the Ears which fall from them. The *Cyprian* Goddess is exasperated because her Son took a liking to me, but as I have since lost his Affection, is not this Atonement sufficient with regard to her; and does it not bring Trouble enough upon me? Ought the Anger of the Deities to rage with so much Violence? If Justice be really withdrawn to the celestial Abodes, the Immortals should pay some Regard to the Innocence of a Person who married in Obedience to their Command. Can it be said that I brib'd the Oracle? Did I endeavour, by any insidious Arts, to win my Husband's Affection? If a God happens to cast his Eye upon me, is that my Fault? Would he not see me, tho' I should confine myself in a Tower? So little did I suspect the giving Umbrage to *Cupid's* Mother, in becoming his Wife, that I imagin'd a Monster would be my Husband. This suppos'd Monster was *Cupid*, and I happen'd to please that Deity. 'Tis a Crime then to be agreeable: But that, alas! I am no longer, nor was I ever so by my own Fault. It cannot be justly urg'd, that I employ'd any seducing Arts or bewitching Expressions. *Venus* is still offended because of the Indiscretion of Mortals, who quitted her Worship to honour Me. Let her therefore take Vengeance on Mortals; but to be angry with *Psyche*, would be the highest Injustice. I declar'd to Those, that I merited no such Adorations. If Mankind will be imprudent, it does not follow that I am criminal.—In this Manner our Shepherdess endeavour'd to justify herself to *Ceres*.

Now, whether it be that the Goddesses have an Understanding, One with the other, or that *Ceres* was displeas'd with *Psyche* for calling her Nurse; or that Heaven requires our Prayers to be truly such, and not Apologies; that of our fair Wanderer was dis-

disregarded *. *Ceres* speaking from the Arcade of her Chapel, commanded the Suppliant to be gone that instant, and leave the Heap of Corn as it was, for that otherwise *Venus* should know it.— Why shou'd she fall out with a Goddess, and her good Friend, merely for the sake of a mortal? *Venus* had noways offended her. How much soever the World might tattle concerning the *Paphian* Queen, she yet was a good sort of Woman †, who indeed had receiv'd some Benefits from her, as well as from *Bacchus*, but then no One could be more grateful; she taking care to publish the Obligations she had to both, wherever she came

Psyche was not a little griev'd to see herself denied a Sanctuary in a Place, which she fondly imagin'd would have been open to her sooner than any other in the World. And indeed, if *Ceres*, who was naturally beneficent, and did not set up for a Beauty, refus'd to protect her, she could not expect that such Goddesses as were naturally jealous, and of a Disposition ever so little turn'd to Gallantry, would show her the least Countenance. Should she address the Gods, this must run her into Perils greater than those which the Hatred of *Venus* could expose her to. The first Article necessary to be known would be, what kind of Acknowledgment those Gods might require from her. The safest Course, therefore, for her would be, to address none but the Deities of her own Sex; both to prevent Scandal, and her Husband from taking Umbrage.

She now thought of *Juno*, imagining that, as there formerly had been some Competition between

* If these Deities can be suppos'd to act after the same Manner as the generality of Mortals, no other Motive needed to have been sought for, with respect to *Ceres's* discarding of *Psyche* in this harsh manner, than the Latter's being in Distress, which, for one hospitable Invitation, shall receive a thousand Repulses

† The Freedom in this Chit-chat is natural enough, as *Ceres* was speaking of a Sister Goddess.

Venus and this Goddess, both as to Beauty and Power, the Queen of the Deities would gladly seize this Opportunity of hurting her Rival; agreeably to the Practice of Courts, and the Oath sworn by the Fair at their coming into the World. 'Twas not difficult for our Shepherdess to meet with *Juno*; the jealous Wife of imperial *Jove*, frequently descending upon Earth, to enquire, of Mortals, after her Husband. *Psyche*, upon her meeting that Goddess, sang a Hymn wherein her Power only (which was a great Oversight) was celebrated. 'Twould have been infinitely more to *Psyche*'s Advantage, had she chaunted the Goddess's Beauty, its Praise being much sweeter. King's should be extoll'd for their Grandeur; but Persons who desire to win the Favour of Queens, must congratulate them upon another Article. Accordingly the Wife of *Cupid* was rejected a second time, but with this Difference, that the latter Repulse was more grievous than the former; for *Juno*, besides the Considerations mention'd by *Ceres*, added, that it was but just to punish those terrestrial Females who had Intrigues with the Gods; and thus oblige their Gallants to keep at home. What Business had These to strole up and down among Mortals? Did not the Skies afford Charms enough for their Purpose? Not that she spoke this for her own Sake, she looking upon such Things as trifling, and fearing no Rival as to Beauty.

However, the Queen of the Gods did not speak all she thought, there being a more cogent Reason than any yet mention'd by her; some Spark, as it were, of that Fire * of which we inform our Neighbours as little as possible. No prudent Woman should disoblige the Son of *Venus*. How did she know but that she might one Day or other want his

* The Idea alluded to in this Phrase, is express'd by our Author with the happiest Decency. *Quelque étincelle de ce feu dont on n'avertit les voisins que le moins qu'on peut*

Assistance ? In all probability, the God was still exasperated against *Psyche* ; and therefore the safest Way would be, not to concern herself about their Disputes.

Our Fair-One, thus repuls'd on every side, was at a Loss whom to address.—There remain'd indeed *Diana* and *Pallas* , however, as these had made a Vow of Virginity, they consequently would not be pleas'd with the Petition of a married Woman, but imagine that the listning to her must pollute their Ears. Nevertheless, as *Diana* gave out Oracles, our Shepherdess thought this Goddess could not be so obdurate as to refuse the indulging her One, since she would make no other Request Besides, there was an Oracle in the Neighbourhood, which she might reach without going much out of her Way. The Place in question stood at the Entrance of a Forest, extremely solitary and fit for Hunting , and therein *Diana* had a Temple, which serv'd as a Lodge, whenever she took the Diversion of the Chace. Travellers advanc'd about two thousand Paces into the Wood, and then came to a kind of Glade, that was as a Court to the Fane. 'Twas small, but in an excellent Taste of Architecture. In the middle of the Glade stood an Obelisk of white Marble, having four Faces ; stood on so many Balls ; and was rais'd on a Pedestal half the Height of the Obelisk. On every Side of the Plinth, which fac'd directly the four cardinal Points, (as the Faces of the Pyramid did likewise) the following Inscription was read.

*Whoever thou be, that hast offer'd up Sacrifices to
Cupid or Hymen, keep back, and come not into my
Sanctuary.*

As *Psyche* had sacrific'd to both, she did not dare to enter the Temple, but stopp'd at the Gate

of it, whence ſhe heard the Prieſtels pronounce the following Oracle.

Ceafe to wander. What thou art in Search of hath Wings. When thou ſhalt be able, like him, to fly, thou ſhalt be happy.

Theſe Words were ambiguous and dark, like moſt of the Anſwers return'd by the Deities. *Pſyche* rack'd her Imagination, but in vain, to diſcover ſome Meaning in it. Whatever Command (ſays ſhe) the Gods may lay upon me, I muſt find out *Cupid*, or die. But I cannot meet with him, and conſequently die I muſt. I'll go therefore and deliver myſelf up to my Enemy, and then Death will certainly be my Portion. However, the Oracle declar'd that I ſhould one Day be happy. For this Reaſon I'll haſte and throw myſelf at the Feet of *Venus* : I'll be her humble Attendant ; will ſubmit patiently to her Reproaches and ill Uſage, all which cannot but excite her Pity. She then will forgive me, will receive me as her Daughter, and even reconcile me to her Son.—How ſweetly-ſoothing were theſe Hopes ! how conſequential ! yet, alas ! a Moment's Reflection deſtroy'd them all. Nevertheless, *Pſyche* perſiſted in her Deſign, and thereupon enquir'd for that Temple (ſacred to *Venus*) which lay neareſt the Place where ſhe then was, firmly reſolv'd, in caſe the Goddeſs ſhould be abſent from it, to go on board a Ship and ſail for *Cyprus*. *Pſyche* was told, that at the Diſtance of three or four Days Journey, ſtood a celebrated and very much frequented Fane, over which was carv'd the following Inſcription : *To the Goddeſs of the Graces*. Probably *Venus* took a Delight in this Abode ; and often held there (in Perſon) her Tribunal or Court of Judicature, ſince ſo many Miracles were wrought in it, and ſuch Multitudes flock'd thither from all Nations.

Perſons

Persons even boasted that they had frequently seen the Goddess in it.

Our Shepherdess now set out, more happy in her own Fancy than she was before the Oracle had deliver'd its Answer. At least she knew what it was she intended to do ; that she should no longer continue in Uncertainty and Inresolution, which of all Evils are the worst : That she might get a Sight of *Cupid*, it not being probable his Mother would so often visit a Place without taking him sometimes with her. But in case she (hapless Bride) should never be indulg'd this raptuous Satisfaction, except in Presence of a Mother-in-law to whom she was odious ; a Goddess who, so far from acknowledging the Affinity, would use her as a Slave, still this must be something : Things might take another Turn ; Compassion, the Sight of *Psyche* ; her Humility and Sweetness of Temper ; the little Liberty *Cupid* would possibly have of speaking to her, all these united, might call up fond Desires in the youthful God's Bosom. Happen what will, she would at least have an Opportunity of seeing him, which was no inconsiderable Circumstance, and the enjoying that Pleasure, only for a Quarter of an Hour, would sooth every Anguish.—Thus fondly did *Psyche* flatter herself, not knowing (unfortunate Creature) the Violence of a Woman's Anger. Alas ! she little suspected the many Calamities which the Fates had in reserve for her. But now *Psyche's* Heart went pit-a-pat, the Instant she approach'd the Country wherein the Temple stood.

Travellers, a considerable time before they arriv'd in it, found the Air odoriferous. This was owing to the Incense carried by the Goddess's Votaries, who themselves were perfum'd, and to the Orange, Jasmin, and Myrtle-trees which shaded the Road ; together with the Profusion of Flowers growing every where. The Fane, tho' seated in a Valley, was

discover'd from far ; but this Valley was spacious ; of a greater Length than Breadth , and encompass'd with sweetly-delightful Hills ; the whole intermix'd with Woods, Fields, Meadows and Villages, all which seem'd to have enjoy'd a long and uninterrupted Tranquillity. *Venus* had obtain'd, from *Mars*, Guards for the Security of these several Places. The very Beasts of this Country were never at Variance ; no Wolves were seen in it, nor any Snares, except such as are spread by *Cupid*. As soon as Persons were come to Years of Discernment, they enter'd themselves Members of the Brotherhood or Society of the amorous God , the Females at twelve, and the Males at fifteen. Some of these were inspir'd with Love before they were endued with Reason. Whenever there appear'd a Fair-One, with a Heart insensible to the sweetest of all Passions, the Country was instantly purg'd of her, and her Family remov'd to some Distance, for a time : Besides which, the Clergy were oblig'd to purify the District where this Prodigy had happen'd. Such were the Manners and Government of this Region *. As to the Country itself, it abounded in Birds of beautiful Plumage. Some Turtles were found there, and these were of three Sorts ; Turtle-Doves, Turtle-Nymphs, and Turtle-Shepherdeses , but those of the second kind were very rare. In the middle of the Valley flow'd a Canal, of equal Length with the Plain, and wide as a River. Its Stream was so vastly clear, that an Atom, lying at the Bottom of it, would have been visible , in a Word, 'twas true liquid Chrystal. Herein a Multitude of Nymphs and Syrens us'd to wanton ; and those were so gentle,

* I have here added two or three Words to the Original, which seems to go off too abruptly, and to be wanting a little in Order ; at least when translated into our Language *Voilà gens aux mœurs & au gouvernement du pays Il abonde en oiseaux de joli plumage, &c*

that People might take them with their Hands. Wealthy Persons us'd to go upon this Canal, and proceed as far as the Court of the Temple. These always hur'd I know not how many little Loves, (more or less) according to the Burthen of the Vessel; each Love having his Swan, which he harness'd to the Barge; and getting astride on the former, conducted the Vehicle with a Ribbon. Two other Vessels follow'd, the one fill'd with Music, and the other with Trinkets and China-Oranges. In this manner the Barge glided very blithesomely along. On each Side of the Canal stretched a Mead, green as the finest Emeralds, and set with Trees, whose Shade was delicious *. These were the only Paths leading to the Fane, and being much frequented, *Psyche* chose to travel only in the Night. At Day-break, she arriv'd at a Place call'd the two *Mausoleums*, the reason of which I will here tell you, as it gave Occasion to the Building of this Temple. Antiently a *Lydian* Monarch, *Philochares* by Name, besought the *Greeks* to make Choice of, and send him a Wife. As to her Birth, that he was quite indifferent about; Beauty being the only Perfection requir'd by him in a Consort. Charms of Person ennoble every Woman. The Ambassadors told the *Greeks*, that their Sovereign was extremely delicate in his Taste. Accordingly two young Maidens, the one call'd *Myrtis*, and the other *Megano*, were sent. The latter was very tall, and finely shap'd. Her Features were exceedingly beautiful, and so happily adjusted, that not a single Fault could be found, to which an uncommon Sweetness of Temper must be added; yet with all these Advantages of Sense, Beauty and

* How whimsically pitoresque, and at the same time how pleasing is the above Description. Our Author introduces the little Loves, the Nymphs, &c. so very agreeably, that he seems, on this Occasion, a second *Albano*

Shape, her Person did not strike, for want of *Venus's* diffusing over them the graceful * Poignancy. *Myrtus*, on the contrary, excell'd in this particular. Her Beauty was not so perfect as that of *Megano*; nay, an indifferent Critic would have found where-withal to exercise his Talent; but then no Part about her, how minute soever, but had its *Venus*; or rather two, abstracted from that which animated her whole Frame †. Accordingly the Monarch preferr'd

* I am afraid I have not well translated the Original here, which is exceedingly delicate *Sa personne ne touchoit point, faute de Venus qui donnât le sel à ces choses*

† The French is delightful too in this Place. *En récompense, il n'y avoit si petit endroit sur elle, qui n'eût sa Venus, & plutôt deux qu'une, outre celle qui animoit tout le corps en general*

Nothing can be prettier than these Contrasts, when drawn with Delicacy and Spirit. Several are seen in the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, *La Bruyere*, and other Writers of Wit and Genius. A Contrast between Subjects of a very different Nature now occurs to my Memory, which being curious and genuine, I shall give it a Place here, especially, as it may serve as a Specimen of the Poetry of a very famous Nation (the *Chinese*) with whose Literature we are very little acquainted.

Elogium Saulis [it should be *Salicis*] extracted from *Theophilus Sigefridi Bayeri Musæum Sinicum*, Tom I p 130 *Petropolis* [Petersburgh] 1730, 8vo

Vix ver incæperat, cum Saulius flavam corticem viridi pallio amicturet: pulchritudo ejus, pudore suffundit mali Persici arborem, quæ, præ indignatione flores, qui eam exornant, avellit atque in terram spargit. Splendor vivacissimorum colorum se non comparaverit cum simplici atque amabili decore Saulis. Antecedit verem [ver] neque opus habet vermicibus serici textoribus ipsa ramos suos atque folia vestit lavagine sericea tenuissima, quam nulli noverunt vermes.

Imitated.

The WILLOW and the PEACH-TREE.

From a Chinese P O E M.

The Spring appear'd, and hush'd was every Wind,
When the smooth *Willow*, o'er the Stream reclin'd,
Cheer'd by the Ray that animates the Globe,
Threw, o'er her yellow Bark, a verdant Robe.

Dash'd

ferr'd *Myrtis* to *Megano*, and commanded her to be stil'd *Aphrodisia* *, both in Consideration of this Charm, and because the Name of *Myrtis* was expressive only of the Shepherdess, or of the Nymph, at most ; and not pompous enough for a Queen.

Dash'd at the Beauties which her Foliage spread,
The Rival *Peach-Tree*, blushing, bends his Head
Enrag'd, his Flow'rs with varying Lustre grac'd,
He tears ; and scatters round the lovely Waste

The *Willow*, proud of milder Charms, outvies
The Flashing Splendor of the brightest Dyes.
Gay Harbinger of Spring, she scorns the Aid
Of toiling Silk-worms, and is self-array'd ;
Decking her Sprays, and Zephyr-dancing Leaves
With Down more soft than the fam'd Insect weaves

The above *Latin*, is the Translation, from the *Chinese* Language, of the Learned *Bayerus* of *Petersburgh*

To pass from Things inanimate to others of a volatile Kind : Mr *de Voltaire* has contrasted very prettily, in an extempore Epigram, two celebrated *French* Dancers, *Mademoiselle Camargo*, and *Mademoiselle Sallé*, the former of whom danc'd with wonderful Agility, and the latter with delightful Grace.

Impromptu, par Mr. de Voltaire

*Ab ! Camargo que vous êtes brillante !
Mais que Sallé, grand Dieux, est ravissante !
Que vos pas sont légers, mais que les siens sont doux !
Elle est inimitable, Et vous êtes nouvelle
Les Nymphes sautent comme Vous,
Mais les Graces dansent comme Elle*

Imitated.

Your Mien, *Camargo*, darts Delight ;
But *Sallé* ravishes the Sight.
Your flying Step the Dance improves ;
With shining Ease she sweetly moves
Gay Novelty attracts in You ;
Her, We imitable view.
You, like the sprightly Wood-Nymphs, bound,
She, like the Graces, skims the Ground

* *Aphrodisias*, was the Name of a Temple built in honour of *Venus*, in an Island so call'd, which must be from *Aphrodite*, a Name of *Venus*,

And now the Courtiers, to please their Sovereign, call'd *Megano*, *Anaphrodite**, which affected the hapless Fair-One to such a Degree, that she pin'd; and dying soon after, was interr'd honourably by the King's Order. With regard to *Aphrodisia*, she liv'd a long Term of Years, and pass'd them all blissfully. Passionately belov'd by her Consort, she engross'd his whole Affection, and rejected the several Admirers who address'd her. As *Aphrodisia* ow'd her Felicity to the *Graces*, she thought it incumbent on her to testify her Gratitude to their Goddesses; and accordingly perswaded her Consort to build a Fane in honour of *Venus*, telling him she had made a Vow for that Purpose. *Philochares* approving his Queen's Design, expended all his Wealth upon this Edifice; and then his Subjects contributed to it voluntarily. Their Zeal was so great on this Occasion, that the Women consented to sell their Jewels†; and after bestowing their All, followed the Example of *Rhodope*‖. *Myrtis* had the Satisfaction of seeing her Vow accomplished before she died; and order'd, by her Will, a *Mausoleum* to be erected to her Memory, as near as possible to the Temple; not within the Court Yard, but close by the most frequented Path. There her Ashes were to be deposited; and her Story engrav'd on the most conspicuous Part of the Mausoleum. *Philochares* having surviv'd *Myrtis*, observ'd punctually every Article of her Will. Thus Monarch rais'd a Monument worthy both of his Consort and of himself; he commanding his Heart to be lodg'd with that of his

* That is, *counter-Verus*, if I may be allow'd the Expression

† The French is, " their Necklaces " *Que l'on vendit leurs colliers*

‖ *Rhodope*, a famous *Thracian* Curtezan, and, for some time, Fellow-Slave with *Æsop*. She afterwards was purchased for a mighty Sum, by *Caraxus*, *Sappho's* Brother, who was passionately fond of her. This *Rhodope* acquir'd such vast Wealth, by prostituting herself, that she built a magnificent Pyramid

Aphrodisia. To illustrate still further the Fame of this Incident, and heighten the Glory of *Myrtis*, he caus'd *Megano's* Ashes to be convey'd to the same Spot. These were plac'd in a Mausoleum, almost as magnificent as the former, on the other Side of the Path; the two Sepulchres facing one another. *Myrtis* was seen extended on hers, and encircled with little Loves, who seem'd to be adjusting every Part of her Attire, and particularly her Head-Dress. On the other Side, *Megano* was represented reclin'd and weeping, with one Arm lying under her Head; this being the Posture in which she expir'd. On the Frame of that Mausoleum wherein the Remains of this *Lydian* Queen were deposited, the following Inscription was engrav'd.

Here Myrtis lies, whose Beauty rais'd her to the regal Dignity, and obtain'd her the Surname of Aphrodisia.

On one of the Faces, towards the Path, the following Words were writ.

Thou who art going to visit this Temple, stop a little and listen to me. Tho' born a Shepherdess, I yet was made a Queen; an Exaltation which I ow'd to the Graces more than to Beauty. I pleas'd, and that is sufficient. This is what I had to say. Honour my Sepulchre with a few Flowers, and, in Return, may the Goddess of the Graces indulge thee the Gift of pleasing.

On the Frame of the other Monument the following Words were read.

Here lie the Ashes of Megano, who, tho' a perfect Beauty, could not win the Heart for which she contended.

On the Front of this Mausoleum, the ensuing Words were engrav'd

*Tho' I was not below'd by Monarchs, I yet had Beauty sufficient to merit the Love of the Gods. But 'twas said I was not pretty enough — Is this possible ? — 'Tis indeed, insomuch that my Companion was prefer'd to me ; for which Reason she was surnam'd Aphrodisia, and I Anaphrodite. This struck me to the Heart, so that I griev'd and died Adieu, Passenger : I will detain thee no longer. Live happier than I have done, and shed not a single Tear to my Memory. As I never form'd the Joy of any Person, I would give no One Pain *.*

Psyche

* Inscriptions of this kind, when drawn by a Master, inspire every tender Reader with a pleasing Sorrow. All Reflexions on Mortality should (one would imagine) fill us with Horror, yet when such are connected with pleasing Ideas, and the whole naturally painted, especially in Verse, they administer Delight, tho' a melancholy One. What can be more mournfully soothing than the following Lines, extracted from a beautiful Poem, containing the Praises of a Country Life, by *Abbé de Chaulieu*.

*Fontenay, lieu délicieux,
Où je vis d'abord la lumiere,
Bien-tôt au bout de ma carrière
Chez toi je joindrai mes yeux*

*Muses, qui dans ce lieu champêtre
Avec soin me fîtes nourrir,
Beaux arbres qui m'avez vu naître,
Bien-tôt vous me verrez mourir*

*Oeuvres diverses de Mr l'Abbé de Chaulieu, Tom I
p. 54. A Londres [Paris] 1740*

Imitated

*O Peterham ! enchanting Place,
Sweet Spot to which I owe my Birth !
Finish'd, e'er long, this mortal Race,
I'll mingle with thy kindred Earth.*

Psyche could not forbear weeping. *Megano*, says she, I know not what to make of thy Story. I'll take it for granted that *Myrtis* had Graces; but must not thou, since so very beautiful, have possess'd some? Adieu, *Megano*, refuse not my Tears, for I am us'd to weep.—She afterwards went and scatter'd Flowers over *Aphrodite's* Sepulchre.

This Ceremony ended, there was Day-light enough left for her to view the Temple at Leisure 'Twas built in an exquisite Taste, and equally graceful and majestic. The Architect had employ'd the *Ionie* Order, because of its Elegance. From the whole resulted a *Venus*, which Words could never paint. The Front corresponded wonderfully with the Body of the Edifice. On the Pediment was represented, in *Alto Relievo*, the Birth of the *Paphian* Goddess. She was seated on a Shell, in the Attitude of a Person who had been bathing, and was just emerg'd from the Water. One of the Graces wrung her still-dropping Tresses; whilst the Second held the Robe she was to put on, the Instant the Third should have dried her. The Goddess gaz'd on her Son, who already pointed one of his Shafts, with a menacing Air, at the Universe. The Shell was drawn by two Syrens; but this Vehicle being somewhat unwieldy, *Zephyrus* assisted a little in pushing it forward. Legions of *Sports* and *Smiles* were wantoning in the Air; for *Venus* rose, at her Birth, with her whole Equipage. She then appear'd of proper Stature, completely form'd, quite ripe for receiving and giving Love. The *Paphians* were seen on the Shore, at a Distance, stretching forth their Hands to the Skies, and lost in Admiration. The Columns and Entablature were of a Marble

Ye Muses! Guardians of this Lawn,
 You, who did all my Wants supply
 Ye Trees! that saw my Life's first Dawn
 Will soon, alas! behold me die

whiter than Alabaster. On the Frise was a Tablet of black Marble, containing the Inscription of the Temple, *viz. To the Goddess of the Graces.* Two Loves, reclin'd on the Architrave, held Strings, at which hung a Medal with two Heads in it, those of the Founders. Round the Medal the following Inscription was writ. *Philochares, and Myrtis Aphrodisia his Consort, dedicated this Temple to Venus.* On each Base of the two Columns, which stood nearest the Gate, these Words were engrav'd : *The Work of Lyfimanthus.* In all Probability, the Name of the Architect.

Before we enter the Temple, I'll first speak a Word or two of the Court. Round it were Porticoes *, and over them very splendid Apartments, gilded Bed-chambers, Closets and Baths ; in a Word, a thousand Places where those who brought Money had Opportunities enough to bestow it ; and such as came empty-handed were sent back. *Psyche*, at the Sight of these wonderful Objects, could not forbear sighing ; they recalling to her Memory the Palace of which she once was Mistress.

The Inside of the Temple was proportionably magnificent I shall not describe it ; and will only observe, that the various kinds of Vows which all Ranks and Degrees of Persons had perform'd, were lodg'd there in separate Chapels, to prevent Confusion, and in order that no Part of the Architecture of the Temple might be hid. Here were seen the Offerings of some Authors, in Gratitude for the *Venus* which Heaven had indulg'd them. There were only a few of these. The rest of the polite Arts, as Painting and its Sisters, had devoted many more But the greatest Number of Offerings were brought by Nymphs and their Swains . One for secret Fa-

* 'Tis, in the Original, *Des portiques ou galeries basses* . I omitted the *galeries basses*, as being the same with *portiques*

vours ; another for getting a Husband ; a Third for carrying off a Lover from her Rival. A certain Votary, *Callinice* by Name, who, till the Age of threescore, kept up an Intimacy with the *Graces*, and more so with the *Pleasures*, had bestow'd a Silver Lamp gilt, and a Set of Paintings representing her Amours. 'Twould be endless to enumerate the various Oblations. Some had been hung up even by Warriors, whose Exploits, to borrow an Expression from honest *Amot* *, had that Grace of Swift-ness, which made the Atchievement of them still more pleasing

The Architecture of the Tabernacle was scarce richer than that of the Temple, in order to preserve the Proportion ; and also, that the Eye, which otherwise would have been distracted by the great Variety of Objects, might not be too much taken off from the Image of the Goddess, this being a Master-piece. Some envious Critics have suggested, that *Praxiteles* copied his *Venus* from it. It stood in a Nich of black Marble, between Columns of the same Colour ; by which means it appear'd still whiter, and had a finer Effect. On one Side of the Sanctuary was rais'd a Throne, where *Venus*, leaning on odoriferous Cushions, receiv'd, whenever she came into this Temple, the Adorations of Mortals ; and distributed her Favours as she judg'd proper †.

The

* The Expression in the Original is, *dont les exploits, — avoient cette grace de soudaineté qui les rendoit encore plus agréables* — *Amot*, a famous French Translator, who died in 1793, was Bishop of Auxerre, and great Almoner of France. His Versions, from the Greek, procur'd him great Reputation, particularly his Translation of *Plutarch's Lives*

† We here see *la Fontaine* as agreeable an Architect as a Poet, and his fictitious Edifices seem much more pleasing to a Foreigner, than the solid Ones, in general, built by his Countrymen 'Twas not for such graceful, imaginary Structures as this, but for the many heavy, verbose One, rais'd in Romances, that

The Temple was always open'd pretty early in the Morning, that it might be clear of the Vulgar, at the Time when Persons of Distinction us'd to enter it. But this Decorum was to no Purpose the Day in question; all the Votaries crouding round *Psyche* the Moment she came in. They imagin'd 'twas *Venus*, who had disguis'd herself in Shepherdess's Weeds, purposely to carry on some private Affair; to familiarize herself with the common People; or possibly, out of meer Whim *. The News of

that *Mr. de Voltaire* made the following Criticism, in his *Temple of Taste*. "Here would be the Place to expatiate on the Structure of this Edifice, and to speak of Architrave and Archivolte, in case I had writ not to be read."

* The mistaking a lovely Nymph for *Venus*, and *vice versa*, have been the Subject of several Copies of Verses; of which kind there are some very pretty Ones in *Prior Marot*, (*Vallet de Chambre* to *Francis I.*) a Poet famous for the delightful Simplicity of his Verse; and whom *la Fontaine* was fond of imitating, has a beautiful little Poem to our Purpose; which being in old *French*, is thence much more pleasing.

De Cupido & de sa Dame [The Poet's Mistress]

*Amour trouva celle qui m'est amere .
Et j'y estois, j'en scay bien mieulx le compte .
Bon jour, dict il , bon jour Venus ma mere
Puis tout à coup il veoit qu'il se mescompte,
Dont la couleur au visage lui monte
D'avoir faully . honteux Dieu scart combien .
Non, non, Amour, ce dy-je, n'a,ex honte
Plus clers voyans que vous s'y trompent bier.*

Imitated

The Beautiful Mistake

As *Mira*, once, and I were laid
Beneath the Woodbine's trembling Shade,
Comes *Cupid* — " Dear Mamma," (he cries,
Bright Anguish stealing from his Eyes.)
" Alas! I've sought you all the Day,
' Surpriz'd where my Mamma could stray;
" O'er Dales, and Hills, and Rocks I flew,
" E'er gliding Fairies sip the Dew .

" Sighing,

of this Wonder was no sooner spread, but even the most indolent ran to gaze upon it. As for poor *Psyche*, she was seated in a Corner of the Fane, quite ashamed and confounded at this Profusion of Honours, the Consequences of which she concluded must prove fatal to her ; and yet she could not forbear taking a secret Pleasure on this Occasion. She chang'd Colour every Instant ; and sometimes turn'd away her Face ; discovering a Desire to offer up her Orisons, but in vain ; the Croud being so vastly importunate, that *Psyche* was forc'd to declare who she was. Some believ'd her, whilst Others could not be persuaded but that This must be *Venus*.

Such Multitudes flock'd round her, that when the true Goddess appear'd, she could scarce get forward. The *Paphian* Queen had been told all that was doing, which exasperated her so much, that she look'd, (hasting with her Cheeks all on Fire) like the Queen of the Furies, rather than that of the Graces. However, *Venus* restrain'd her Anger, for Fear of a Mutiny. Her Guards having clear'd the Way, the Goddess went and seated herself upon her Throne ; and there heard, but with some Confusion, a few Supplicants. Most of the Men had stay'd with *Psyche* ; as did those Women, who either were not very handsome, or had no Pretensions or Interest.

“ Sighing, to *Jove* I breath'd a Vow —

“ ‘Twas heard, for O ! I've found you now.”

Love's rising Joy his Smiles exprest,
When swift he springs to *Mine's* Breast,
But going to kiss her rosy Cheek,
Amaz'd he starts, and scarce can speak

“ Thus to mistake ! O foul Disgrace ! ” —

Confusion sweetly flush'd his Face —

“ How Folks will laugh ! ” This wak'd his Pride:

He hangs his Head, and turns aside.

Seeing the Rover tortur'd thus,

“ Fond Child (says I) why all this Fuss ?

“ Suppress your Blushes Be not griev'd —

“ Much quicker Eyes have been deceiv'd.

The rest had declar'd in favour of the Goddess, the Instant she came in ; it being the Policy of Females, the Reputation of whose Charms is establish'd, to fall upon the new Comers of their Sex, as Persons who would deprive them (as it were) of their Livelihood *. I cannot directly say, whether they borrowed this Practice from Writers, or Writers from them.

Our Shepherdess not daring to advance forward, the Goddess sent for her, on which Occasion a Croud of Men attended *Psyche* ; so that the whole had the Appearance of a Triumph rather than a Homage. But sad *Psyche* could not be accus'd with any Shadow of Justice for the various Honours now paid her ; on the contrary, she wish'd that no Person had even so much as look'd at her. She then perform'd the several Duties of a Suppliant ; but the Presence of the Goddess eras'd the Speech she had meditated, from her Memory. *Psyche* happen'd, indeed, to have no Need of it ; *Venus*, the Moment she spied our Fair-One, scarce allowing her Time to fall prostrate ; but descending from her Throne :— I'll hear you (says she) in private. Come away to *Paphos* : You shall ride in my Chariot †.— *Psyche* suspected so much Kindness ; but then, this was not a Season for debating ; not to mention, that 'twas chiefly at *Paphos* our Fair-One had Hopes

* I have chang'd the Figure, as imagining it too low, in our Language . The French is, *Comme à celles qui leur ôtent, pour ainsi dire, le pain de la main* . “ As People who take, as it “ were, the Bread out of their Hands ” [Mouths]

† *La Fontaine* here pays a tacit Compliment, and by that means a very delicate one, to *Psyche*'s Charms, in making *Venus* hurry thus away with the Fair-One ; this seeming to argue a secret Confession, in *Venus*, of *Psyche*'s great Beauty , and as tho' it would bear a Comparison with that of the Goddess , otherwise it had been natural for the latter to insult her Rival in Presence of the Multitude, since this would have been a very severe Revenge

of getting a Sight of her Husband. *Venus*, to prevent her escaping, oblig'd *Psyche* to leave the Fane at the same time with her ; the Men bestowing a thousand Blessings on their two Goddesses as they pass'd along, and part of the Women speaking thus :—Even one Goddess is too much ; and therefore, let us settle a Commonwealth among ourselves, where the Vows, the Adorations, the Services and Favours of *Cupid*, may be in common Should *Psyche* come hither again, to flirt and dally with the Men, who may be of Use to us for some little Thing or other ; and attempt to thus reduce every Heart under the Dominion of One, we must all rise up and tear her to Pieces *.—However, the rest laugh'd at these female Republicans, and wish'd our Shepherdess a good Journey.

And now the *Cyprian* Queen made *Psyche* step into the Chariot ; but here she was accompanied by three ungracious Deities of the Goddess's Retinue. Courts abound with Characters of every Kind. The Deities in question were Anger, Jealousy, and Envy ; Monsters sprung from *Tartarus* ; merciless Lictors †, that never went abroad without their Scourges, Lictors, whose very Aspect is Punishment. As to *Venus*, she set out another Way.

Psyche perceiving herself above the Clouds, in such dreadful Company, trembled in every Limb : Her Hair stood erect, and her Tongue cleav'd to her Mouth. 'Twas a long time before a Word could break from her ; but continuing motionless, she seem'd transform'd to Stone, and a Statue rather than an animated Being ; insomuch that, had

* The French is, *il nous la faut lapider* : “ We must stone her.”

† A Roman Officer, twelve of whom us'd to march before the Consul, each carrying a Bundle of Rods, (for lesser Crimes) bound up with an Ax, to execute such Malefactors as deserv'd Death.

not a Sigh stole from the wretched Fair-One, at Intervals, one would have imagin'd her dead.

And now she figur'd to herself the various Tortures of condemn'd Criminals, Fancy still representing them more cruel than they really are. There was not one of them which Fear did not cause her to suffer before hand. At last, throwing herself at the Feet of the three Furies.—If your Breasts (says she) were ever sensible to the slightest Emotions of Pity, keep me no longer in Suspence Tell me what Torments I am doom'd to suffer. Have you not receiv'd Orders to throw me into the Sea? But I'll spare you that Trouble, if you think proper, and will plunge headlong into it—The three Daughters of *Acheron* made no Reply, and only grinn'd horribly at their distracted Captive *.

The

* The *French* is not in such strong Terms: *Se contenterent de la regarder de travers*. "Only look'd angrily at her" I shall observe, that this Silence seems to me as expressive, as that (taken notice of by the Critics) of *Dido* in *Elysium*, when *Aeneas* descended thither, and the Heroine refus'd to utter a Word

*In vain he thus attempts her Mind to move,
With Tears, and Prayers, and late repenting Love.
Disdainfully she look'd, then turning round,
But fix'd her Eyes unmov'd upon the Ground.
And, what he says, and swears, regards no more,
Than the deaf Rock, when the loud Billows roar.
But retir'd away, to shun his hateful Sight,
Hid in the Forest, and the Shades of Night.
Then sought Sicheus, thro' the shady Grove,
Who answer'd all her Cares, and equal'd all her Love.*

DRYDEN

Upon Mount *Calvary*, an Eminence about four Miles from *Paris*, are Hermits who never go abroad They inhabit a wild Solitude, fare wretchedly, are poorly clad, and very seldom permitted to converse together None but the Hermit who opens the Door is allow'd to speak to Strangers I being one Day conducted by the Porter, in question, into an Apartment below Stairs, where about twenty Hermits were weaving Stockings;
the

Whilst she was kneeling before them, the Chariot descended upon the Earth, when *Psyche* found herself in a Desert, in the Back-Court of a Palace built by *Venus*, between two Mountains in the mid Way of *Amathus* † and *Paphos*. Hither the *Cyprian* Queen, whenever she was fatigued with the perplexing Affairs of her Court, us'd to retire, with five or six of her Confidants ; on which Occasion, no one was permitted to visit her. 'Twas nevertheless whisper'd (by Calumny) that certain particular male-Friends were allow'd the Key of her Garden. *Venus* arriv'd there before the Chariot. Immediately the three barbarous Ministers took *Psyche* into the Bed-chamber, where the Goddess was decking herself. And now that very Fear which made our Fair-One forget the Speech she had prepar'd, recall'd it. Altho' the violent Passions disturb the Soul, nothing can inspire such powerful Eloquence. Our ill-fated Shepherdess fell prostrate within four Paces of the Goddess, and address'd her as follows.—Queen of the Loves and Graces ; see here the wretched Slave whom you are in quest of. The only Reward I crave for delivering her up, is to have Leave to behold you. In case it be not Sacrilege in such a miserable Mortal, as I am, to look upon *Venus*, and to reason on the Charms of a Goddess ; I would humbly observe, that Mankind must be stark blind to put any Value on my faint Beauties, after having been bless'd with the Sight of yours. I did all that lay in my Power to check their Folly, but in vain, they having paid me Honours which I utterly refus'd, and noways merited. Your Son, by the fabulous Reports spread concerning Me, let himself be pre-

the Silence of these Creatures, who were as thin as so many Ghosts, and did not once take their Eyes from their Work, was quite dismal and emphatical.

† A City of *Cyp. us* sacred to *Venus*

judic'd in my Favour. The Destinies gave me to him, without asking my Consent in any manner. In all this I have err'd, since you are pleas'd to pronounce me guilty. I ought to have hid this Face of mine, baleful Source of so many Mistakes. I should have disfigur'd it; should have died, since thus odious to you; and yet I did nothing of this. Inflict therefore what Punishment you judge proper; this, however severe, shall be borne by me with Patience; thrice happy if I can but hear your divine Voice pronounce my Doom *.

You shall have that Satisfaction (replied *Venus* :) I am noways affected by your feign'd Humility. You ought to have entertain'd these Thoughts, and employ'd Expressions of this Kind, before you fell into my Hands. When you did not apprehend the Effects of my Anger, your Glass (truly) told you that no Charms were comparable to your own; but now that you are my Captive, you think me handsome. But we'll soon see who has the Superiority in this respect. My Beauty can never decay, whereas yours is subject to me, and I'll destroy it at Pleasure. We'll begin by this alabaster Body, concerning which my Son has publish'd such Wonders, and dignifies with the Title of the Temple of Whiteness.—Here take up your † Rods (ye fell Daughters of Night) and scourge her till such time as the Blood shall quite cover this alabaster Temple ‖.

Psyche,

* The *French* is much more gracefully express'd: *Trop heureuse si je vois votre divine bourse s'ouvrir, pour prononcer l'arrêt de ma destinée.* "Too happy, if I see your divine Lips open, to pronounce the Decree of my Fate" In this, and other marginal Notes, I give a literal Version, tho' very much to the disadvantage of my *English*; in order that the Reader may have the Sense of the Original, in its full Extent.

† The Original is *Stems*, Twigs, or young Shoots

‖ The *French* is work'd up much higher: *Et me l'empourpre si bien, que cette blancheur ne trouve pas même un exil en son propre*

Psyche, hearing this cruel Order, turn'd pale as Ashes; and sinking at the Feet of the Goddess, did not show the least Signs of Life. *Venus* began to be mov'd, but some Fiend restraining this tender Impulse, prompted her to leave the Apartment. The Instant the *Cyprian* Queen was gone, the fell Ministers of her Revenge snatch'd up Myrtle-Branches; when both their Eyes and Ears being insensible, they tore off our Shepherdess's innocent Weeds. Alas! She * who bestow'd them on *Psyche*, thought to have procur'd her such a Lot as the whole World must have envy'd. *Psyche* did not recover her Senses, till Excess of Pain forc'd her to know that she was alive. The Valley resounded with her Cries. *Echo* had never repeated such doleful Accents. Not the least Place was spar'd in all this lovely Frame, which, till then, might justly be call'd the Temple of Whiteness, whose Lustre was so exquisite, that Language could never paint it.

*Her Beauty, Lillies late enshrin'd,
Fair Emblem of her brighter Mind* †.

Each

propre temple “ Scourge her so severely; draw forth her “ Blood to such a degree, that this Whiteness may not be allowed an Asylum, even in its own Temple.” But I thought this Figure would be unnatural, and much too strong in our Language

* The eldest of the Fisherman's Grand-daughters

† This last Line is not in the *French*, from which I have varied very much, imagining that the Figures would not be graceful in *English*. The Original runs thus

Là les lys lui servoient de trône & d'oreillers

“ There Lillies serv'd Her as a Throne and Pillows ”

I shall introduce this whole little Poem here, being persuaded that it will give Pleasure to those who are well skill'd in the *French* Tongue.

Each Love, who in her Bosom play'd,
 Or o'er her Form transported, stay'd,
 With weeping Eye departs.
 Nought can th' infernal Fiends assuage;
 With Iron Hands they wreak dire Rage,
 Inspir'd by flinty Hearts.

Tho', at each Stroke, the Blood fast flow'd,
 Yet could not this their Ire restrain,
 Till Atropos †, in Pity show'd
 The Knife which ends the Wretch's Pain.

Why

Là les lys lui seroient de trône & d'oreillers.
 Des escadrons d'Amours chez Psiché familiers,
 Furent chassés de cet azile
 Le pleurer leur fut inutile,
 Rien ne put attendre les trois Filles d'Enfer.
 Leurs cœurs furent d'acier, leur mains furent de fer.
 La Belle eut beau souffrir, il fallut que ses peines
 Allaient jusqu'au poiat, que les sœurs inhumaines
 Craignirent que Clotho ne survînt à son tour.
 Ah ! trop impitoyable Amour !
 En quels lieux étois-tu ? Di, cruel, di, barbare.
 C'est toi, c'est ton plaisir qui causa sa douleur.
 Oui, tigre, c'est toi seul qui t'en dois dire auteur.
 Psiché n'eût rien souffert sans ton courroux bizarre.
 Le bruit de ses clameurs s'est au loin répandu ;
 Et tu n'en as rien entendu !
 Pendant tous ses tourmens tu dormois, je le gage ;
 Car ta brûlure n'étoit rien
 La Belle en a souffert mille fois davantage,
 Sans l'avoir mérité si bien
 Tu devois venir voir empoussier cet albâtre
 Il falloit amener une troupe de Ris
 Des souffrances d'un corps dont tu fus idolâtre,
 Vous vous seriez tous divertis.
 Hélas ! Amour, j'ai tort Tu répandis des larmes,
 Quand tu scus de Psiché la peine & le tourment ;
 Et tu lui fis trouver une baignoire pour ses chaînes,
 Qui la guérit en un moment.

† The Poets have suppos'd three Furies, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. The first is said to hold the Distaff, the second to spin the Thread of Man's Life, and the third to cut it.

*Why wast thou, Cupid, then away?
 Why not with tortur'd Psyche stay,
 But thus let Grief consume?
 Tyrant! to thee alone she owes
 The Series of incessant Woes,
 That waste her rosy Bloom.*

*Unheard by thee, her piercing Cries,
 Which Wounds extorted, reach'd the Skies,
 Whilst, thoughtless, thou might'st sleep.
 The burning Drop gave trifling Pain,
 Compar'd to what she must sustain,
 Who less deserv'd to weep.*

*Her once-lov'd Frame, now crimson'd o'er,
 Thou and the Smiles might have survey'd;
 With Joy her mingled Frame explore,
 And mock her Sighs which claim'd thy Aid.*

*I wrong thee, gentle Cupid, Tears
 Stole from thee, when thou knew'st her Grief:
 Then sent'st a Balm, which sooth'd her Fears,
 And shed around her blest Relief*

Such was *Psyche's* first Punishment. The *Paphian* Queen being return'd back, found her Victim extended on a Carpet*, quite spent, and almost breathing her last. Poor *Psyche* endeavour'd to rise, and to suppress the Sobs that almost choak'd her And now *Venus* commanding her to kiss the

La Fontaine introduces *Clotho* as performing the last mention'd Office, but I presum'd *Atropos* was more proper These Furies were feign'd to be Daughters of *Erebus* and *Nox*.

* I omitted the following Words *Dont cette chambre étoit ornée* "With which this Room was adorn'd," (speaking of the Carpet) imagining that the taking Notice of Ornaments, on this Occasion, was not very proper.

Hands

Hands which had treated her so barbarously, she obey'd immediately, and without the least Reluctance. However, the Goddess permitted her to be cur'd, she not intending to let the distracted Fair-One die so soon.

Among the Female Attendants of *Venus*, one of them had play'd false with her Mistress, she whispering to *Cupid Psyche's* Suffering, and the grievous Tolls impos'd on her. *Cupid* was not idle on this Occasion; he sending his Charmer, by the Intelligencer in Question, an excellent Balm, but with strict Orders, at the same Time, not to say how she came by it; lest *Psyche* should conclude that her Husband was pacify'd, and thence draw pleasing Inferences with regard to herself. As to the Deity, he still kept his Bed, the burning Smart not being yet heal'd.

The happy Effects produc'd by this Balm exasperated *Venus*, who, being ignorant of what was doing, and not knowing how to account for this Miracle, resolv'd to rid herself of *Psyche* by some other Means.

Under one of the two Mountains, which screen'd this Mansion to the Right and Left, was a Cavern coæval with the World. Thence issued a Stream which had the Property of restoring juvenile Years; and this is what we still term the Fountain of Youth ||. In the Infant Ages of the World, Mortals

|| The Original is, *la fontaine de Jouvence*. This Spring or Fountain is mention'd in the Romance of *Huon de Bourdeaux*, as rising in a Desert Place, and flowing from the Nile and the Terrestrial Paradise. Its Virtue was said to be so great, that if a sick Person either drank, or wash'd his Hands with it, he was immediately cur'd; and, if far advanc'd in Years, and decrepit, he return'd back to the Age of thirty. *Huon* likewise speaks of a Plant of Youth, bearing Apples, which had the same Effect.

D'Herbelot, in his *Bibliothèque orientale*, Article *ILIA*, tells us, " That the Fountain of Immortality, or of *Elijah*, which

tals in general were allowed Access to this Treasure; but making an ill Use of it, the Gods depriv'd them of it. *Pluto*, Monarch of the infernal Regions, had appointed a Dragon of an enormous Size to guard it. The Dragon in Question never slept, but devour'd all who were so rash as to approach this Spring. Some Females, however, us'd to venture there sometimes; they chusing to die, rather than prolong a Life unblest'd with youthful Days and Admirers.

Five or six Days after, the *Paphian* Queen spoke thus to her Slave.—Fly instantly to the Fountain of Youth, and fetch me thence a Pitcher of Water. 'Tis not for myself, as thou may'st imagine, but for two or three She-friends of mine, who want some of it. If thou fail to bring me this Water, thou shalt be chastiz'd as before.

The Female Attendant abovemention'd, whom *Cupid* had brib'd, running instantly and informing him of this dire Command, the Deity bid her observe to *Psyche*, that in order to lull this Dragon asleep, she must sing him some long Story, which charming his Ear, might afterwards make him drowsy, and that as soon as he was bound in Slumbers, she then shou'd go forward boldly and draw Water. Accordingly *Psyche* took up the Pitcher, and set out. No one dar'd to advance nearer than within twenty Paces of the Cavern; the Entrance to this yawning Palace being usually guarded by its dreadful Keeper. The Dragon had the cunning to slide his long Tail between Brambles and Briars, so as to conceal it, and this being done, the Moment any Animal pass'd that Way, whether a Stag, a Horse,

“ the great King *d'Houlcarnein* sought for, but in vain, is very
 “ famous in all the Eastern Romances, and that 'tis from thence
 “ our Novel-Writers borrow'd their Fountain of Youth, whose
 “ Waters are pretended to have the same Effect with those of
 “ *Elijah*.”

or an Ox, the Monster drawing its Tail in a great Variety of Folds, twisted it round the Legs of the Animal with so much Swiftneſs and Strength, as caus'd it to ſtagger; and then the Dragon ruſhing furiously upon the unhappy Victim, fed upon it. Few Travellers, however, were loſt by that Stratagem, this Place being better known, and in worſe Reputation, than *Scylla* and *Charybdis*.

At the Time that our Fair-One went to this Fountain, the Monster was ſunning himſelf; the ſolar Rays gilding his Scales one Moment, and the next calling forth an hundred different Colours. *Psyche*, who had been told how near ſhe might approach him, (the Dragon being unable to go far, as Fate had bound him with an Adamantine Chain) *Psyche*, I ſay, was not much terrify'd; ſhe being accuſtom'd to the Sight of Dragons And now, hiding her Pitcher as well as ſhe cou'd, ſhe ſung melodiouſly the following Ditty.

*Sent by the Gods, and void of Fear,
Before thee, Dragon, I appear:
And now declare, that e'er the Sun
Shall thrice his circling Progreſs run,
A Serpent of the Female Kind,
Whom Jove, long ſince, for thee deſign'd,
Shall glitter, awful, by thy Side,
And, joyous, all thy Cares divide,
Shall fondly cheer thy lonely Hours,
And throw new Luſtre round theſe Bow'rs.*

*O in what Words, fam'd Dragon, ſay,
Shall I thy matchleſs Worth diſplay!
Thy Scales on brighteſt Gold refine,
Thine Eyes the Lightning's Flaſh out-ſhine
Thou need'ſt not a new Skin aſſume
To re-appear in Life's gay Bloom.*

*Thy Blifs, in owning fuch a Spring,
 What Lyre, or sweeteft Voice, cou'd fing !
 If Wealth has Charms to tempt thy Mind,
 Indulge thy Stream, and I'll be kind ;
 And instant lavifh fuch a Store
 Of Gold, fhall't leave a Wifh for more.*

*How many Nymphs, to thus recall,
 Life's blifsful Prime, would give their All * ?*

Psyche warbled a great many more Songs, which having no Connexion, cou'd not be learn'd by the Birds of this Solitude, who confequently did not teach them us. The Dragon firft lift'n'd to her with prodigious Pleafure, afterwards began to yawn,

* Thefe eight laft Lines are as follow, in the Original, the Clofe of which feem'd too bold (tho' humorous) for our Language.

*Quelle felicit   d'avoir chez toi cette eau !
 Si tu veux t'enrichir, permets que l'on y puife
 Quelque tribut qu'il faille, il te fera port  .
 J'en f  ai qui pour avoir cette commodit  ,
 Donneront jufqu'    leur chemife*

Tho' the *French* are fo very polite a People, yet a greater Liberty, with regard to certain Exprefſions, ſuch as double Entendres, &c. is permitted in their Tongue than in *English*: Their Ladies not ſcrupling to employ many Phraſes, which, utter'd by ours, would make the Multitude among us ſtare. 'Tis not that the *French* Ladies allow of leud Exprefſions, but then they play upon, and bandy about (as it were) many gay Ones, which have a very pleaſing Effect in Converſation, and enliven it vaſtly: In ſhort, ſuch as are in Character with a Nation, whoſe Men, in general, ſeem (to us) Comedians; as ours do a Sort of Quakers to them. And, with regard to the other Sex, whiſt the *English* Ladies appear to the *French* as Prudes; thoſe of *France* have, in our Eye, the Air of Coquets — Some impatient Wag might ask, which Party are moſt miſtaken in their Conjectures?

Non noſtrum inter vo. tantos componere lites.

VIRG

and

and at last fell asleep. *Psyche* seiz'd this Opportunity : She now was oblig'd to slip between the Dragon and one of the Sides of the Entrance, where was scarce Room enough for a single Person to pass. So violent a trembling seiz'd our Fair-One, that she had like to let fall her Pitcher, which would have been of much worse Consequence than the Drop of Oil. This Sleeper was vastly different from the other ; his Anger and Remonstrances being to tear People to Pieces. Our Heroine, by great good Luck, perform'd her Errand ; she filling her Pitcher, and returning back in Triumph.

Venus suspected that *Psyche* had been assisted by some Deity ; but to discover which of them it was, there lay the Difficulty. Her Son had never stir'd once out of Bed : Neither *Jupiter*, nor any of the Gods, would have let *Psyche* continue in this Slavery ; but as to the Goddesses, they'd be the last to succour her.—Don't imagine, says *Venus*, that your Task is done : I'll impose such difficult Commissions, that 'twill be impossible for thee not to fail in one or other of them, and then Death must inevitably be thy Portion. Fly and bring me some Wool from the Sheep which feed on the other Side of the River ; I'll make myself a Garment of it.—These were Rams of the Sun, all having Horns, with which they butted furiously, and us'd to pursue Wolves. Their Wool was of a Flame Colour, so excessively bright, that it dazzl'd the Eye. These were then feeding on the other Side of a River, vastly wide and deep, which ran through the Valley, a thousand Paces or more from *Venus's* Palace.

Very fortunately for *Psyche*, *Juno* and *Ceres* happen'd to pay a Visit to *Venus* presently after the Goddess had given the above Order. They had seen her twice since her Son's Sickness, and likewise been with *Cupid*. This last Visit prevented *Venus* from observing what was doing ; and thereby gave our
 Heroine

Heroine an Opportunity of executing the Command in Question, which otherwise must have been impracticable ; there being neither Bridge, Boat or Gondola upon this River.

But the Female, who had an Understanding with *Cupid*, spoke thus to *Psyche* :—Here are several Swans, whom the little Loves have train'd up to serve instead of Gondolas. I'll take one of 'em, and go over the River. 'Twill be proper for me to accompany you for this reason : The Sheep in question are kept by two *Sylvans* *, who, tho' very young, begin to skip after the Nymphs and Shepherdesses. Now I'll cross over first, and amuse those *Sylvans*, who won't fail to run after me, merely to frolic and wanton ; we being very well acquainted, and they knowing that I am an Attendant of *Venus*. Happen what will, I shall escape for a couple of Kisses, and whilst they are toying in this manner, you may cross over.

So far is well, reply'd *Psyche*, but then how shall I get near the Sheep ? Are they also acquainted with me ? Do they know that I belong to *Venus* ?—You may pick some of their Wool (reply'd the Female) from the Briars ; great Quantities sticking to them, when it begins to fall off ; insomuch that the whole District is full of this Wool. Every Thing happen'd exactly as concerted by them, except that, instead of two Kisses, four were snatch'd from *Psyche's* Companion.

Whilst our Shepherdess, and the Female Attendant, were pursuing their Enterprize, *Venus* begg'd the two Goddesses to sound her Son.—To hear him talk (says she) one wou'd conclude he was highly exasperated at *Psyche* ; and yet he must certainly assist the Creature clandestinely ; at least I

* Imaginary Wood-Gods, whom the Poets feign to have been very salacious.

have great reason to suspect some such Thing. Now as you are both my very good Friends, be so kind as to dissuade the Boy from this Passion. Represent to him the Duty which a Child owes his Parent. Observe that he demeans himself strangely: He'll infinitely sooner disclose his Thoughts to you than to his Mother.

Juno and *Ceres* promis'd to use their best Endeavours, and accordingly visited the languishing *Cupid*; but the God, so far from answering their Queries, strove, as much as possible, to disguise his real Sentiments. However, they conjectur'd that this Passion still touch'd his Heart *Cupid* even complain'd of his Mother, as continuing to use him like a Child.—He (truly) a Child! She did not consider that he cou'd bring down *Hercules's* at Pleasure; and that the Hearts of Heroes were the only Tops he had ever play'd with*. Shall I (says he) be treated after this like a Baby? Shall my Mother pretend to amuse me with Rattles and Hobby-horses†? I who dispense a Blessing, compar'd to which Glory and Riches are mere Gewgaws. Surely the least I can do, is, to reserve to myself a Portion of that Blessing. Fine indeed! that I, who couple such Multitudes, shou'd be deny'd the Enjoyment of a Wife.—The Goddesses acquiesc'd with the youthful Deity's Reasons; and returning back to *Venus*, told her the Result of their Mediation.—If we might advise (said they) as Friends,—*Cupid* should e'en take his own Course; he being come to Years of Discretion, and consequently able to govern himself.—

* How prettily whimsical is this Idea!

† The Original is, *de moulins & de papillons* *Moulins* signify here little Windmills, Bits of Cards, cut in the Form of the Sails of a Windmill. Children fix them at the End of a Piece of Stick, and running along with them in the Wind, the Sails v' hurl round. *Papillons*, are Butterflies, and *courir apres les papillons*, signifies, to hunt after, or amuse one's self with Trifles.

Let

Let him pitch upon *Hebe*, (replied *Venus* :) Let him chuse a Wife from among the *Muses*, the *Graces*, or the *Hours* : I have no Objection to them.—You joke (said *Juno* ;) Would you permit *Cupid* to marry one of your Attendants ? especially *Hebe*, who is our Cup-bearer ? With regard to the *Muses*, being every one Prudes, they must be averse to Love, and consequently would not suit the gay Deity, but, on the contrary, distract him As to the *Hours*, their Charms are temporary ; and they'd be no ways for his Purpose.—But pray consider, (added *Venus* :) all these are Goddesses, and *Psyche* is but a Mortal. A glorious Match (truly) for my Son, to espouse the youngest Daughter of a King, whose whole Dominions would turn in the Back-Yard of this Palace * ! Don't thus despise *Psyche*, (I beseech you, says *Ceres* .) Some meaner Person may happen to be your Daughter-in-law. Beauty is rarely seen among the Deities , but for Wealth and Power they have enough of them. I am a great Traveller, you know ; but this I can affirm, that my Eyes never beheld so finish'd a Creature. — *Juno* could not but own that *Ceres* was in the right ; whereupon both of them advis'd the *Paphian* Queen to let her Son take a Wife.—How must *Venus* be delighted to clasp a little *Cupid*, who would be his very Papa in Miniature !—The *Cyprian* Queen was

* This is good Banter, and very pretty in the *French* *N'est-ce pas un parti bien avantageux pour mon fils, que la cadette d'un Roi, de qui les états tourneroient dans la basse-cour de ce château !* Many of the *Grecian* Kings were no more than Lords, (of whom *Psyche*'s Father seems to have been one) whose Territories were contain'd in such narrow Limits, that a Duke of *Bedford* might have been Emperor over twenty of them The Demesnes of *Psyche*'s Father are pleasantly glanc'd at in Page 271, where 'tis observ'd that, " Tho' what she (*Psyche*) then appear'd in " was a Mourning Habit, 'twas at the same time a nuptial Garment, enrich'd with Diamonds, and had cost her Sire " double his annual Revenue "

quite nettled at these last Words, and reddened vastly—This would become you much better than me (replied she) in an angry Tone of Voice. I have been surveying myself this whole Day in the Glass, and yet not a single Feature seem'd to speak the Grandmother. These Words were not left unanswered; so that, at last, the three Goddesses, (tho' such mighty Friends) quarrell'd and parted.

Ceres and *Juno* returning to their Chariots, *Venus* went to expostulate with her Son, when looking upon him with a scornful Air.—Arn't you a fine Youth (says she) to think of marrying? you whose Imagination runs upon nothing but Pleasure! But how long is it since that wise Design enter'd your Head? A pretty Fellow indeed! How vastly grave and sedate you look! 'Twould make one laugh to see you the Father of a Family during only a few Days! How charmingly you'd behave in that Quality!—But hearkee, *Cupid*; mind your Business: Know that, as you are the God of Lovers, 'twould be ridiculous for you to be a Husband. I need not mention the Multitude of Affairs you have upon your Hands: The Empire of Love is in a declining State: Things in general are lifeless; nothing is brought to a Conclusion; and still you are so inconsiderate, as to trifle away your Time in idle Proposals of Marriage. 'Tis now almost three Months since you first took to your Bed, sick rather thro' Whim, than from the burning Smart. It must be confess'd that you got your Hurt very honourably. What a Glory will break round you, when the World is told that your Wife occasion'd it! Had it indeed been a Mistress!—And so you really intend to bring hither some sage Matron, who, for nine Months, will be always out of Order and whining; and she, forsooth, must be trapesing after me to every Party of Pleasure! But, *Cupid*, I tell you once for all, either quit *Psyche*, or expect to be

no longer consider'd as my Son You perhaps may be silly enough to fancy that I, so far from being able to bring any more *Cupids* into the World, have quite lost the Knack of making them. But, let me tell you, I can be a Mother again whenever I please. And since you are such an Uichin, depend upon't I'll bring forth a *Cupid* a thousand times handsomer than you, and put the Reins of your Empire into his Hands. Here, give me that Bow and those Shafts, and the rest of the *Insignia* with which I equip'd you.—They are no longer of Use to you. When you behave better, and more like a Man, I shall return them.—*Cupid* now fell a sobbing, and, clasping his Mother's Hands, kiss'd them. Still this was not what she wanted. The Goddess then summon'd up all her Rhetoric, in Hopes of getting a Promise from him to abandon *Psyche*, but in vain; upon which, she, after threatening him very severely, left his Apartment.

To complete her Vexation, *Psyche* return'd with a Bundle of Wool as heavy as herself. Our Fair-One's Enterprize had succeeded very happily; the Swan being extremely kind and officious, as likewise the two Wood-Gods *. These had only gaz'd upon, and run after *Psyche's* Companion, if we except that they took a Dance or two with her †, stole a

* The Original is, *Les deux Sylvains*, “the two Sylvans.” These are likewise call'd *Fauni*, or Fawns, whom *Virgil* invokes, among other Deities, in his first *Georgic*.

*Et vos agrestum præsentia numina Fauni,
Ferte simul Fauniquæ pedem Dryadesque puellæ.*

That is

“Ye Fawns, propitious to the rural Swains,
“Ye Nymphs that haunt the Mountains and the Plains,
“Join in my Work”—— DRYDEN.

† 'Tis in *French*, *Horsmis qu'ils danserent quelques chansons avec la suivante*. “Except that they danc'd some Songs with
“the Female-Attendant.”

few Kisses, gave her some Sprigs of Thyme and Sweet-Marjoram; and perhaps a Green-Gound: But all this with the utmost Decorum and Modesty. Whilst these Things were doing, *Psyche* had been busy at her Work, not a single Sheep leaving the Flock to run after her; and the Brambles permitting themselves to be stript of their lovely Attire, without once pricking her Fingers.

Our Fair-One got back first over the River. The Instant the *Paphian* Queen saw her, she ask'd how *Psyche* had been able to cross it: The latter reply'd, that there was no Occasion for her doing this; the Wind blowing the Locks of Wool on the Side of the River where she stood—I did not imagine this possible (said *Venus* :) But I find I was mistaken. However, I shall hit upon some better Expedient between this and the Morning.

The Son of *Venus*, whose Thoughts were wholly employ'd on Methods how to extricate *Psyche* from all these Perils; and who, perhaps, was determin'd to take his Charmer into Favour, the Instant he should recover his Health and Strength; had first sent back *Zephyrus*, and order'd a Fairy, who could give Speech to Stones, to come into the Neighbourhood of the Palace. All Things were in the Power of this Fairy. She laugh'd at the Fates, command'd over the Winds and Planets, and govern'd the World at Pleasure. The *Cyprian* Queen knew nothing of her Arrival. She indeed had seen *Zephyrus*, and was persuaded that he had assisted *Psyche*: But having thought, in the Night, of a Commission which she imagin'd *Psyche* could not possibly execute, she spoke thus to her Son the next Day.—The Agent-General of your Affairs must be near this Palace; you having given him strict Orders not to go far from it.—But let me tell you, I now defy you and all your Emiffaries. You must be very cunning indeed, to prevent your Fair-One from failing in
what

what I shall now enjoin her.—Saying these Words, she sent for *Psyche*; and bidding her follow, led her into the Back-Court of the Palace. There under a sort of very wide Shed *, were heap'd up, confusedly four different Kinds of Grain, which had been given the Goddess, as Sustenance for her Doves. This was a Mountain rather than a Heap, the Grain spreading over the whole Granary, and reaching to the very Top of it. And now *Venus* spoke thus to *Psyche*:—I'm resolv'd to feed my Doves henceforward, with nothing but Millet or Wheat, unmix'd with any other Grain. Do thou therefore make four separate Heaps of this great One, a Heap of every Sort in each Corner. I'm going for *Amathus* upon a Party of Pleasure, and shall come back in the Evening. Now, if thy Task be not perform'd at my Return, and there should happen to be so much as a single Grain out of its Place, I'll give thee up to the dire Ministers of my Vengeance.—Saying these Words, she went into her Chariot, leaving *Psyche* half distracted. And indeed, this Task was not a *Herculean* Labour, but that of an infernal Spirit †.

The Instant *Cupid* was told this, he sent Advice thereof to the Fairy, who, by her Fumigations ‡, her Circles, and magical Words, forc'd not only

* The Original is *Halle*, signifying properly a Market, where Provisions of every kind are sold, and more particularly the cover'd Place under which those several Things are set, as in *Halles*, a great Market, so call'd, in *Paris*. I imagin'd the Term *Shed* most proper on this Occasion.

† The Original is *Démon*.

‡ This is suppos'd to be a Ceremony in Witchcraft, and properly a chymical Term, implying either such Things as are taken in Smoke, or those which resolve into it. We are told of a very severe Edict enacted by *Alexander Severus*, against all who sold Smoke. *Fumo periret, qui fumum vendidit*. "Let Him", who sold Smoke, perish by it." Were such an Edict now in Force, and duly executed, what a Harvest would there be, in most Professions, for the Finisher of the Law!

all the Ants in the Neighbourhood, but even those dwelling at the Extremities of the Earth ; in short, all the Ants it contain'd, to flock round this Heap. Some of these Insects had travell'd twelve thousand Miles that Day 'Twas a pleasant Spectacle to see Hords and Caravans of them arriving from all Quarters : & From those Countries,

*Where bright Aurora, smiling, paints the East,
Where Sol descends, on Thetis' Charms to feast.
From the fierce North the busy Squadrons pour,
And Southern Climes emit a countless Store.
They, in such Crouds, from ev'ry Region haste,
The Roads they blacken, and the Fields lay waste.
From aged Oaks unnumber'd Cohorts bye ;
The hollow Trees their sable Bands supply.
All leave their Cells, and to their Center bend.
From Earth's wide Caverns rival Hords ascend.
Met the black Race, they into Tribes divide,
And able Overseers for Each provide.
To watch the various Labours they agree :
The Mount, now vocal, fluctuates like the Sea ;
Down sinks its Top, its Bulk less wide remains,
So well just Order aids the Toiler's Pains.
Each has his Task, while some the Grain divide,
Others skud with it to the farther Side :*

§ The Prose ends here, in the Original I have varied considerably, in my Imitation, from the first six Lines of the *French*, which run thus.

*Il en vient des climats où commande l'Aurore,
De ceux que ceint Thetis, & l'Océan encore.
L'Indien dégarrit toutes ses regions
Le Garamarte envoie aussi ses legions.
Il en port du couchant des rations entieres,
Le Nord ni le Midi n'ont plus de fourmillieres.*

These Verses don't seem to be of a Turn and Spirit with the rest

The

*The Mount enchanted seems, and glides away,
 When lo ! four Heaps repair its swift Decay.
 Of Wheat, best Gift the Gods on Men bestow.
 Of Millet, sweetest Food which Pigeons know:
 Of Rye, sharp-tasted: Barley soothing sound,
 When, chang'd to Beer, stout Nations quaff it round.*

*Thus, when some Edifice is pulling down,
 Here Piles of Timber lie, and there of Stone.
 Like Ants, the Workmen round the Ruins swarm,
 Till each Material takes its pristine Form.
 Here Loads of vulgar Stone together lie,
 And there rich sculptur'd Fragments catch the Eye.*

The Ants went back as swiftly as they had come, not waiting for Thanks —Live happy (says *Psyche* to them) May your Granaries be ever full. If there can be the least Pleasure in tormenting one's self for the Things of this World, e'en torment yourselves and be happy.

When *Venus* was return'd, and saw the four Heaps, her Surprize was not small, and her Vexation proportionably greater. No one dar'd to approach, or even to look at the Goddesses, insomuch that all the little Loves and Graces had forsaken the Place.—How ! (says the *Paphian* Queen to herself) Shall a Slave presume to resist me ? Shall I furnish her daily with new Occasions of Triumph ? What Creature will hereafter stand in fear of *Venus* ? What Mortal will adore her Power ? For as to Chaims, these are quite out of the Question, *Psyche* alone being the Goddess of Beauty. Ye Fates ! what is it I've done to you ? *Juno* took Vengeance of *Io*, and of many Others. Not a Woman in the Universe but will revenge the Injuries done her, *Venus* only is denied that exquisite Satisfaction. Still I must, I will gratify it.—*Psyche*, *Psyche*; be assur'd I have not yet done with you. My Son does you Injury, for

the longer he persists in protecting you, the more industrious I'll be in hastening your Ruin.

However, this Resolution was not so fatal to *Psyche* as *Venus* had flatter'd herself it would be. Two Days after she sent for *Psyche*, when dissembling her Spleen.—Since you perform (says she) Impossibilities, you'll descend well enough to the gloomy Regions of *Proserpine*: And don't fancy, in case you get from thence, that 'twill be possible for you to escape me; for, hide where you will, be assur'd that I'll find you out *. By the way, if you may not think proper to return from *Tartarus*, I shan't take it amiss. My Compliments to the Queen of those Regions, and desire her to send me a Box of her Cosmetics, I being in great want of some, as you may perceive, my Son's Sickness having quite disfigur'd Me. Bring back the Paint instantly, but touch it not, I charge you

Psyche set out that Moment, and was not permitted to say a single Word to any one. Her first Care was to get to the Fairy whom her Husband had sent for, and who was then in the Neighbourhood; a Circumstance known only to *Psyche*. The Fairy, that she might not raise any Suspicion, detain'd our Heroine a very little Time; all she said being as follows.—You see yon aged Tower: Fly thither immediately, and enter it. You'll there be told how you are to act. Don't be under any Apprehensions from the Brambles and Briars which stop the Gate of it; for they'll turn spontaneously aside, and open a Passage to you — *Psyche* return'd the Fairy a Multitude of Thanks, and advanc'd towards the ancient Edifice.

* The French says, " In what Part soever of the Earth you may be, I'll find you out " *En quelque lieu de la terre que vous soyez, je vous trouverai.* I thought it better to put this in general Terms.

Being got into it, the Tower became vocal, and address'd her thus * :—*Psyche*, I greet you well, and wish you a prosperous Journey. Be assur'd, that I think myself very much honour'd, in receiving you within my Walls, which never could boast so beautiful an Object before. I know the Cause of your coming hither. A great Variety of Paths lead to the infernal Shades ; but I would not advise you to go by any of those usually trod. Descend into the Cavern you see there, but first take up what lies before you ; that Hand-basket will be of Use to you for carrying them.—*Psyche* instantly threw her Eyes downward ; and the Tower being open at Top, she perceiv'd on the Ground, a Lamp, six Balls of Wax, a large Parcel of Pack-thread, a Hand-basket, and two small Pieces of Money †. You'll want all these Things, (continued the Tower.) Don't be terrify'd at the vast Depth of this Cavern, tho' you have near a thousand Steps to go down. This Lamp will be of singular Benefit to you on that Occasion. When got near to the Bottom, you'll discover, by the Lamp, a Path which is arch'd over ; and, at the End of it, you'll come to the River *Styx*. You must give *Charon* one of these Pieces of Money for ferrying you cross ; and the other Piece at your Return. He is a sordid old Churl, who shows no Regard to Beauty ; and will not let you step into his Boat unless paid his Fare. Having cross'd the River, you'll meet with a lame Ass, quite worn out with Age ; and drove by a mi-

* With Submission to *La Fontaine*, and to *Apuleius*, from whom our Author borrow'd this Imagery, methinks 'tis too forc'd and unnatural, except we suppose this to be the Genius or Goddess of the Tower, as I observ'd in the Note, page 74. Nor can I think that this Genius or Goddess, as represented in *Raphael's* Design, No 24, has a pleasing Effect in it.

† The Original is, *deux deniers* ; a *denier* is a French coin, worth the twelfth Part of a Penny.

ferable Wretch. This Wretch will beseech you to give him a little Pack-thread *, to tie the Bundles with which his Afs is loaded. But be sure not to gratify his Request ; this being merely an Artifice of *Venus*. The Pack-thread will be of great Use to you, as you'll immediately enter a Labyrinth, whose Paths are very easily pass'd in going ; but impossible to be distinguish'd at your Return, if not guided by this Pack-thread or Clue. There is no Guard or Porter at the Hither-Gate of the Labyrinth ; but that on the other Side of it is kept by a Dog with three Heads, each of which is larger than that of a Bear. This Animal distinguishes the Living from the Dead by his Smell, for these Regions are visited by more living Persons than yourself. The Dog lets the Dead pass, but strangles the Living, and then they are permitted to proceed forward. Now, *Psyche*, you must stop his three Mouths, by tossing a Ball of Wax down each of them, and the other three at your Return ; and these will throw him into a deep Sleep. The Instant you are got out of the Labyrinth, you'll meet two Spirits of *Elysium*, who will conduct you to the Throne of *Proserpine*. Adieu, charming *Psyche* : may your Journey be successful.—Our Fair-One return'd many Thanks to the Tower ; took the Hand-basket with the other Things : descended into the Cavern ; and, to make short, arriv'd safe on the other Side of the Labyrinth, spite of the hideous Spectres she met in the Way.

It may not be improper to observe, that *Psyche* met with Persons of all Ranks, who were just arriv'd on the Banks of the *Styx*. There were in the Boat, at the time that she cross'd over, a Monarch,

* I omitted, *Si vous en avez (de ficelle) dans votre panier*
 " If you have any Pack-thread in your Basket " I imagining these Words unnecessary, or rather deadning the Period.

a Philosopher, a General ; I know not how many Soldiers, and some Women. The King burst into Tears, for being torn from a Place where such lovely Objects were found. The Philosopher, on the contrary, thank'd the Gods, for his having left the World before he had seen an Object so dangerous to Virtue, but which he then might approach without the least Dread. The Soldiers, not showing any Regard to the Monarch, or fearing the General, who had now no Staff, were quarreling who should get nearest to *Psyche*. They were coming to Blows, and had like to have overset the Boat, when *Charon*, threatening him with his Oar, put an End to the Fray. The Women crouded round *Psyche*, and consol'd themselves for the Advantages of which they were bereav'd, since they perceiv'd our Heroine had lost many more ; she not telling any of them that she was alive. However, the Company were surpriz'd at her Dress, all the rest being cover'd only with a Shroud

Being come out of the Labyrinth, she was accosted by the two *Elysian* Spirits, who shew'd her the many Singularities of these Abodes. They are of so surprizing a Kind, that, in order to describe them, I must employ a more lofty Style *. Here *Poliphilus* stopt a few Moments, after which he read, with a more emphatic Tone of Voice, as follows.

*To Death's dark Regions, Paths unnumber'd lead †,
Which All must seek, for Fate has thus decreed.*

* The Original says, *un style extraordinaire*.

† A great Part of the following Description is imitated from *Homer*, *Odysse* XI. from *Virgil's* IVth *Georgick* and VIth *Æneid*. See also *Ovid's Metam.* Book IV likewise *Claudian's Rape of Proserpine*, and *Tibullus*, *Eleg.* III. The Explanation of these Mythological Personages, &c. are found in many of the Commentators on the abovemention'd Poets, in the *Pantheon*, in Dictionaries, and several other Books.

Thitber,

*Thither, from ev'ry Clime, poor Mortals glide ;
 Its Gate Tisiphone holds ever wide.
 Grief, Hunger, Age ; dire Ills, a num'rous Host,
 Consign them, shiv'ring, to the dreary Coast ;
 Which past, the fatal Sisters weave a Night
 Endless, unhear'd, by ev'n a Glimpse of Light.*

*Yet Orpheus saw, unburt, th' infernal Bounds,
 Such powerful Magic dwells in tuneful Sounds.
 The like Reception Psyche's Charms obtain'd,
 And ev'n o'er Pluto a long Moment reign'd :
 His Queen, afraid of being from Empire driv'n,
 Bid the much-sought for beauteous Paint be giv'n.*

*Helpless, forlorn, the Slave of Venus goes
 To the dire Realms where Styx, hoarse-murm'ring, flows.
 By Venus urg'd, from Cerberus's Eye,
 In dreadful Flashes Anger seems to fly.
 His hideous Form each Hell-born Fiend displays :
 She sees the Horrors told in Poets Lays*

*Harpies and Hydras next, her Eye invade ;
 Triple Gerion's ; Tityus's huge Shade :
 These, gliding round, embodied now appear ;
 But Phantoms vain, they instant mix with Air.*

*The Districts destin'd to the guilty Souls ;
 Their endless Pangs, Despair, and dismal Howls :
 The Racks, the Scorpions, which the Wicked dread,
 Swift thro' her Frame an icy Terror spread.*

*There, proud Salmoneus, on a Bridge of Brass,
 Chief o'er a Band in Torments doom'd to pass,
 In vain, to change his Posture, ceaseless tries ;
 Still as he shifts, in whirling Fire he fries.
 Mock'd Tantalus attempts to quaff the Stream ;
 But swift it flies, delusive as a Dream.*

And

*And heaving Sisyphus takes fruitless Pains
To stop the Stone, tho' ev'ry Nerve he strains.*

*Where'er sad Psyche's Sisters cast their Eyes,
They, in a Mirror *, see her Image rise;
View her in Cupid's, not a Monster's Arms,
Bless'd with his Love, and straying o'er his Charms.
Turn as they list, the magic Mirror plays;
And, full in Sight, the killing Scene portrays.
To prove their Error, † Psyche shows her Face:
But the vex'd Miscreants instant fly the Place.*

*Not far from thence the Belides she saw,
Drawing the Stream, which they must ever draw,
The Fair-One melts, soft Tears bedew her Eyes,
To see their Grief, and hear their dismal Sighs.*

*Each thinks his Tortures in their fiercest State;
Ixion wishes for Prometheus' Fate;
And Tantalus, his raging Thirst to slake,
Would chuse to burn in the sulphureous Lake.*

*Apart † were Wretches, who Love's Pow'r dis-
claim'd;
Broke all their Vows, and Cupid's Joys defam'd;
Who ne'er would Altars in his Honour raise,
Nor pay the Tribute he on Mortals lays.*

* Perhaps the Archbishop of Cambay had our Author's Mirror in View, when He takes Notice, Book XVIII. of *Telemachus* (where this Hero is suppos'd to be in the infernal Regions) that, "to such wicked Kings as had abus'd their Power, a revengeful Fury held up a Looking-glass, which represented to them all the Vices they had been guilty of, in their greatest Deformity." The Imagery in these eight Lines of my Text is very pretty in the Original, and not imitated from the abovemention'd Poets. Towards the Close of this Poem, are also several other Strokes of *La Fontaine's* Invention.

† : e Their imagining that *Psyche's* Husband was a Monster.

† These Lines, to the End, are new, I believe, and very pretty in the *French*.

*Ingrates, Coquets (in Crouds) are suff'ring there.
 Here, th' indiscreet, Mægara's Scorpions tear ;
 And chiefly Those who Virgin's Peace destroy'd,
 By boasting Favours which they ne'er enjoy'd.
 Th' inhuman Maid feels Vultures suck her Blood ;
 The Fickle plunges in a freezing Flood ;
 And she whose Heart was Ice, in Fire atones
 For her past Crimes, and vents incessant Groans.
 Spies, Panders, Confidants, an odious Train,
 By Furies lash'd, for Mercy sue in vain.*

*Next those who Nymphs to hated Bonds betray'd ;
 The niggard Lover *, and the venal Maid ;
 With the Censorious, who Love's Sway disclaim ;
 And Those whose Satyr wounds a Fair-One's Name.*

*Venus had prevail'd with Mercury, by her Blam-
 dishments, to intreat the several Powers of Hell,*

* *La Fontaine*, in his Tale, entitled, *Le Faucon*, imitated from *Boccace*, hints at this Circumstance, as mention'd, formerly by him, in these *Loves of Cupid and Psyche*.

*Je me soutiens d'avoir damné jadis
 L'Amant avaro, & je ne m'en dédis
 Si la raison des contraires est bonne,
 Le Libéral doit être en Paradis
 Je n'en rapporte à Messieurs de Sorbonne.*

Imitated

Whilom, if I remember well,
 I lodg'd the niggard Spark in Hell.
 Now if, by Wits, 'tis understood,
 That Rules, *per contra*, may be good,
 The bounteous Spark to Heav'n must soar.
 On this Case let the *Sorborne* pore

The introducing the Members of the *Sorbonne* (those grave Casuists) on this Occasion, is pleasant enough This Tale of the *Falcon*, relates to a Man who was the Counter-part of a niggard Lover ; One who, after spending his whole Estate, to win the Affection of his Mistress ; obtain'd her accidentally in Marriage, for a very Trifle (a *Faulcon*) The whole is very humorous, decent and moral.

in her Name, to terrify her Enemy so much, by the Sight of these Spectres, and the Punishments they suffer'd, that our Fair-One might die with Fear; might die to all Intents and Purposes, in such a manner, that there should remain merely an imperfect Shadow of her Beauty — When this is done, (said the *Cyprian* Queen) I'll give my Son leave to fall in Love with *Psyche*, nay he shall, if he thinks proper, follow her to *Tartarus*, and there renew his Endearments.

But *Cupid* was not unactive. He, the Instant *Psyche* had pass'd through the Labyrinth, sending (as methinks I observ'd before) two Spirits of *Elysium*, who all are gentle and beneficent, to meet her. These cheer'd our Fair-One; and acquainted her with the several Crimes of the tortur'd Spirits. *Psyche* was greatly consol'd on this Occasion; she not hearing of one single Adventure like her own. 'Tis certain that her Crime did not deserve so severe a Punishment. If Curiosity made People miserable, even in the other World, no Advantage could accrue from being a Woman.

When *Psyche* was got near to the *Elysian* Fields, as the Number of the happy Souls has ever been very small, she easily distinguish'd Those who had hitherto set off and enforc'd her Husband's Power, most of them being Poets. These were seated in delicious Bowers*; reading their Compositions to their Brother Bards, and incessantly applauding one another.

And now our Fair-One is conducted to *Pluto's* Tribunal: The whole Court was delightfully surpriz'd; they not remembering that any Object, ever since the Descent of *Proserpine*, had touch'd

* 'Tis very kind in *La Fontaine*, to fix the Poets thus blissfully in the other World, since most of them are allow'd so trifling a Share in the good Things of the present.

their Hearts except *Psyche*. *Proserpine* herself was jealous on that Account ; her Consort beholding our Fair-One with an Eye vastly different from that which he usually darts on such as approach his Tribunal ; and he would gladly have laid aside the tremendous Air that is natural to him *. The most remarkable Circumstance was, to see even *Rhadamanthus* † smooth his Brow. *Pluto* commanded the Tortures of the wretched Spirits to cease for some Moments, in order that *Psyche* might have an undisturb'd Audience. She spake in pretty near the following Terms ; addressing herself sometimes both to *Pluto* and *Proserpine*, and at other Times to that Goddess only.

*Great Deities ! to whose impartial Sway,
The Slave, the Monarch, equal Homage pay ;
No vain Desire, to see or to be seen,
Thus shap'd my Steps to Hell's far-dazling Queen.
By sad Experience taught, too well I know,
Such fond Delights are pregnant all with Woe.*

*Behold a Wretch, her Soul oppress'd with Fears,
By Venus sentenc'd to eternal Tears :
Spite of my num'rous Ills, with furious Eye,
For a fain'd Paint, to Styx she bid me fly.*

*Queen of these Climes, O yield it to my Sighs !
It bears your awful Name, to my Surprise.
Nay frown not, Goddess, rich in ev'ry Grace ;
What Wretch cou'd think it yours, who sees your Face ?*

* This is much prettier in the Original, *Qui fait partie de son Appanage* : " Which forms Part of his Inheritance " *Appanage* is properly the Portion given by Monarchs to their younger Sons

† The Son of *Jupiter* and *Euroba*, and King of *Lycia* He was so renown'd for the Severity of his Justice, that the Poets feign him to be one of the Judges of Hell.

*To conquer, Deities need no such Arms ;
 Useless is Paint to your unfading Charms.
 Me it would suit, bereav'd of all Relief,
 To sooth the Wrinkles rais'd by piercing Grief.
 But now my Beauty is no more my Care .
 Unhappy they whom Nature forms too fair !*

*O that my Charms, whose Lustre quite is fled,
 From Life's first Dawn, no Blandishments had spread !
 My Sisters envy'd me : (They sure were blind !)
 Instant, with random Hopes I fed my Mind.
 Next Cupid lov'd me , and, unseen, he charm'd :
 I saw him , soon his Flight my Soul alarm'd.
 From Glory swiftly hurl'd, I groveling lie .
 Ye black Ideas ! from my Memory fly !
 The Sequel's known — Now to the Seats profound
 I'm come, in Hopes to get the Paint renown'd.*

*I merit not a Privilege so rare,
 But O let Cupid's Name enforce my Prayer !
 You know the God . Who has not felt his Darts !—
 If, here below, his Raptures thrill your Hearts,
 The Paint, on his ill-fated Wife, bestow ,
 So may you taste his Joys, unmix'd with Woe .
 So, at your perfect Bliss, may Envy rise
 In his calm Breast, who rules the upper Skies.*

This Speech had the desir'd Success. Not a Shade, not a Fiend, but sympathiz'd with our Fair-One in her Sorrows, and enveigh'd against *Venus*. Compassion now first touch'd the Breast of the Furies ; and Those who had so much Cause to bewail their own Misfortunes, obliterated the Remembrance of them, to weep for *Cupid's* Consort *Pluto* would have offer'd her an Asylum in his Dominions, had he not reflected, that the Unhappy never sue for it but as late as possible. *Proserpine* too prevented his Resolution from taking Effect Jealousy

ly possess'd the sublunary Queen to such a Degree, that, forgetting it would be impossible for a Shade to injure her, the Goddess earnestly intreated the fatal Sisters, not to cut, inconsiderately, the Thread of *Psyche's* Life ; but so to order Matters, that he might not revisit *Tartarus*, till Age should have furrow'd her Face. Immediately she gave *Psyche* a Box, shut very close ; strictly charging her not to open it, and to make her Compliments to *Venus*. With regard to *Pluto*, 'twas with Regret she saw our Heroine leave his Dominions, as well as the Present sent by her —Remember, (says he) how dearly you once paid for your Curiosity. Go : and accuse not *Pluto* for any Evil which may befall you

So long as our Fair-One continued in the Regions of the Dead, the Box was safe, she not daring to meddle with it ; and naturally supposing that, among the numberless Multitude of idle Spectres she met, some would watch her every Action. But the Instant *Psyche* had reach'd our upper World , and that, travelling through the subterraneous Passage, she imagin'd there could be no other Witnesses than the Stones which supported it, she again was tempted by her former Curiosity , and wanted prodigiously to see what kind of Paint she carried. How should *Psyche* refrain on this Occasion ? Could she possibly be a Woman, and let slip so fair an Opportunity of satisfying herself ? Could these Stones tell Tales ? She, perhaps, was the only Mortal who had gone through this Cavern, ever since its being dug *. Besides, she was not excited merely from Curiosity , but by a natural Desire (very innocent in itself) that of recovering, if possible, her lost Charms. Grief, the scorching Sun-beams, and an hundred other Things, had disfigur'd her vastly, so

* The French is, *Depuis qu'on l'a voit bâtie [cette voûte]*,
 " Since they had built [that Cavern] "

that she did not know herself. She was reduc'd to the sad Necessity, either of quite giving up the Pretensions she still might have to her Husband's Heart, or of hitting upon some Expedient to recover her Beauty. But could a more fortunate One present itself than that which she had in her own Power? What could be better for her Purpose than the Paint she carried to *Venus*? Not that she (as the Gods knew very well) intended to make an ill Use of it; or thought to please any One except her Husband. Her only View therein was, to impose upon *Cupid*: And surely every Artifice is allowable, in order to regain a Husband's Affection. If *Venus* imagin'd she could be so simple as not to dare to meddle with this Paint, the Goddess would find herself very much mistaken. However, whether she meddled with it, or not, 'twas impossible but *Venus* must suspect her; consequently, all Things consider'd, she might as well take a Peep

Psyche argued so long with herself, that she plung'd into a new Misfortune. Nevertheless, a Dread, for which she could not account, still check'd her. She now gaz'd on the Box; then put her Fingers upon it, a Moment after which she drew them back, and immediately laid them upon it again. However, after struggling a considerable Time, this wicked Curiosity prevail'd as usual. *Psyche* now open'd the Box with a trembling Hand; but scarce was this done, when there issued from it a gloomy Vapour; a black, corroding Smoak, which spread instantly over the whole Face of our Heroine, and part of her Bosom. This Vapour imprinted itself so forcibly, that *Psyche* presently suspected something fatal; especially, as there remain'd nothing in the Box, except a Blackness which ting'd every Part of it. *Psyche* being alarm'd, and almost guessing what had happen'd, flew out of the Cavein; impatient for some Spring in which she might survey herself, and see

what kind of Figure she then made. Being arriv'd at the Tower, and standing before the Gate, the Briars which clogg'd it, and had before divided to make Way for her, not knowing *Psyche* again, stopp'd her, inſomuch that the Tower was oblig'd to enquire her Name. Our wretched Fair-One telling it, (with a deep Sigh :)—How! Are you *Psyche*? (ſays the Tower) Who can have diſcolour'd your Face in this Manner? Fly, fly, and waſh yourſelf; and be ſure not to appear before your Huſband thus diſguis'd.

Psyche ran to a neighbouring Rivulet, her Heart going pit-a-pat; ſo that her Breath fail'd her every Step ſhe took. With much Difficulty ſhe reach'd the Margin of the Brook, when ſtooping down, ſhe therein ſpied the moſt beautiful female-Blackamoor the World ever ſaw. Neither her Noſe nor her Mouth were like thoſe of our Earth: but what ſhe beheld was really a Blackamoor. *Psyche*, in the utmoſt Aſtoniſhment and Confuſion, turn'd her Head; imagining ſome Negro was gazing at her own Form in the Stream. However, perceiving no One; and being but too conſcious of her deplorable Change, her Knees began to totter, and her Arms ſunk down. She nevertheleſs endeavour'd, but in vain, to efface her hideous Colour in the Water. After waſhing herſelf a long Time, but to no Purpoſe:—Ye Fates, (cry'd *Psyche*) am I alſo doom'd to loſe my Charms? O *Venus*! *Venus*! how delighted will you be? The Moment I offer to appear before your Slaves, they'll certainly diſown me: I ſhall be the Diſgrace of your Court. But what Crime of mine can have merited ſuch Ignominy? Was it not enough that I loſt my Parents, my Huſband, my Wealth, and my Liberty; but I likewiſe muſt be depriv'd of the only Bleſſing with which our Sex are us'd to ſoften every Calamity? Could you not wait till Age had inflicted on me the Vengeance you meditated?

meditated? Alas! the Beauty of frail Mortals vanishes like a Dream: Besides, Sorrow would have ruin'd whatever Time had not impair'd Yet unjust am I, in accusing you, since I brought this sad Change upon myself. 'Tis owing wholly to my incorrigible Curiosity, which, not satisfied with bereaving me of your Son's Affection, deprives me also of the Opportunity of ever regaining it Wretch that I am! your Son will be the first to view me with Horror, and fly me. Not long since I sought for *Cupid* all the World over, yet now shudder at the bare Thoughts of meeting him.—How! my Husband fly me? my Husband who thought me so enchanting!—But *Venus*! you never shall have that Satisfaction. And since I am forbid to cut short the Thread of my Life, I'll retire to some Desert, where not a Soul shall set Eyes upon me. I'll end my Days amid Serpents and Tygers† Some of these may be so merciful as to devour me—Saying these Words, she runs into a neighbouring Forest; wanders till she comes to the most lonely Part of it; and makes Choice of a frightful Cave for her chief Abode. Here her sole Employment is to sigh and weep. The Roses soon leave her emaciated Cheeks; and her Eyes, which before darted such Lustre, are now sunk and lifeless. She no longer is that Miracle in Beauty who had excited the Jealousy, even of *Venus*; so far from it, many a mortal Female would have beheld *Psyche* without Envy.

With regard to *Cupid*, he now began to go abroad; and his Anger being extinguish'd, the very Instant his burning Smart was heal'd, his whole Soul was fix'd on *Psyche*. *Psyche* was to form his only Joy. He resolv'd to abandon his Temples, that he might have the rapturous Pleasure of devoting him-

† The Original is, *Loups*, "Wolves."

self wholly to his *Psyche*: Resolutions natural to a Lover, in the Infancy of his Passion. Husbands have now and then such Returns of Tendernefs, but then they are not lasting. However, our Husband resolv'd to love his *Psyche* eternally, and indulge her the utmost Fondnefs. He design'd to throw himself at her Feet, to implore Forgiveness; and to protest he would never, never more be so capricious and extravagant. Such were his Thoughts all the live-long Day; and, when Night came on, they still engross'd Him, nor left his Imagination even during his Slumbers *. The Instant *Aurora* began

* What can be more affecting than the Description given here of *Cupid's* Love for *Psyche*? These passionate Touches put me in Mind of some very tender Verses (as they appear to me) of a French Poet, in his *Voyage de Bachaumont & la Chapelle*, a Master-piece in its Kind.

*Sous ce berceau qu'Amour exprès
Ft pour toucher quelque Inhumaine,
L'un de nous deux un jour au frais,
Assis près de cette fontaine,
Le cœur percé de mille traits,
D'une main qu'il portoit à peine
Gravua ces vers sur un cyprès :
" Helas ! que l'on seroit heureux
" Dans ce beau lieu digne d'envie,
" Si toujours aimé de Sylve,
" L'on pourroit toujours amoureux,
" Avec elle passer la vie !*

Imitated

All in a Bow'r, by Love design'd
Th'Asylum of some hapless Swain,
Sad *Damon*, near a Rill reclin'd,
Fondly to sooth his am'rous Pain,
With trembling Hand, and streaming Eyes,
Thus, on a Cypress, carv'd his Sighs.

My Lot, how blissful would it be,
If, in this beautiful Recess,
Adoring *Sylvia*, (peerless She)
And, by the Fair-One, priz'd no less ;

Thus

began to peep, he would beseech her to bring him back *Psyche*, the Fairy having assur'd him, that She wou'd certainly return from the infernal Regions. As soon as the Sun was risen, *Cupid* always started from the Bed, to avoid his Mother's disagreeable Visits, and then wou'd go and wander about the Grove, in which the charming Blackamoor had conceal'd himself, he thinking this a Scene fit to sooth a Lover's fond Musings.

It happen'd one Day that *Psyche* was fallen asleep at the Mouth of her Cave. She lay on her Side, her Face downwards, her Handkerchief upon it; and, for the greater Precaution, one of her Arms upon the Handkerchief, in order to be the more completely hid. Gladly would *Psyche* have shrouded herself, had this been possible, in pitchy Darknes*. Her other Arm was extended carelessly upon her Thigh. 'Twas not so plump as before, and indeed, how was it possible that a Person, who subsisted wholly on wild Fruits; One, all whose Sustenance was first water'd with her Tears, should be plump? However, her Arm still preserv'd its snowy Whiteness and Delicacy. *Cupid* perceiving her from a considerable Distance, immediately felt a certain Agitation, which whisper'd to him that this could be no One but his *Psyche*. The nearer he approach'd, the more he was confirm'd in his Conjecture; for who besides herself could boast so exquisite a Shape? Being come nigh enough to view her Arm and Hand, his Doubts were entirely remov'd. He in-

Thus charm'd, we cou'd together stay;
Thus sweetly pass Life's Dream away!

Possibly the Criticks may ask, in what Manner a *Sigh* is to be introduc'd in the Bark of a Tree, a *Quercus* I might be puzzl'd to answer, and which I yet thought myself oblig'd to mention, as this *Sigh* is not in the Original

* This Thought is fine *Si elle eût pu s'enveloper de renbres, elle l'amort fait.*

deed wonder'd how she should be so emaciated ; but then he reflected, that this could scarce be otherwise, considering the numberless Sorrows with which she had struggled. The God's Surprize was not little ; but with regard to his Joy, let your Fancy figure it. A Lover, as drawn by our Romance-Writers *, would have spent two full Hours, merely in contemplating the Object of his Passion, without daring so much as to touch her, or even to disturb her Slumbers : But *Cupid* behav'd quite otherwise. He first kneel'd down before *Psyche* ; when, lifting up one of her Hands, he spread it upon his, and then, assuming the Authority both of a God and of a Husband, he imprinted two Kisses upon it. *Psyche* was so overwhelm'd by Grief, that she did not wake till the second Kiss. The Moment she perceiv'd *Cupid*, she started ; fled into her Cave ; and hid herself in the darkest Nook of it ; her whole Soul being in such Emotion, that she knew not what to do. The manner in which the God had appear'd before her ; his supplicating Posture ; that Kiss whose Fire plainly spoke it a Lover's Kiss, and not one of Frolick † ; these

* *La Fontaine* may well laugh at these Writers, their Compositions being generally ridiculously unnatural, in which they differ essentially from his Performances, These being ever expressive of Nature ; and consequently, tho' his may be call'd Romances in one respect, they yet may be consider'd as true Histories (if I may so say) as being genuine Copies of Nature. A due Attention to this Circumstance, would take off from the Aversion which many grave Persons express for all Stories in general, every part of which is not founded on Truth.

† This Kiss must have been no less melting, than that which an enamour'd *Gascon* Swain vow'd he'd imprint on the Lips of his inflexible Fair, in case he should ever catch her again,

S O N N E T,

*Hiér tant que le Caüs, le Cbot, é la Cabéca
Trattaon à l'escar de leurs menuts afos,
E' que la tristo néyt per moustra sous lugras,
Del gran ca'el del Cél amogabo la méco*

CUPID and PSYCHE. 345

these several Circumstances (I say) embolden'd her :
But then she could never think of appearing thus
black and disfigur'd, before the Charmer whose
Affection she endeavour'd to recover. In the mean
time, *Cupid* was come near to the Cave, when re-
flecting again on the fable Hue * of the Person he
had seen, he imagin'd himself deceiv'd ; and was

*Un Pastourél disio, b'é fayt uno gran péco
De donna moun amour à qui vou la bol pas ,
A la bèle Liris, de qui l'armo de glas
Bol réndre pauromen ma persuto buséco*

*Mentre que soun troupél rodo le coumunal,
Yeu soun anat cent cops li parla de moun mal
Més la cruélo cour à las autros Pastouros.*

*Ab ! soulel de mous els, se jamay sur toun sè
Yeu podi fourrupa dous pontets à plazé
Yeu farè ta ginet que durai en tes bouros*

Oeuvres de Pierre Goudeli, Poete Toulousain This *Goudeli*
was a famous *Provençal* Poet, and cotemporary (I believe)
with our *Chaucer*. *Goudeli's* Works are very much esteem'd.

Imitated

Whilst, shrowded by an Oak, in leafy State,
Two mutt'ring Owls were fix'd in grave Debate,
(Slow, solemn Night, concealing Heav'ns bright Eye,
To show her Train of Stars that gild the Sky)

Poor *Colin* sighing — Silly, sure, he cries,
Am I to pine, since *Lucy* Love denies ,
Coy *Lucy*, fair as Light, whose flinty Heart
My Passion scorning, causes all my Smart

How oft, o'erwhelm'd with Grief, have I essay'd,
As in the Primrose Dale her Lambkins play'd,
To whisper Love , yet still obdurate She,
Flew always, frowning, to the Nymphs, from me ?

Sun of my Eyes ! as *Flora* sweetly gay !
Shou'd once my Lips on thy soft Bosom stray,
Deliciously I'll raise the fragrant Bliss,
And feast three Hours upon a single Kiss.

* The Original is, “ Ebony ” *Et repensant à l'ébène de
cette personne qu'il avoit vue*

vex'd

vex'd that he had mistaken a Blackamoor for his fond Consort.

Being come into the Cave, — Charming Blackamoor (says he) you don't know who I am; else you'd never fly me thus! The Sight of me does not use to frighten People. Tell me what it is that brings you into this Country, which is sought for by few except Lovers. If 'tis the sweetest of all Passions that draws you hither, I have wherewithal to content you. If you want a Lover, know that I am the God of Love†.—How! Do you disdain to answer? D'ye shun me?

Alas! (says *Psyche*) I don't shun you. I only remove from your Sight an Object which, I am afraid, you yourself will shun.

This Voice so exquisitely soft, so enchanting, and once so familiar to the Son of *Venus*, was immediately known by him. He flew, swift as Lightning, to the Nook in which *Psyche* had hid herself.—Is it really you (says he) dear dear *Psyche*? Is it really you?—Immediately he fell at her Feet: O I'm but too guilty! (continued he, clasping them with Extasy.) To my capricious Temper is owing that an innocent Person, a Person born solely for Pleasure, has felt such Tortures as even Criminals do not suffer. Should I not have overturn'd Heaven and Earth to prevent it? Should not I have reduc'd the World to its primitive Chaos? Ought not I, tho' a Deity, to have laid violent Hands on myself? Dearest *Psyche*! how justly may you detest me! O! I must, I will die: Methods must be found to compass my Death, how impossible soever this may be*.

Psyche sought for one of his Hands in order to

† The French is prettier *Avez-vous besoin d'un amant ? Je suis le Dieu qui les fait ?*

* As fond Lovers are suppos'd to be, at certain Intervals, out of their Senses; the Reader will not wonder to hear *Cupid* express himself, on this Occasion, in Terms which may not be altogether rational.

kiss

kiss it ; which *Cupid* suspecting, he started up and cried :—How greatly does this Sweetness' of Temper heighten your other Charms ! I know that you have lov'd me with the utmost Passion. All Nature suggested this Truth to me. You have not once complain'd of this Monster, tho' so unworthy of your Affection.—And, as she had now found his Hand —Do not, do not, (says he) indulge me these Marks of your Fondness ! I am quite unworthy of them ! the only Thing I have to sue for is, that you yourself would inflict some Punishment upon me. Let those dear Lips, (enchanted Creature !) pronounce Sentence.—I sentence you (says our Heroine) to be eternally belov'd by your *Psyche* ; for to expect that you should love her would be the highest Injustice, since all her Beauties are fled.

These Words were utter'd in so melting a Tone of Voice, that *Cupid* could not forbear weeping. He bedew'd one of *Psyche*'s Hands with his Tears ; and squeezing her Hand in his, he did not speak for a long Time ; yet this Silence was more eloquent than Words could have been * : And the Flood of Tears he shed, wrought more powerfully than if he had spoke for Ages

Psyche, who was enchanted with this Eloquence, made such Returns as it was natural for a Person to do who knew the several Powers of it.—Think, O think what it is to love ! A Pair of Lovers the most sympathizing, the most passionate that Nature ever form'd, spent these Intervals in shedding Tears and venting Sighs †. Lovers ! such of you as are suc-

* This is very beautiful, tender and expressive in the Original *Il se tût long-temps ; Et par ce silence il s'exprima mieux que s'il eût parlé les torrens de larmes firent ce que ceux des paroles n'auroient su faire*

† This Change of *Psyche*'s Colour, her Cave, &c. may recall to our Memory, the beautiful Story of *Inkle and Yarico*, which surely is not more natural, more pathetic, or more delicate than this Episode before us.

cessful in your Loves: You only can tell how exquisite this Pleasure must be!—*Poliphilus*, all in Raptures at this Exclamation, let fall his Papers; and *Acanthus*, recalling to his Memory some Incident, vented a deep Sigh.—*Gelastus* said to them, with a ridiculing Smile:—Chear up, my excellent Lovers! thus far is mighty well, and you really have topp'd your Pats Happy, thrice happy are you; whereas I am such a Wretch, that I cannot force a single Sigh from Me, after this Pleasure of shedding Tears.—Then gathering up *Poliphilus's* Papers.—Here (says he) is your Manuscript: Set down again; recover yourself, and finish *Psyche's* Story—*Poliphilus* then proceeded thus

This Conversation of Tears rose insensibly to a Conversation of Kisses; but I shall pass lightly over this Part. *Cupid* intreated his Consort to come out of the Cave, that he might view the Change which was wrought in her Face; and, if possible, apply some Remedy to it—*Psyche* said to him, smiling:—Remember, you refus'd me the delicious Satisfaction of seeing you, at the Time that I conjur'd you so earnestly for that purpose; and I now might, with much more Justice, deny you the like Request: However, I'll run the Hazard of losing your Affection, rather than not oblige you. And indeed, you must endeavour to get rid of a Passion which engrosses you to such a Degree, that it puts you at Variance with your Mother; besides making you abandon the Care of Mortals, and the Government of the Empire.—Saying these Words, she gave him her Hand, in order to lead him out of the Cave.—*Cupid* besought her not to entertain a Thought so injurious to his Fondness; and swore, by the *Styx*, that he wou'd love her eternally, whether she were black or fair, beautiful or otherwise; he idolizing not only her personal Graces, but those of her Mind, and, above all, her excessive Sweetness of Temper.

When

When they were come out of the Cave, and *Cupid* saw *Psyche*, he started back two or three Paces, quite surpriz'd and astonish'd.—Did I not tell you, (says she) that the bare Sight of me would be an Antidote to your Passion? However, I shall not complain once on that Account, nor do I think you unjust. Most Women, indeed, call out upon Heaven whenever this happens to be the Case, Such assuming, that they ought to be belov'd merely for their own Sakes, and not because of the Pleasure arising from beholding them: That they are no ways oblig'd to those Men, whose sole Aim is Self-gratification. That a Passion whose Object is merely what falls under the Senses must be unworthy an excellent Soul, and merits not the least Returns: This (say they) is, to love as Brutes; whereas human Creatures should love like Spirits disengag'd from Flesh. Lovers, (continue they) Those who are truly such, approach as near as they possibly can to this State. They free themselves from the Tyranny of Time, they become independant on Chance, and the Malignity of the Planets, whereas Lovers of a contrary Turn are ever in Terrors; either on account of the Caprice of Fortune, or that of the Seasons. Tho' they shou'd have nothing to fear from this Quarter, yet Time [Years] is perpetually at War with them. Not a Moment of the Day but subtracts something from their Pleasure; This must necessarily be ever decreasing.—Such Reasons do they give, with others equally specious and unpersuasive*. However, I would object but
One

* Some of the most pleasingly enthusiastic Strokes, with regard to this refin'd Love, are found in a Treatise, entitled, *New Reflexions on the Fair-Sex*, written by the Marchioness *de Lambert*, a Lady of excellent Taste and Understanding; and of which I gave an *English* Version some Years since. “ I have
“ ever wondred (says the noble Author) how it could be possible
“ for us to associate other Passions with Love, that the levil Void
“ should

One to Women who argue thus. Their Youth and Beauty gave rise to the Passion which Lovers entertain'd

“ should be left in the Heart ; and that, after giving up all, the
 “ Object belov'd should not be the sole Employment of our
 “ Minds.—“ There is a Pleasure still more affecting, more du-
 “ rable than the Tie of the Senses, I mean the fond Union of
 “ Hearts ; that secret Tendency which inclines Us towards the
 “ Object belov'd, that Effusion of Soul ; that Certainty that
 “ there is a Person in the World, who would not wish to live
 “ but for our Sake, and who would do any Thing to save us
 “ a Moment's Uneasiness.” The Description which the Marchioness gives of the blissful Life led by Platonic Lovers, is very pathetic “ Those Women (says this Lady) whose Fate it is
 “ to lead a Life of intellectual Sensation, find Love more ne-
 “ cessary to the Life of the Mind, than Food to that of the
 “ Body But 'tis impossible for us to meet with Happiness in
 “ Love, unless it be brought under proper Regulations When
 “ we devote ourselves to it, without exposing Virtue or Decen-
 “ cy, we enjoy uninterrupted Felicity Our Meditations are
 “ deep, our Joys pure and unsully'd, and our Hopes sweetly-
 “ delusive The Imagination is agreeably fill'd, the Mind
 “ strongly employ'd, and the Heart affected In Love like
 “ this, Pleasures are unmix'd with Sorrow ; 'Tis a kind of
 “ Immenfity of Happiness that annihilates every Thing sinister,
 “ Love is to the Soul, what Light is to the Eye, it banishes
 “ every Uneasiness, in the same Manner as Light dispels
 “ Gloom *Madame *** us'd to say, That such fine Days as are*
 “ *made by the cheerful Influence of the Sun, are for the Vulgar*
 “ *only ; but that the Presence of a beloved Object constitutes the*
 “ *beautiful Days of Persons of elegant Minds.* Those whom Fate
 “ has designed for so blissful a Life, live in the World as tho'
 “ they inhabited it not ; and if ever they have any Commerce
 “ with it, 'tis but for a few Moments. Nothing affects them
 “ but their internal Sensations, nothing can fill their Souls but
 “ Love. The Turn of Mind which arises from Love, is lively
 “ and irradiating ; 'tis the Source of every Charm Nothing
 “ can delight the Mind, but what has first made its Way
 “ through the Heart [or Affections] Those whose Souls have
 “ been touch'd with Love, can easily distinguish between that
 “ and other Kinds of Pleasure. Most Pleasures, before they
 “ can be tasted, necessarily require the Presence of the Object.
 “ Music, Feasting, Shews, and such like, must be present, in
 “ order for their making such an Impression as may attract the
 “ Soul, and keep it fix'd and attentive. Nature, indeed, has
 “ form'd us with a Disposition to relish them ; but then they
 “ are extraneous, and arise from Things foreign to us. But
 “ 'tis

tain'd for them; now 'tis natural that the Opposites to These shou'd destroy it. I therefore no longer desire to be belov'd by you. Indulge me only your Friendship; or, in case I shou'd be thought unworthy of this, some little Compassion. It becomes a Deity like you to be attended by Slaves of my Sex: Be so gracious, therefore, as to let me be One of them.

Psyche, after this Discourse, appear'd more lovely than ever in *Cupid's* Eye. And now, throwing his Arms about her Neck: —You requested (says he) only Friendship; but I promise you Love. Know that your remaining Charms exceed those of all other Mortals united; and let this console you. Your Face, indeed, has chang'd its Colour; but

" 'tis otherwise with Love; this Passion inhabits within us, and
 " is a Part of our very Substance. 'Tis not barely united to
 " the Object, for we enjoy it in its Absence. That Joy of the
 " Soul, which springs from a Certainty of being belov'd; those
 " tender, those deep Sensations, that sprightly, that melting
 " Emotion of the Heart, which arises at the bare Idea, the bare
 " Name of the Person belov'd; all these Pleasures are within
 " us, and inseparable from our very Sensation. When there-
 " fore your Heart is passionately inflam'd, and you are sure of
 " being belov'd, Love will form the greatest Happiness of your
 " Life. Thus you may be happy from your intellectual Sen-
 " sation only, and unite together Felicity and Innocence."

But no Description of this delightful Union of Souls can exceed that given by Mr. Pope, in his *Eloisa to Abelard*.

Oh happy State! when Souls each other draw,
 When Love is Liberty, and Nature, Law
 All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
 No craving Void left aching in the Breast;
 E'en Thought meets Thought, e'er from the Lips it part,
 And each warm Wish springs mutual from the Heart

To return to the Marchioness de Lambert's Book, it abounds with the most delicate Reflexions on Love, all of them in a virtuous Strain, and the chief Objection which, I believe, can be made to her Performance is, that some of the Thoughts in it are so exceedingly refin'd, that they thereby are render'd obscure

then

then your Features continue unalter'd ; and must the rest of your charming Frame be consider'd as nothing ? How small a Portion of the Lillies are fled, compar'd to those left ? But come ; let's hasten to *Venus*. The Advantage she has here gain'd over you, tho' so very trifling, will satisfy the Goddess, and reconcile all Parties to us : If not, I'll address *Jupiter*, and beseech him to restore your former Complexion. Was it in my Power, you shou'd immediately be the same fair, enchanting Creature as when your Beauties first captivated my Heart, and this the most delicious Moment of your Life : But 'tis not possible for one Deity (*Jupiter* excepted) to alter what has been done by another. However, if *Jove* does not give you back all your Lillies, without the Loss of even One, I'll extirpate the whole Race of Brutes and Men ; and then what will the Immortals do ? As to your Roses, that's my Affair ; and with regard to Plumpness, 'twill return with Joy. But this is not all - I am determin'd, that the assembled Deities shall acknowledge you for my Consort

Psyche would have fallen at his Feet, had she not known how *Cupid* is to be dealt with. She only said to him, blushing† :—Were it possible for me to be your Wife, without recovering my once boasted Lillies, this would be a much surer, as well as shorter, Way.—You shall be my Wife (replies *Cupid* :) This I have sworn by *Styx* ; and I likewise am resolv'd, that you shall be fair. Let us fly (I say) and present ourselves to *Venus*.

Psyche acquiesc'd with his Desires ; tho' she shudder'd at the Thoughts of appearing before *Venus*, and had little Hopes of Success. But the Obedience due to her Husband's Will made her comply ;

† Some might ask, what kind of Blush this could be, as *Psyche* was black as an *Argolan*.

and indeed, to oblige him, she wou'd have submitted to Things still more grating. *Psyche* entertain'd him, as they travell'd, with the principal Adventures she had met with since their Separation; such as the Tower (that Prodigy) which had pointed out the Way to her; the Rivers *Acheron* and *Styx*, the lame As, the Labyrinth, and the triple-headed Dog who guarded it; the sitting Spectres, *Pluto* and *Proserpine's* Court. Lastly, her return from the infernal Regions, and her Curiosity, which she herself thought had been very justly punish'd.

Psyche ended her Story, just as they arriv'd at the Palace, situated half-way between *Paphos* and *Amathus*. *Venus* was then walking in the Park which encompass'd it. Word was immediately brought the Goddess, from *Cupid*, that he desir'd to introduce a handsome Female Blackamoor to Her, of whom she might make a fourth *Grace*: Not merely a Brunette, as they were, but quite black †.

The *Cyprian* Queen happen'd then to be ruminating on her Jealousy; on her Son's fond, torturing Passion, and which, in fact, was no Crime: On her Punishment of hapless *Psyche*; a Punishment so exceedingly severe, that it wak'd tender Emotions of Pity, even in her Bosom. Farther, her Enemy's Absence had softned the Goddess's Anger; so that there did not remain one Obstacle to a Reconciliation. This was the most auspicious Moment our fond Pair cou'd possibly have chosen.

During this Interval, the whole Court of *Venus* was come to view this Miracle, this new kind of Blackamoor; and happy were they who cou'd croud nearest Her, in order to take a Peep. But what Astonishment soever this Sight might raise, it

† The French stands thus *Non seulement brune comme les autres, mais toute noire* I have varied a little from it.

yet gave Pleasure to the Beholders, who wou'd gladly have exchange'd half a dozen Whites for our fable Beauty. In fhort, whether it was that *Pfyche's* Hue had alter'd her Mein, or that there was fome Inchantment in all this, no One remember'd his having ever feen any Thing that refembled Her: The *Sports* and *Smiles* immediately got acquainted with our Heroine, they having quite forgot her; admiring the Graces of her Person, her Shape, her Features; and declaring aloud, that Colour was out of the Queftion §. Nevertheless, a black Head, thus engrafted on a *Grecian* Body, was fomething very extraordinary. The whole Court of *Venus* confider'd her as an exquisitely beautiful Monster, and altogether worthy of Love: Some affirm'd, that fhe was the Daughter of a white Man and a black Woman; and Others, that fhe fprung from a black Man and a white Woman.

Being come within a few Paces of *Venus*, fhe fell on one Knee:—Charming Queen of Beauty! (fays *Pfyche*) Behold your Slave return'd from the Places whither you fent her.—At thefe Words every One recollected her, and All were greatly astonifh'd. The *Sports* and *Smiles*, tho' fo inconfiderate and heedlefs, were yet difcreet on this Occafion; and difsembled their Joy, for fear of exafperating *Venus* againft their new Miftrefs. Words cou'd never exprefs the Affection which the whole Court difcover'd for *Pfyche*. Moft of thofe prefent made a Refolution to leave *Venus*, in cafe fhe wou'd not promife to ufe *Pfyche* better. Our Heroine plainly perceiv'd the Emotions which her Prefence excited in every Heart, and even appear'd in their Countenances; However, She took no Notice, but proceeded thus:—*Proferpine* order'd me to make her

§ The Original is, *Que la couleur n'y f.ifoit rien.*

Compliments, and to assure you of the Continuance of her Friendship. That Goddess entrusted me with a Box, which alas ! I open'd, spite of your Commands to the contrary. I dare not presume to implore your Pardon ; but present myself before you, ready to submit to whatever Chastisement my Curiosity may deserve — *Venus* glancing at *Psyche*, did not feel quite so much Joy and Satisfaction as her Jealousy had told her she shou'd : An Impulse of Compassion not permitting the Goddess to enjoy her Revenge, and the Victory she gain'd ; so that, running from one Extreme to another (as is customary with the Fair) Tears trickled from her Eyes ; upon which she lifted our Heroine from the Ground, and embrac'd her.—*Psyche* (says she) I yield. Forget your Wrongs. If the taking you for my Daughter can erase the Impressions of Hatred you may entertain against me, and be Atonement sufficient, I shall gladly receive you as such. As you already surpass *Venus* in Beauty, exceed her likewise in Kindness, and be not so vindictive as I have been. Go then, and change your Dress. But you must want Repose And now, turning to the *Graces* :—Conduct *Psyche* (says the *Paphian* Queen) to the Bath you prepar'd for me, and afterwards put her to Bed. I'll visit her there.—The Goddess kept her Promise, and oblig'd our Heroine to lie with her that Night, not with the View of depriving *Cupid* of his Charmer, but 'twas resolv'd that their Nuptials should be celebrated anew, and *Psyche* be restor'd to her Complexion The Goddess agreed to this, and even that a Writ should be issued out for *Psyche*'s being rank'd among the Immortals, provided *Jupiter* would consent to it.

Cupid lost no Time, but, whilst his lovely Mother continued in this good Humour, flew to the Sovereign of the Gods. *Jupiter*, who had heard

the Story of the young Deity's Amours, ask'd him many Questions concerning them ; As, how he did after the sad Accident of the burning Oil, and the reason why he abandon'd the Affairs of his Empire ? —*Cupid* answer'd these Queries as succinctly as possible ; and proceeded to the Motive of his waiting upon *Jove*.—My Son says the Thunderer, clasping him fondly :) Hasten back to your lovely Parent ; and take my Word for it, you'll not find a Blackamoor with her : *Psyche*'s Complexion is as enchantingly-fair as ever. I wrought this Miracle the Instant you seem'd to wish it done : But with regard to the other Point (the Rank to which you desire I should raise *Psyche*) this is not so easily obtain'd as you may imagine. The Goddesses are but too numerous already , and where many Women are found, there must necessarily be not a little Clamour. In case your Wife is so exquisitely beautiful as you describe her, this will occasion numberless Jealousies and Feuds, which 'twill be impossible for me to quiet. I must no longer employ myself as Thunderer ; but shall have Business enough *, merely to reconcile them after their Broils. Yet this is not the greatest Obstacle. The Instant *Psyche* is rank'd among the Immortals, Temples must likewise be rais'd in her Honour. Now, the Addition of this Worship will lessen that of other Deities. So small a Quantity of Incense is offer'd, and so little Fire burnt upon our Altars, that we shiver as we stand upon them. Besides, the Rank of Deity will at last grow so common, that Mortals won't think them worth honouring.—Can this affect you in any manner (replied *Cupid* :) Does your Felicity de-

* The Original adds, *pour le reste de mes jours* ; “ for the Remainder of my Days ” But what End have those of an Immortal ?

pend on the Worship paid you by Mortals? Whether they neglect, or even forget you, don't you enjoy uninterrupted Felicity in these Abodes; sleeping three Fourths of the Time; leaving the Affairs of the World at Sixes and Sevens; sending down Hail, Lightning and Thunder, just as the Whim inspires? You yourself know, that we sometimes are at a Loss how to pass away Time. Every Company is insipid, when unenliven'd by amiable Women*. Now, *Cybele* is old, *Juno* fower; *Ceres*, (as indeed is natural) has too much of the Rustic in her Behaviour, and nothing of the Court Lady, *Minerva* is ever aim'd Cap a-pee; *Diana* almost splits our Heads with the shrill Clangor of her Horn: Some good, indeed, might be done with the two last; but then they are such very Prudes, that mention but the Word *Love*, and they instantly knit their Brows: As to *Pomona*, she hates Idleness, and has a very rough Hand: *Flora* is, I confess, agreeable; but her Employment attaches her much more to the Earth than to the celestial Abodes: *Aurora* rises too early in the Morning, and, what she does the Remainder of the Day is a Secret to every One†. My Mother is the sole Deity who di-
verts

* This, I believe, is true with respect to most Countries, but with none more than *France*, whose Women are the Life of Conversation. The Ease, the little Ceremony us'd at the *French* Tables, where Ladies and Gentlemen sit promiscuously, without any regard being shown as to Place, Rank or Quality, and help one another to whatever is before them; where the Ladies don't withdraw as soon as Dinner is over, but drink Glafs for Glafs (not Bumpers) of their light Wines with the Men; join with them in a Song, and vie with them in Wit; all this is vastly agreeable to Persons of a blithesome Temper; and forms an Entertainment (were the Guests crown'd with Roses, and touch'd the Lyre) truly *Anacreontic*.

† *Aurora* is introduc'd in some *Latin* Verses, wherein we are told a Compliment is paid to *Roscius*, the famous *Roman*

verts us, but then she is ever call'd away by some
Affair or other, and spends part of the Year in *Pa-*
phos,

Player. These Lines, as inserted in the *Mercure galant* for
December 1714, Page 170, are ascrib'd to *Catullus*, tho' I don't
find them in the Works of that elegant Poet. Here follow the
Verses, which, as they occasion'd a Competition between several
celebrated modern Poets, it may not be unentertaining to
give some little Account of this Contest. But first the *Latin*
Lines.

*Constitueram exorientem Auroram fortè salutans,
Cum subito à læva Roscius exoritur
Pace mihi liceat, cœlestes, dicere vestra,
Mortalis visus est pulchrior esse Dea.*

Roscius must have been exceedingly handsome (if there's any
Truth in Poets) since *Catullus* declares him to be lovelier than
a celestial Goddess, *Aurora*. But thus contrasting a Man, (as
Beauty is not his noblest Characteristic) with a fair Immortal,
does not seem to me so graceful, as when a Woman is oppos'd
to *Aurora*. Some of the most famous *Italian* Poets, as *Pe-*
trarch, *Annibal Caro*, &c. imitated the above Lines; but then
they introduc'd a Nymph, and not a Man. Several eminent
Poets among the *French*, (*Vouture*, *Tristan*, *de Malleville*, &c.)
imitated likewise the above Verses, and the Comparison be-
tween their several Sonnets, afforded great Entertainment to
their Countrymen. Among these Performances, the following
was thought very beautiful, and superior to the rest [See
Bailet, Jugemens des Savans. Tome 4. seconde partie, pag. 159.
Amsterdam 1725, 12mo

La belle Matineuse, Sonnet, par Mr de Malleville.

*Le silence regnoit sur la terre, Et sur l'onde,
L'air devenoit serain, Et l'Olympe vermeil
Et l'annoureux Zephir, affranchy du sommeil
Refusitoit les fleurs d'une balme seconde*

*L'Aurore déployoit l'or de sa tresse blonde,
Et semoit de rubis le chemin du ciel
Enfin ce Dieu venoit au plus grand appareil,
Qu'il soit jamais venu pour éclairer le Monde.*

Quand

*But Beauties of the softest Kind,
Such as for Venus seem design'd.*

*His Hair that, curl'd with careless Grace
By Nature, wav'd his Neck around ;
Which Flora, mid a fond Embrace,
With Wreathes of breathing Fragrance bound,
Hid Charms Gods only cou'd descry ,
Charms wou'd oppress a mortal Eye.*

*But these inflam'd our Fair the more,
And wak'd new Raptures in her Breast :
For one she saw, a secret Store
Of Beauties, thence, she fondly guesst d.*

*His Ringlets fresh Impulses raise :
United, now, they claim her Praise ;
Now, singly, she commends each Grace :
Yet fainter far their Lustre plays,
Whene'er th' astonish'd Fair surveys
The speaking Beauties of his Face.*

*O with what Colours shall I paint,
Where all Description would be faint !
'Tis Fancy must the Picture draw.
Fruitless I shou'd the Day prolong
In painting, in this artless Song,
His Charms, who gives to Beauty Law.*

*How shall I sketch his rosy Cheek
Whose smiling Dimples seem to speak ? **

Amazons According to *Strabo*, *Thalestris* travell'd with three hundred Women, during thirty Days through populous Nations, to meet *Alexander* the Great, then in *Hyrcania*, in order to have a Child by him ; and afterwards finding herself pregnant, she return'd to her native Country —Probably the whole may be a Fiction

* This Line is not in the Original, and very possibly will be thought too bold.

The LOVES of

*His other Features how supply,
Where Loves in wanton Ambush lie ?
Or how, the Radiance of his Eyes,
Whence fond, transporting Wishes rise ?
His Lips that like the Scarlet glow,
Blest Source whence countless Blessings flow ?*

Psyche was all transport at the Sight of her Confort. She judg'd, from the first Glance, that it must be *Cupid*, for what other God cou'd have appear'd so amiable ? All that Beauty, that Youth, or the divine Charm which communicates to these Things the Gifts of pleasing ; all the sweet Sensations, the rapturous Emotions which the loveliest Creature Imagination ever fram'd can wake in an amorous Mind ; all these the Sight of *Cupid* rais'd in our Heroine's Breast.

His Slumbers, like those of a Deity, were very sound. He reclin'd indolently on a Pillow, one Arm lying over his Head, and the other falling on the Bedstead ; and he was half cover'd with a transparent Veil, such as is us'd by his Mother and the Nymphs, and sometimes by the Shepherdesses.

Psyche felt great Joy on this Occasion, if we may give that Name to what is properly Extasy : This Word too is faint and inexpressive of the least Part of the Delight which then fill'd her Bosom. She blest'd, ten thousand times, the Imperfection of her Sex, and highly applauded her Curiosity ; sorry only that she had not neglected, the very first Day, her Charmer's Prohibition, and forfeited her Oaths. In her Opinion, nothing sinister could happen from all this ; on the contrary, she had acted extremely right ; and what she saw, justified the Endearments which she imagin'd had, till then, been lavish'd on a Monster. Poor, hapless *Psyche* was only vex'd that she had not been still fonder. She was asham'd to think that her Love had been so faint, but was





THE
L O V E S
O F
CUPID and PSYCHE.



phos, in *Cythera* or *Amathus* *: But as *Psyche* has no Demesnes of her own, she'll never stir from *Olympus*. Consider (Imperial *Jove*) that the Beauty of my Consort will add no little Lustre to your Court. Don't imagine that the rest of the Goddesses will envy Her: The Disparity between their Charms and Hers, is too great for this ever to happen; not to mention that my Mother, whom this chiefly concerns, agrees to *Psyche's* being rank'd among the Immortals.

Jupiter yielded to these Arguments, and indulg'd the amorous God's Request. The Thunderer testify'd his Consent to this Deification by a gentle Nod,

*Quand la jeune Philis au visage riant,
Sortant de son palais plus clair que l'Orient,
Fit voir une lumiere & plus vive, & plus belle.*

*Sacré flambeau du jour n'en soyez point jaloux,
Vous parûtes alors aussi peu devant elle,
Que les feux de la nuit avoient fait devant vous.*

Imitated.

The deep'ning Shadows were withdrawn;
From Slumbers, Nature seem'd to rise;
And *Sol*, slow-mounting from the Dawn,
Shot all his Radiance o'er the Skies.

When lo! *Clarinda's* Blaze of Charms
Breaks, powerful, round my wond'ring Eye:
Swift beats my Heart, I'm all Alarms,
In sweet Amaze I faint! I die!

O *Phæbus*! boast no more thy Light;
Eclips'd by Beauty's brighter Ray;
But hide Thee in the Realms of Night;
Clarinda will bring on the Day

The learned Reader will perceive, that the above Lines are a very distant Imitation of the *French* or *Latin*; and that the Thought only is borrow'd

* These several Pictures of the Goddesses seem very humorous.

which shook the Universe a little, and made it tremble no longer than half an Hour. Immediately *Cupid* order'd his Swans to be harness'd to his Chariot; descended to the Earth; and waited on his charming Parent, who was then acting the Part of a *Grace* about *Psyche's* Person; bestowing, at the same time, the highest Encomiums on the new Goddesses, and almost stifling her with Kisses.

All this Court set out for *Olympus*; the *Graces* being delighted with the Thoughts of dancing at the Nuptials, the Ceremony whereof I shall not relate, nor that of the Apotheosis: Much less shall I attempt to paint the Joys of our enchanting Pair, for They only could describe them. Those Joys soon gave them the sweetest Pledge of their Loves; a Daughter, who was the Admiration of Gods and Men, the Instant they beheld her. This Daughter was call'd PLEASURE, and Temples were erected in her Honour.

*Hail Heav'n-born Pleasure! without Thee,
Both Life and Death alike are found:
Great Magnet, to which all Things flee,
That breathe throughout the World's wide Round!*

*To thee all Creatures Motion owe;
Impell'd, with Instant Heat they glow,
And ev'n to Dangers spring.
Mortals thy sovereign Power obey;
The Captain, Statesman, love thy Sway,
The Peasant and the King.*

*Say, did not Sounds delicious court
The Ear, and pleasing Thoughts inspire,
What Bard with midnight Toil would sport;
Invoke the Muse, or string the Lyre?*

Glory,

*Glory, so oft in Pindar nam'd ;
The Prize, in Grecian Games, proclaim'd ;
What Power (sweet-whispering) could it be ?
Inchanting Pleasure ! what but Thee ?*

*How well the Senses entertain,
With Pleasures which are far from vain !
Else why are Flora's Charms survey'd ?
Why gilds the Sun, the East and West ?
Pomona's Treasures why display'd ?
And Bacchus, why, at Feasts confests'd ?
Or why the Groves, the Meads, the Streams,
Inspirers of the softest Dreams ?*

*Wherefore did Heaven the Arts ordain,
Thy Offspring all, a beauteous Train ?
Why do bright Nymphs attract the Eye ? —
Thy social Reign these all imply ;
Thy Reign, in Virtue if employ'd ;
For ev'n a secret Charm we find,
In curbing Wishes, which enjoy'd,
With anxious Thoughts wou'd fill the Mind.*

*Pleasure (sweet Pow'r !) that once engross'd
The happiest Genius Greece could boast,
Be gracious ; hither haste to me,
And thou shalt never idle be.*

*Love, Books, Town, Country, Music, Play,
Divert : With all Things I am blest ;
And ev'n can Bliss supreme survey
In Thoughts which sooth the pensive Breast.*

*Sweet Pleasure come ! and if thou'dst know
The Term of Years thou shou'dst bestow*

My darling Wish to crown ;
 Of Years thou must indulge a Store ;
 An Hundred, if thou canst no more :
 Thirty would seem as none †.

Poliphilus left off Reading ; imagining he could
 not conclude better than with the Hymn to *Pleasure*,
 the

† Thus being a beautiful Poem in the *French*; and I having
 taken the Liberty to vary a little from it, in two or three Lines
 (beginning at *sur son propre desir*) I shall introduce the Original here

O douce Volupté, sans qui dè. notre enfance
 Le vivre & le mourir nous deviendroient égaux ;
 Aimant universel de tous les animaux,
 Que tu sçais attirer avecque violence !
 Par toi tout se meut ici-bas
 C'est pour toi, c'est pour tes appas,
 Que nous courons après la peine
 Il n'est Soldat ni Capitaine,
 Ni Ministre d'Etat, ni Prince, ni Sujet,
 Qui ne t'ait pour unique objet
 Nous autres nourrissons, si pour fruit de nos veilles,
 Un bruit délicieux ne charmoit nos oreilles ;
 Si nous ne nous sentions chatouillez de ce son,
 Ferions-nous un mot de chanson ?
 Ce qu'on appelle gloire en termes magnifiques,
 Ce qui serroit de prix dans les jeux Olympiques,
 N'est que toi proprement, divine Volupté.
 Et le plaisir des sens n'est-il de rien compté ?
 Pourquoi sont faits les dons de Flore ?
 Le Soleil couchant, & l'Aurore ?
 Pomone, & ses mets délicats ?
 Bacchus, l'ame des bons repas ?
 Les forêts, les eaux, les prairies,
 Meres des douces rêveries ?
 Pourquoi tant de beaux arts, qui tous sont tes enfans ?
 Mais, pourquoi les Cloris aux appas triomphans,
 Que pour maintenir ton commerce ?
 J'entens innocemment sur son propre desir
 Quelque rigueur que l'on exerce,
 Encore y prend-on du plaisir,

Volupté,

the Subject whereof was not altogether displeasing to his three Friends *. After making a few transient Reflexions on the chief Particulars in this Composition:—Don't you perceive (says *Aristus*) that the greatest Delight you felt, arose from those Strokes wherein *Poliphilus* endeavour'd to excite Compassion?

Very true (says *Acanthus*) ; but observe, I beseech you, the many beautiful Colours, Blue, Aurora, Orange, and especially Purple, which surround the Monarch of the Planets. And indeed, there had not been so delicious an Evening for a long Time. *Sol* had taken forth his most glittering Car, and was cloath'd in his most magnificent Robes:

*In Splendors, Phoebus seem'd array'd,
Fondly to please each Sea-born Maid.*

*Volupté, Volupté, qui fut jadis maîtresse
Du plus bel esprit de la Grece,
Ne me dédaigne pas, vien-t-en loger chez moi ;
Tu n'y seras pas sans emploi.
J'aime le jeu, l'amour, les livres, la musique,
La ville & la campagne, enfin tout , il n'est rien
Qui ne me soit souverain bien,
Jusqu'au sombre plaisir d'un cœur mélancolique.
Vien donc ; & de ce bien, ô douce Volupté,
Veux-tu savoir au vrai la mesure certaine ?
Il m'en faut tout au moins un siècle bien compté :
Car trente ans, ce n'est pas la peine.*

As our Author seems to have had a most exquisite relish for Pleasure, 'tis no Wonder he should succeed so well in the Description of its Charms

*A few Years after this Composition of *la Fontaine* ; *Moliere*, in Conjunction with *Corneille* and *Quinault*, whose Lyrical Dramas are so much esteem'd wrote an Opera entitled *Psyché*, which was play'd before *Leavis XIV*. The Comparison between this Piece, and that of our Autnor, may afford a very agreeable Entertainment to many, and, perhaps, set that engaging Simplicity, that beautiful Nature, for which *la Fontaine* has ever been so much admir'd, in a still stronger Light

The LOVES of

*Swift he descends, his Head he shrouds,
Smiling, in variegated Clouds.*

Colours, unnumber'd, paint the Skies.

No Garden shows such different Dyes,

Tho' ev'ry beauteous Flow'r it boast.

No envious Vapour rose between,

To darken the far-shining Scene,

Which all Acanthus' Thoughts engross'd.

They staid till he had done surveying those Beauties of the closing Day After which the full Moon rising ; our Travellers, and the Coachman who brought them, took that Planet for their Guide.

F I N I S.





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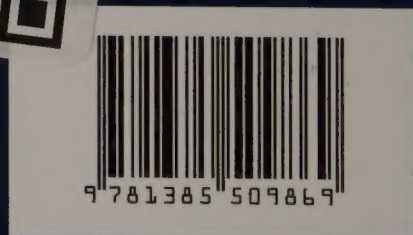
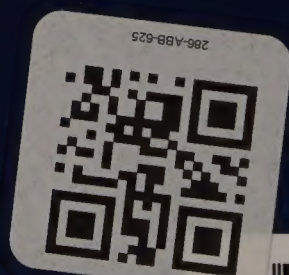


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